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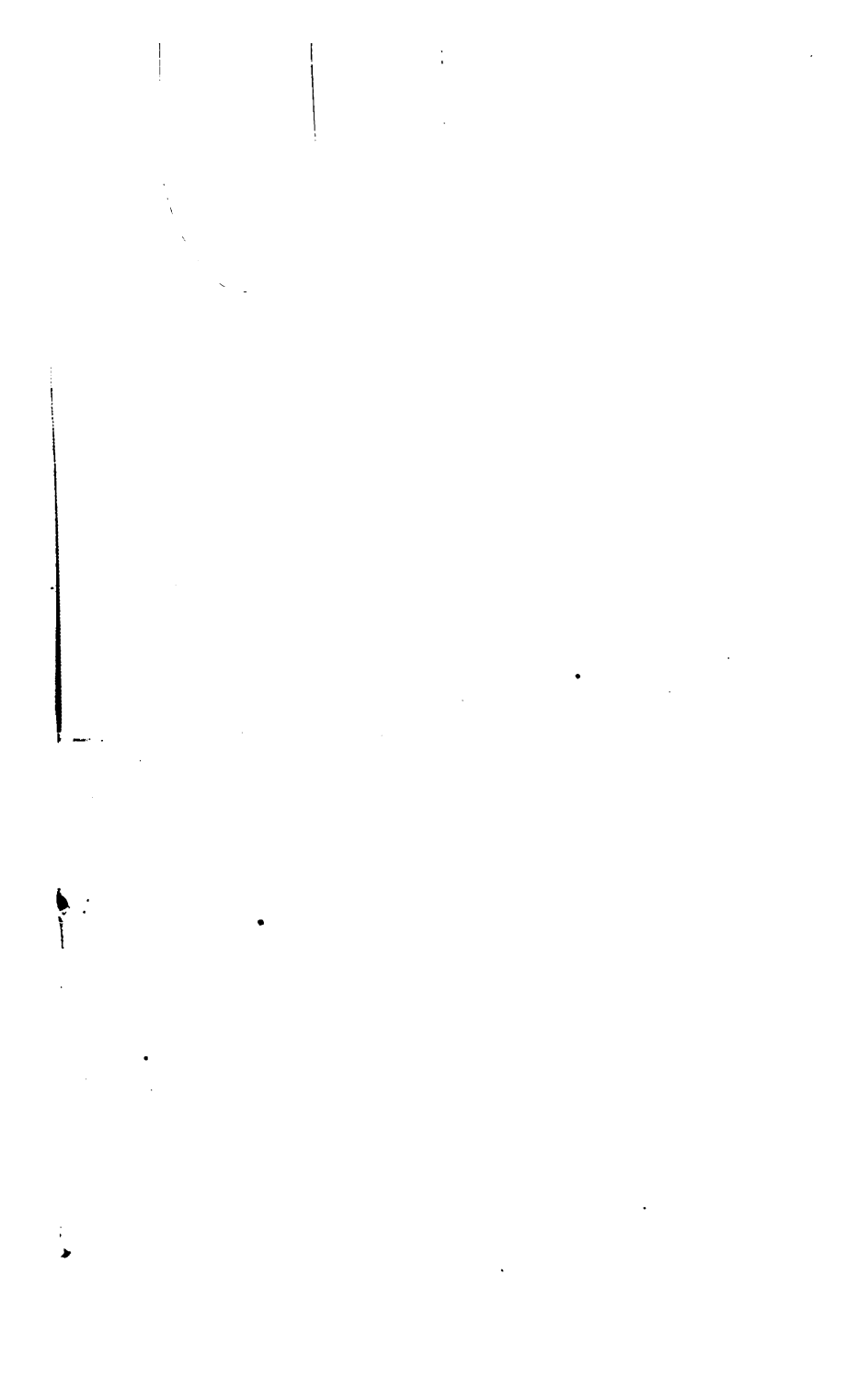
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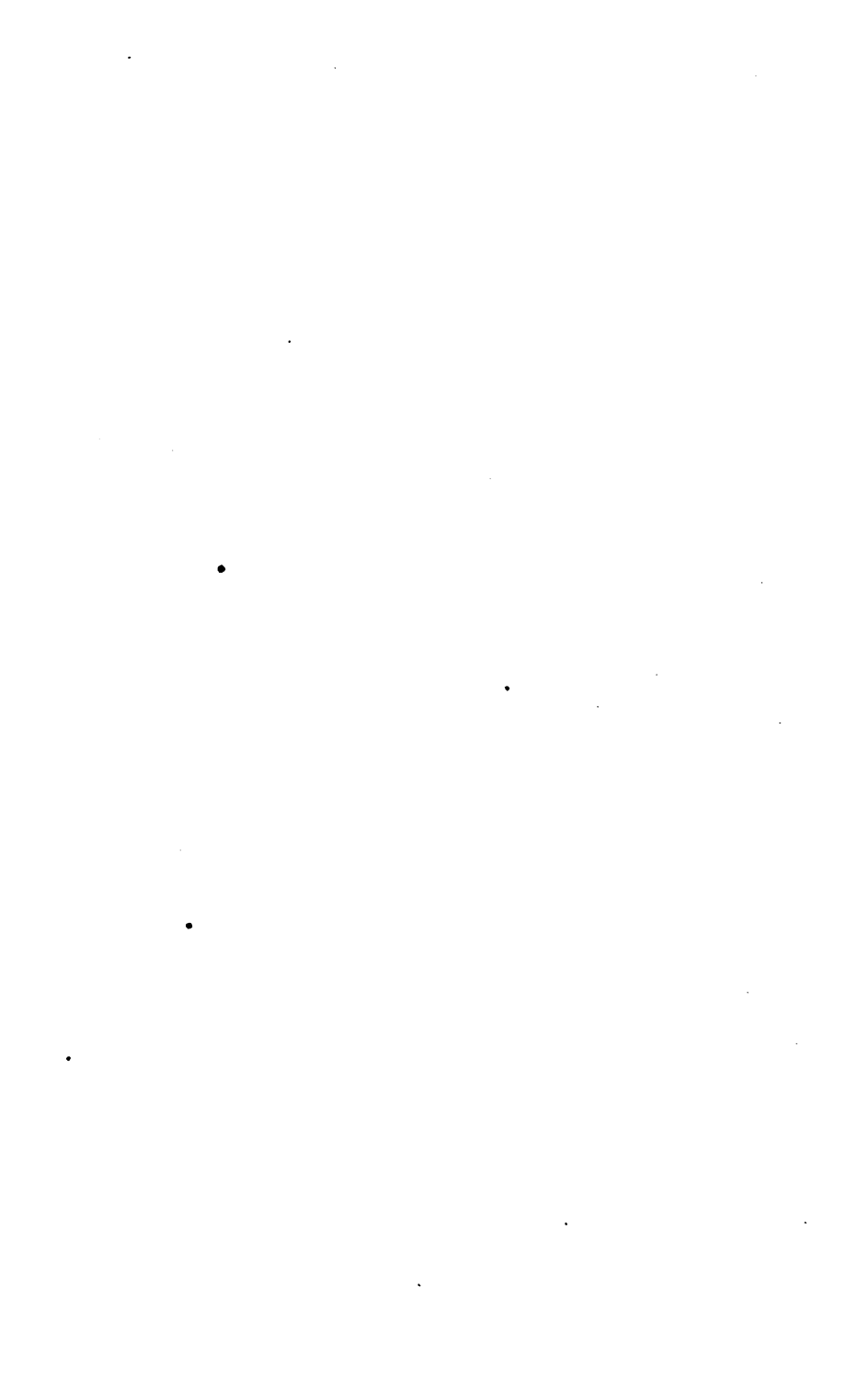
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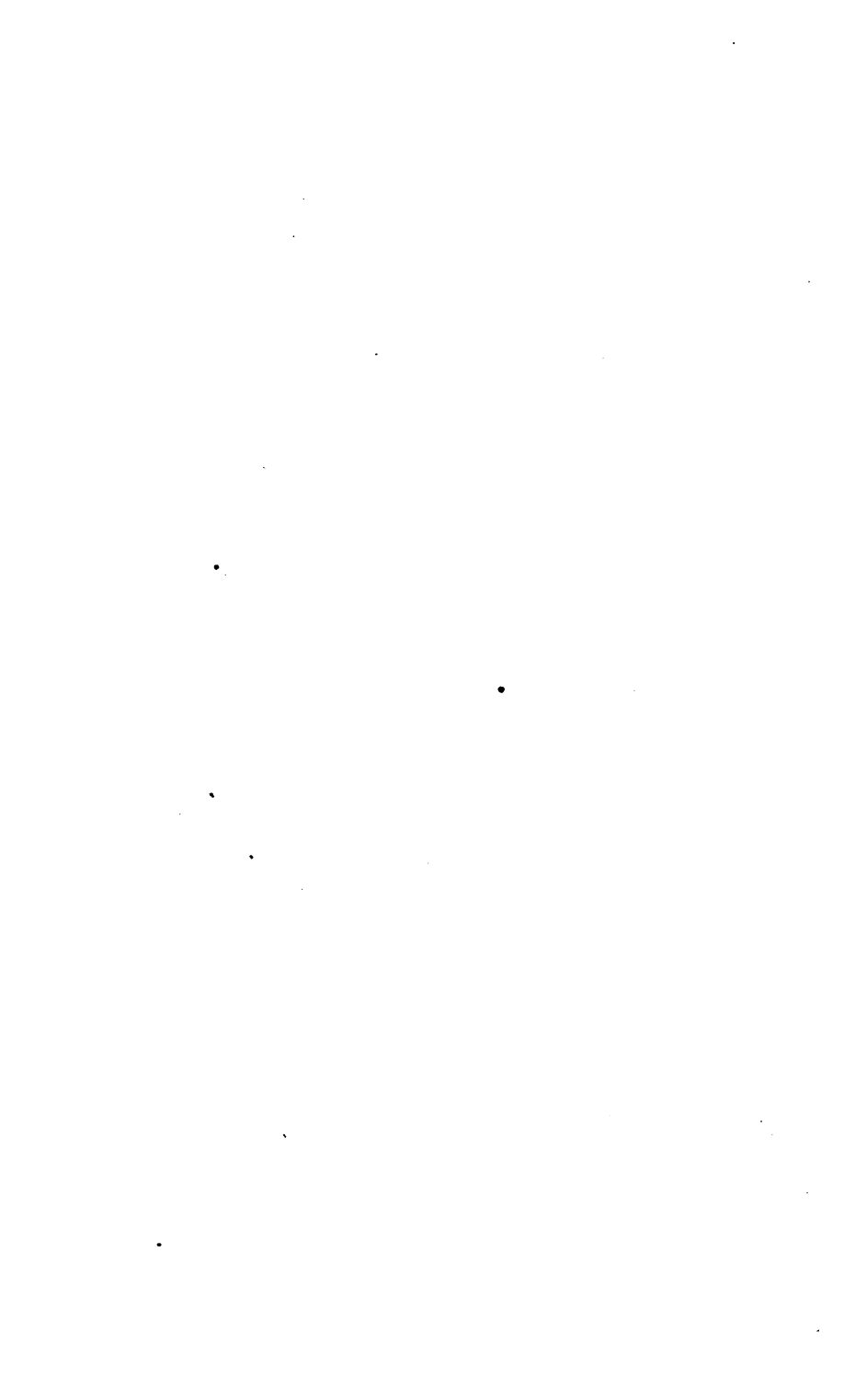
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SELF-CULTURE
IN
READING, SPEAKING,
AND
CONVERSATION.

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS, COLLEGES, AND
HOME INSTRUCTION.

BY
WILLIAM SHERWOOD.

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PREFACE.

THIS work is upon a new plan: it aims to draw the attention of pupils to the proper estimate of their own powers, and to show them how they can best improve *themselves*. It is designed for schools, colleges, and general readers. Keeping in view conventional usage, nature and common sense, the author has endeavored to strip elocution, as a study, of its repulsive, artificial character, and to make it plain, easy, and attractive. Its principles are embodied and illustrated in a course of reading lessons: and to render these more impressive and pleasing, they are occasionally varied by *examinations*, *conversations*, and *dialogues*. And to guard against conceit and affectation, he has labored to impress upon the student that all right expression must necessarily spring from right thoughts and feelings.—He has introduced what he calls the rising and falling curves, which, it is presumed, will be esteemed a valuable improvement: but in the use of these and other notations, he has purposely avoided all didactic rules. The lessons containing selected pieces are intended for exercises both in reading and speaking; and are equally adapted for both sexes. They are interspersed with many amusing anecdotes, with a view to training the pupil to a more colloquial manner.

The marks over the following vowels are designed to show the different inflections made in reading ; and the others to show the slight pauses not indicated by punctuation :

é Rising Slide.	See page 20 to 23.
ò Falling Slide.	" " " " "
á Rising Curve.	" " " " "
ò Falling Curve.	" " " " "
ǔ Rising Circumflex.	" " " " "
â Falling Circumflex.	" " " " "
A Bar.	" " 16 " 19.
ˆ Half Bar.	" " " " "

ILLUSTRATION.

Was John ˆ thére ?—Nò.

Neither Jóhn, nor Jámes, nor Jòseph | was thère ?

Ah, it was Jámes | that did it ! I never thought ˆ
it could be yoŭ !

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READING.

LESSON I.

HOW TO READ WELL—ALL DESIRE TO DO SO—FEW EVER DO—REASONS
WHY—THIS WORK AN EXPERIENCED FRIEND, LEADING TO THE NATURAL
AND THE GRACEFUL, IN UTTERANCE AND ACTION.

To read well, is to read as if the words were supplied by the act of present thought, rather than by the page before us ; or just as we should speak, if the language and sentiments were our own.

Children, and all persons while engaged in earnest conversation, or telling an interesting story, generally speak in such tones, and with such a degree of animation and force, as are best suited to give a clear expression of their thoughts and feelings. Just so we should read ; and if we desire to excel, we must refer constantly to the manner in which sensible and well educated persons talk, as the only safe and correct model.

We must adapt our style to the nature of the composition we are reading, whether it be light and

humorous, or serious and solemn ; and endeavor to represent naturally every shade of emotion. If it be a narrative we are reading, our utterance should be the same as if we were relating it in our own language : if a conversation, we should refer with just discrimination to the persons engaged in it ; and try to represent, by our tones and manner, the distinct peculiarities of each : if an essay, a sermon, an oration, we should put ourselves, as nearly as we can, in the place of the author, and read just as if the thoughts and words came warm and fresh from their original fountain ; and so of every other kind of writing.

Hence the necessity of a quick eye to mark the sense ; for no one can read or speak well whose thoughts do not go some way before his utterance. He must understand the subject, and the exact import of all the words ; his pronunciation must always be in critical accordance with the best usage ; his voice must be cultivated, so as to be flexible, full, forcible and mellow ; his ear so instructed, as readily to detect the least deviation from strict propriety of tone ; and all his external movements such as to appear natural, easy, and dignified.

Taking these brief outlines for the only correct standard, how rarely do we meet with a truly good reader ! and yet how seldom do we listen to a person who really thinks himself a poor one ! We are in general the last to discover our own faults ; and when they are shown to us by the friendly hints and criticisms of others, we are naturally slow to apprehend, and often still slower to acknowledge and to correct them.

But how happens it, that while few are insensible to the charms of a good elocution, we find so many bad readers and speakers, even among those who are esteemed well educated ? No doubt, in the majority of cases, the cause can be traced to a defective mode of early instruction ; or perhaps to the misfortune of falling, at a later period, into the hands of a conceited elocutionist.

Children, in their first attempts to read, find great difficulty in making out the right pronunciation of the separate words ; they are necessarily so intent upon this, as almost wholly to lose sight of connection, sense, and sentiment ; and thus they contract a habit, which is apt to abide long after the cause that produced it has ceased to operate. Hence we may see how important it is to keep children to the same reading lesson, till it is rendered so familiar, that they can speak the words with ease, and connect them with the appropriate colloquial utterance ; and also to limit their attention to subjects suited to their comprehension, their tastes, and feelings. To put them to lessons above their comprehension is the most direct way to induce habits of reading wholly artificial ; each separate word may have the right pronunciation ; but the spirit of a just utterance will not be there.

These lessons, the result of much experience, much study and care, are intended to meet what seem to be the special wants of the pupil ; and, like a kind and judicious friend, to take him, as it were, by the hand ; to help him to correct whatever is found to be faulty, to guard him against whatever is fanciful, or conceited ; and to lead him on, by a gentle, plain, and natural

course of instruction, to the attainment of an easy, manly, and graceful elocution.

Elocution is simply an appropriate utterance. As a science, its office is to teach an easy, correct, and expressive manner of speaking ; whether in conversation, in speaking in public, or in reading aloud to others. It comes from two Latin words—*ex*, signifying *from*, or *out of*, and *loquor*, *to speak* : it means to speak out distinctly and impressively, from right thoughts and feelings, in the most becoming manner.

LESSON II.

READING AND PUNCTUATION.

THE first object of the reader or speaker should be to graduate the force of his utterance to the space necessary to be reached, so as to make every word plainly audible to the persons addressed : that is, to speak just loud enough to be heard with ease, and no louder, unless to give prominence to some particular thought ; and to pronounce with such distinctness, that not a word can be misapprehended, or mistaken for any other than the very word he designs to utter ; and, at the same time, so as to avoid all harshness of tone or vociferation, and every appearance of preciseness and formality.

It is well ever to bear in mind, that reading aloud, as well as talking and speaking in public, is for the ears of others ; and that the special characteristic of good

utterance is to present the words with as much distinctness to the ear of the hearer, as the fairly written or printed page does to the eye of the reader.

Pains must be taken also, not only to deliver the words distinctly and audibly, but with just such pause, quantity, inflection, tone, emphasis, and cadence ; and to vary them with just such a degree of slowness or quickness, as will best convey the sense, and be most agreeable to the ear. And here again we must look to colloquial utterance as the best illustration.

In the natural flow of conversation, we perceive pauses of various lengths—some scarcely perceptible, others long enough to afford the speaker time to breathe, others much longer ; nearly all accompanied with different tones and inflections of the voice ; and it is needless perhaps to say, that all these must be fully copied in reading.

The points used in printing are called punctuation. They divide a printed or written discourse into distinct parts, just as they happen to be more or less separated in sense, and they afford to the reader a partial guide for pauses. These are called the comma (,), semicolon (;), colon (:), period (.), paragraph (.), interrogation (?), exclamation (!), dash (—), and parenthesis ().

The (,) is a curved dot ; the (;) is a dot with a comma under it ; the (:) is two dots, one over the other ; the (.) is one dot ; the paragraph generally ends with a period, and is distinguished from it by a break in the line after it, and the next line beginning a little farther from the margin ; the (?) resembles the figure (5) inverted ; the (!) resembles the letter (i) in-

verted ; the (—) is a horizontal line, longer than the hyphen ; and the () is two curved lines, pointing towards each other.

Of all the pauses indicated by these points, the comma is the shortest : some fix it at a second of time, or while one syllable can be uttered ; the semicolon, double that of the comma ; the colon, double that of the semicolon ; the period, double that of the colon, and the paragraph nearly double that of the period. The pause of the interrogation and exclamation may be varied to equal that of the comma, the semicolon, colon, period, or paragraph : the paragraph may also be terminated by the interrogation or exclamation. The dash requires a pause longer or shorter according to the sense, and the parenthesis, unattended by any other point, needs but a slight pause. But the sense often requires innumerable variations from the above scale.

The interrogation is used at the end of a question ; as, What are you reading ? The exclamation, after a word or words expressing some emotion ; as, What folly ! what wickedness for youth to waste so much precious time ! How fleeting is life !

The dash is used to indicate a sudden interruption, or a sudden change of thought : it is used sometimes to give a marked prominence to the word or clause that follows ; also to show an ellipsis, or blank ; or to intimate that what follows is an explanation of what came before ;—and some writers use it for the parenthesis.

The parenthesis includes a passage or phrase inserted in the body of a sentence, not necessary to the construction, though it may be to the sense ; as, Pride (I use the

words of a sacred writer) was not made for man : the passage so inserted is also called a parenthesis ; and, in reading, should be run through more quickly, and in a modulated tone ; so that its beginning and its end may be distinctly marked.

A paragraph contains one distinct subject ; and may consist of one or more sentences. It begins a little farther from the left margin, and generally ends with a break in the line. In the old style of printing, every paragraph was denoted by a blotted P reversed (¶) ; but this mark is retained now only in the Bible.

A sentence is a simple enunciation of thought : it begins with a capital letter, and generally ends with a period ; and the sentence itself is also called a period. A simple sentence contains but one subject, and one finite verb ; as, John reads. A compound sentence is two or more simple sentences, joined by conjunctions, adverbs or relative pronouns, either expressed or understood ; as, Wisdom's ways are the ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

LESSON III.

PAUSES UNNOTED BY POINTS—"DIVISIONS OF SENSE"—BARS—SYLLABLES—
ACCENTS—QUANTITY.

BESIDES those pauses denoted by grammatical punctuation—which are always strictly to be regarded—a good reader makes nearly as many others, though generally

more slight, where there is nothing to guide him but his own taste and judgment; e. g., Early rising | will add many years ¹ to your life.

This sentence is so compact as not to suffer a comma to separate any of the words; and yet, to read it properly, we must make, where the faint lines are drawn, two slight suspensions of the voice.

In copying out colloquial utterance, the words flow forth sometimes singly, sometimes in groups, just as they happen to be more or less separated, or associated in meaning. To render this principle plainer and more easily applicable in practice, I propose to name every distinct portion of utterance that requires a suspension of the voice, a division; and the upright lines with which they will be occasionally separated to show these suspensions, I shall call bars and half bars. The half bar (¹), coming down only to the line, will show the slightest suspension; and a bar (|), crossing the line, will show one twice as great; and two or more bars together, will show a suspension still greater in proportion; e. g., He ¹ who loves study | will become wise. Now ¹ is the time | to secure an education. Truth | is the basis ¹ of moral character. The experience of want | enhances the value of prosperity. From the right exercise ¹ of our intellectual powers | arises one of the chief sources ¹ of our happiness. A public speaker | may have a voice that is musical ¹ and of great compass, but it requires much time ¹ and labor ¹ to attain its just modulation | and that variety of inflection and tone | which a pathetic discourse requires.

In these examples, where the divisions are marked by

bars and half bars, it may be perceived that in order to read each group with sprightliness, one of the syllables in the group must be pronounced higher than any of the rest, and some lower, and some without accent ; and to make the transition from one division to another with smoothness, the last word of each must be so dwelt upon by the voice, as to slide with ease into the first syllable of the division which follows, without any abruptness, or harshness of tone.

These divisions consist of impulses and remissions ; and they follow each other as naturally, as the exhaling and inhaling of the breath : every impulse swells or vanishes into the remitted syllable that follows : as in the word *comprehensibility*. The first impulse is on *com*, the second on *hen*, the third—the principal one—is on *bil* ; and each of these is followed by a remission of one syllable, except the principal, which is followed by two. In the word *incomprehensibleness*, we notice the first impulse to be followed by two syllables of remission, and the second, which is the principal, by three. Hence it is perceived, that the nearer the principal impulse is to the first part of a word, the more forcible it becomes, and the more syllables of remission may follow it : in this instance, two syllables follow the first, and three, the second impulse. In the word *expiatory*, we find it necessary to give a sort of percussive, or explosive impulse on the first syllable, that the other four may follow in remission : the same also in *imitativeness*.

A syllable is an articulate sound, formed of one or more letters. A word is one or more syllables expressing a thought. A word of one syllable is called a mono-

syllable ; a word of two, a dissyllable ; a word of three, a trissyllable, and a word of four or more, is called a polysyllable.

Accent is that stress or distinctness which is given to one syllable in a word above the others ; as *promôte*, *justification*. Every word of more than three syllables has a primary and a secondary accent ; as *comprehensible*. In this word, *hen* has the primary, and *com* the secondary accent, and the rest are unaccented syllables.

Very similar to the stress laid upon a long word, dividing it by primary and secondary accents, and unaccented syllables, is the stress naturally employed in reading words formed into discourse. We utter sometimes one, sometimes several words at a single impulse of the voice, just, or nearly as we do the syllables of a long word ; or, as I would say, by impulses and remissions ; and it is this ever-varying change of pause, stress, quantity, and inflection, that renders them so easy to be uttered, and makes them so distinct and agreeable to the ear.

As it regards the number and the length of the divisions, the slower our utterance is, the more divisions we make, and the more rapid our utterance is, the fewer we make ; e. g., John | is a | very | diligent | scholar. This sentence as marked into five divisions, is unnaturally slow and monotonous ; marked into four, of course, it would be less so ; but, when brought into three, it is uttered with the sprightliness of ordinary conversation ; and the grouped division is pronounced like the word *comprehensibility* or *indestructibility* : thus, John | is a very diligent | scholar.

Besides the accent as already described, there are two marks called by the same name—the acute accent (´), and the grave accent (`): the acute, pointing towards the left, and the grave towards the right. The acute accent is used in the dictionary over that syllable in a word which is accented, or which takes the greatest force in pronouncing it; as *invite*, *integrity*. The grave accent is not used in the English language, except in elocutionary exercises; then, the acute accent is applied to show the rising, and the grave to show the falling slide.

Quantity is the length of time taken in pronouncing a syllable, whether it be long or short. The macron (¯) is used over a word to mark a long syllable, or to show the accent in a poetic foot; as, *māker*, *nōble*; the breve (˘) is used to mark a short vowel or syllable; as, *bëttër*, *brëvity*:

A wīt's ā feāthër, ānd ā chīef, ā rōd :

An hōnëst măn's thë nōblëst wōrk ōf Gōd.

The hyphen (-)—the same form as the macron—is used to join compound words; as, *pen-knife*, *ink-stand*, *penny-wise*; and is employed also at the end of a line, when a part of the word is carried to the next.

An apostrophe is a comma used to show the possessive case; as, *John's book*: or to show an omission; as, *'tis*, for *it is*; *he's gone*, for *he is gone*; or, as in the lines of poetry above; "*wit's*," for "*wit is*;" and "*man's*," for "*man is*."

LESSON IV.

SLIDES—CURVES—CIRCUMFLEXES—WALKER WRONG.

IN vocal language, we perceive at every impulse of the voice, an upward or downward slide, or turn. The simplest of these movements have been called by Mr. Walker, the rising and falling inflections. They are both made distinct in asking a question having two members connected disjunctively by *or*: as, Will you ride, or walk? Will you go, or stay?—or, the rising is heard distinctly in asking a definite question, and the falling, in answering it: as, Did John go to the office? Yes. They also appear distinct in a declarative sentence having two members; as, He went and returned. Want of modesty is want of sense.

The other movements have been named by the same author, the rising and falling circumflexes. The rising circumflex is a union of the falling and rising slides on the same syllable (˘). The falling circumflex is a union of the rising and falling slides on the same syllable (^). Both will be made plain on the words *walk* and *ride* in the following example, if we protract the voice a little, while pronouncing them: It is my intention not to walk, but to ride: also on *James* and *you*, in the following: Ah, it was James that did it! I never thought it could be you!

The circumflex is rarely used except in irony, sneer, or taunt; or to bring out more clearly the meaning of some passage where there is great brevity of language.

From the examples given, it is clear that the

rising and falling inflections, or slides, as I shall call them, carry the voice out in a straight line ; e. g.,

Did he say a Did he say boy, or e ?—and,
 that the circumflexes carry the voice round with a sort
 of semicircular sweep : e. g., “ If you said sô, then I said
 sô.” I can think of no better example to show the rising
 and falling circumflexes than this, if only the comic hu-
 mor be kept in view.

There are also other turns of the voice, which occupy the space between the slides and circumflexes ; and, for the want of some knowledge of which, great confusion has hitherto involved the whole system, and rendered it of but little practical use. I have named them the rising and falling curves. The rising curve is begun with some of the falling slide, and ends with the rising ('), approximating to the rising circumflex. The falling curve begins with some of the rising, and ends with the falling slide (^), approximating to the falling circumflex.

The rising curve is naturally employed on the last of several particulars, when these are connected in the beginning of a sentence by one or more copulatives : e. g., Exercise and *témperance* strengthen the constitution. Diligence, industry, and proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young. And sometimes on the last member of a comparison, thus : I had rather ride than walk. When more than two particulars are disjunctively connected, the rising curve is used on the one preceding the last ; and, on the last, the falling

curve : e. g., Did Jóhn, or Jámes, or Jòseph get the medal ? Neither Jóhn, nor Jámes, nor Jòseph got it. Did you say óne, twó, or thrée ? Was your number óne, twó, thrée, or fòur ? A well-instructed pupil would recite his grammar in this manner : Present dráw, imperfect dréw, perfect participle dràwn. Present gó, imperfect wént, perfect participle gòne. Present lóve, imperfect lóved, perfect participle lòved. Nominative wé, possessive oúrs, objective ùs. Amó, amáre, amávi, amátum.

From these examples, it is seen that, as words present successive changes of sense and form, there is something in the turn of the voice to mark them ; even to the nicest shade. All such turns of voice in conveying thought, are as invariably settled by the laws of conventional usage, as the meaning of the words. The more one word resembles another in sound, but differs from it in signification ; and the more liable any word is to be taken for another not expressed ; and, in general, the more concise language is, the greater is the necessity to make these changes in the voice so as to be rendered distinctly audible. But any attempt to distinguish them by a system of annotations, unless they be perfectly clear to the mind of the student, and liable to no mistake or doubt, will tend rather to embarrass than to aid him.

Walker has given the two following examples as I have marked them, to illustrate his rules for reading sentences of similar construction in all cases : Exercisè and témperance strengthen the constitùtion. Diligence, industry, and proper improvement of tíme, are material

duties of the yòung. Here he gives to the words *exercise*, *diligence* and *industry*, where there is imperfect sense, the same inflections which he gives to *constitution* and *young*, where sense is fully formed : contrary to the established laws of utterance ; which require in all similar cases, a suspension of the voice while the sense is suspended, or incomplete, and a falling slide, curve, or circumflex when the sense is formed and complete. Of course, *exercise*, *diligence* and *industry* should be read with rising slides ; and *temperance* and *time*, with rising curves, as I have marked them in the previous examples. From the first promulgation of his system of inflections to the present time, his errors have been constantly copied, as the true principles. In a work but recently published, I find the following examples given to illustrate Walker's rules : *Depèndence* and *obédience* belong to youth. The yòung, the héalthy and the prósperous should not presume on their advàntages. The same corrections are needed here as in the former case. The true mode would be : *Depéndence* and *obédience* belong to youth. The yóung, the héalthy and the prósperous, should not presume on their advàntages.

The mistakes of Walker and others, probably, arose from the fact that, in sentences of this construction, the sense and the ear demand a different inflection on the first member from that on the second, as in the first example ; and a different inflection on the third member from that on the first and second, as in the second example ; and having discovered no modification except the circumflex, they naturally fell into the error, as I have showed, of thus using the falling inflection ; when they

themselves would, very likely, read the same passages as I have marked them. No wonder, truly, that so many respectable teachers have thrown aside all guides on this subject, as tending only to mislead and to confound !

As it regards rules for the employment of these inflections, it is exceedingly questionable whether any system would be attended with much benefit, even if it could be made perfectly clear ; since it would necessarily be cumbered with numerous exceptions ; and, after all, a judicious application of rules must mainly depend upon the quick perception, and good sense of the reader.

The great fault hitherto in works of this sort, has been the multiplicity of rules ; and rules too, for the most part, based upon false principles. The best aid that can be afforded, it is believed, after leading the student to the knowledge of just principles, is to furnish him with various, well-selected examples for practice. And when he shall have been well exercised in these, it is presumed his taste and judgment will be so well improved for accurate discrimination, that little else will be needed to enable him to apply the annotations properly ; or rather, to express properly what the annotations would plainly represent.

LESSON V.

EXAMPLES TO ILLUSTRATE PUNCTUATION.

A paragraph of several periods.—Truth is the basis of every-virtue. It is the voice of reason. Let its pre-

cepts be religiously obeyed. Never transgress its limits. Every deviation from truth is criminal. Abhor a falsehood. Let your words be ingenuous. Sincerity possesses the most powerful charm. It acquires the veneration of mankind. Its path is security and peace. It is acceptable to the Deity. Blessed are the pure in heart.

Paragraphs of one period.—Industry is the guardian of innocence.

It is a great accomplishment to be able to tell a story well.

There is as much to be gained by thinking as by reading.

It is a great misfortune to be tired of home.

Secrecy has been called the soul of all great designs.

Express your sentiments with brevity.

A regular division of time prevents one hour from encroaching on another.

Paragraphs divided by a comma.—Never take a thing for granted, when it is in your power to reduce it to absolute certainty.

If the idle man knew the value of time, he would not be desirous of killing it.

If you would be revenged upon your enemies, let your life be blameless.

Be more ready to forgive, than to return an injury.

Prosperity gains friends, and adversity tries them.

He that would have good offices done to him, must do them to others.

By the faults of others, wise men correct their own.

Paragraphs divided by several commas. Every person should obtain, if possible, a disposition to be pleased.

As you value the approbation of Heaven, or the esteem of the world, cultivate the love of virtue.

Eat and drink with moderation, keep the body open, rise early, take moderate exercise, and you will have little occasion for the physician.

The best preparation for all the uncertainties of futurity, consists in a well-ordered mind, a good conscience, and a cheerful submission to the will of Heaven.

Human society requires distinctions of property, diversity of conditions, subordination of ranks, and a multiplicity of occupations, in order to advance the general good.

Oratory, says Johnson, is the power of beating down your adversary's arguments, and putting better in their places.

Grammar traces the operations of thought in known and received characters, and enables polished nations amply to confer on posterity the pleasures of intellect, the improvements of science, and the history of the world.

Logic converses with ideas, adjusts them with propriety and truth, and gives the whole an elevation in the mind consonant to the order of nature, or the flight of fancy.

Rhetoric, lending a spontaneous aid to the defects of language, applies her warm and glowing tints to the portrait, and exhibits the grandeur of the universe, the productions of genius, and all the works of art as copies of the fair original.

Paragraphs divided by semicolons.—Between grammar, logic, and rhetoric, there exists a close and happy connexion; which reigns through all science, and extends to all the powers of eloquence.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water.

Pride goeth before destruction; and a haughty spirit before a fall.

Innocence confers ease and freedom on the mind; and leaves it open to every pleasing sensation.

Sport not with pain and distress; nor use the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

Interrogations.—Is a definite question one which begins with a verb, and may be answered by yes or no?

Do we use the rising slide to a definite question?

Is an indefinite question one which begins with an interrogative pronoun or adverb, and which cannot be answered by simple yes or no?

Do we use the falling slide in reading an indefinite question?

Are *who, which, what*, interrogative pronouns? and are *why, when, whence, where, how, whither, and wherefore* interrogative adverbs?

Should we answer all these questions with yes? and, in reading, should we terminate each with the rising slide?

Should we, in the absence of emphasis, use the rising slide, curve, or circumflex, in every case, while the sense is not formed, and, of course, is suspended? and should we always use the falling slide, curve, or circumflex, when the sense is formed? And does this generally happen

at a period, a colon, and sometimes at a semicolon, or a comma ?

Can we esteem that man prosperous, who is raised to a situation which flatters his passions, but which corrupts his principles, disorders his temper, and finally oversets his virtue ?

Must we, in reading the two last paragraphs, terminate them with the rising slides ? and why ?

What avails the show of external liberty to one who has lost the government of himself ?

What direction is given in the first paragraph of the first lesson, on the subject of reading well ?

How can any one read well, who does not pay due regard to the sense, and arrange what he reads into appropriate divisions ?

Why do most persons read in a voice so very different from the tones in which they talk ?

Why should we read the four last paragraphs with the falling slide ?

Exclamations.—How strangely are the opinions of men altered by a change in their condition !

What misery does the vicious man secretly endure ! Adversity ! how blunt are all the arrows of thy quiver, in comparison with those of guilt !

What a piece of work is man ! how noble in reason ! how infinite in faculties ! in form how express and admirable ! in action how like an angel ! in apprehension, how like a God !

Lovely art thou, O Peace ! and lovely are thy children, and lovely are the prints of thy footsteps in the green valleys !

A competence is all we can enjoy :

Oh, be content, where Heaven can give no more !

The Dash.—True we have lost an empire—let it pass—true we may thank the perfidy of France that plucked the jewel out of England's crown with all the cunning of an envious shrew. And let that pass—'twas but a trick of state—a brave man knows no malice, but at once forgets in peace the injuries of war, and gives his direst foe a friend's embrace.

What !—will a man play tricks—will he indulge

A silly, fond conceit of his fair form

And just proportions, fashionable mien

And pretty face, in presence of his God !

A farmer came to a neighboring lawyer, expressing great concern for an accident which, he said, had just happened. "One of your oxen," continued he, "has been gored by an unlucky bull of mine, and I should be glad to know how I am to make you reparation." "Thou art a very honest fellow," replied the lawyer, "and wilt not think it unreasonable that I expect one of thy oxen in return." "It is no more than justice," quoth the farmer, "to be sure ; but—what did I say ? It is your bull that has killed one of my oxen." "Indeed !" said the lawyer, "that alters the case : I must inquire into the affair ; and if—" "And if !" said the farmer, "the business, I find, would have been concluded without an if !—had you been as ready to do justice to others, as to exact it from them."

Seize, mortals ! seize the transient hour ;
Improve each moment as it flies :
Life's a short summer—man, a flower ;
He dies—alas ! how soon he dies !

Parenthesis.—When, therefore, the Lord knew that the Pharisees had heard that he made and baptized more disciples than John (though Jesus himself baptized not, but his disciples), he left Judea, and went again into Galilee.

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
That needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

The pulpit—(when the satirist has at last
Spent all his force, and made no proselyte—)
I say the pulpit (in the sober use
Of its legitimate, peculiar powers)
Must stand acknowledged while the world shall stand,
The most important and effectual guard,
Support and ornament of Virtue's cause.

Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man ;
A mighty maze ! but not without a plan.

Remarks.—In school, when a pupil or a class has made the above lesson familiar, and is able to read it

with ease, in the true colloquial style, let each be required to tell what he knows of punctuation, and what constitutes a sentence. Then let him tell what he understands about the "divisions of sense," accent, "grouped divisions;" and the analogy there is in uttering these to that of long words: also what he knows about the bars, half bars, slides, curves, circumflexes: and to prove that he understands them, let him mark with a pencil a number of the paragraphs in this lesson, into the proper divisions, just as his judgment may guide him: then go over the same, and apply the inflections, just as he thinks they should be used in reading the different passages.

LESSON VI.

EMPHASIS AND CADENCE.

It is well to keep these facts constantly in mind, that good reading consists in faithfully copying out the best specimens of extemporaneous address; that its movements are graduated by "divisions" of one or more words, sometimes indicated by punctuation, but oftener left to the good sense of the reader; that the grouped division is read with primary and secondary accent, like the pronunciation of a long word; and that every division is attended with one or more of the inflections called slides, curves and circumflexes.

Emphasis and cadence next claim the attention.

Emphasis, in its ordinary import, is a stress laid upon some significant word or words in a sentence to show its proper meaning ; and cadence is simply a falling or lowering of the voice.

Emphasis is a word of Greek origin, and is used to represent that power in expression which serves the most clearly and forcibly to bring out the true signification of the passage. This is generally effected in our language by using a different inflection on the emphatic word, or by marking it with longer pause, or quantity, or stress, than is commonly used at a word having only the simple accent of a "division : " or the proper emphasis may require several of these appliances : and sometimes the emphasis is made more effectively by a sudden lowering, or deep depression of the voice. Hence the following definition :

Emphasis is the power which marks out in a sentence, some significant word or words on which the meaning depends, by just such stress, inflection, pause, quantity, and occasional depression, as serve best to explain and enforce that meaning : or emphasis consists in whatever is done by the voice and manner of a speaker to draw attention to any word or words uttered by him—whether it be *precision* in enunciating the whole word, stress of voice on the accented syllable, inflection, prolongation of a sound, a pause before the emphatic word or phrase, or a pause after them. Emphasis may be secured by any one of these methods, or by several of them combined.

Emphasis is, as it were, the pivot on which the whole sense of reading turns ; and he who knows well where to

place it, and how to execute it properly, is quite certain to be right in other respects.

Language that is merely narrative, and without comparison, passion or emotion, seldom demands what is properly termed emphasis ; e. g., John ¹ is a very diligent ¹ scholar.

In this sentence, no force is required but the ordinary accent of a division ; because there is no emotion, comparison or contrast. But introduce a comparison, and a demand for emphasis is perceived at once ; e. g., Jóhn | is quite as diligent a scholar ¹ as Jámes. In reading the sentence now, the emphasis seems to be formed by laying greater stress on the words compared ; but, in truth, it is made by pronouncing *John* and *James* with opposite curves, increasing the pause a little at *John*, and quickening the movement of the middle division. Again : I say Jóhn || is a very diligent scholar, not Jámes ! Now the emphasis is made on the same words by opposite circumflexes, and the middle division takes the falling slide.

The sleep ¹ of the laboring man ¹ is sweet. This is simple narrative ; and in reading, requires but the simple accent of a division, with the rising slides. But, should the thought of an idle man enter the mind—and it could scarcely be otherwise—nothing more is required to show it in reading, than to give a slight emphasis to *laboring* by changing the inflection from a rising slide to a rising curve ; pause a little more at *sleep*, and quicken the middle division ; thus, The sléep | of the láboring mán ¹ is swèet.

But, in mere narrative, an important word introdu-

cing a new thought, requires a slight emphasis, which is usually made by a slight pause after the word ; as after *John* and *sleep*, in the passages above ; yet such words have not generally been considered emphatic ; though it is impossible to read well without calling attention to them in this way.

If I | were an Américan | as I am an Englishmán,
while a foreign troop remained in my country, I NEVER
would lay down my àrms—

nèver—

nèver—

nèver.

In the last example, the emphasis is made on *American* and *Englishman* by the rising slide, and rising curve, attended with more force than ordinary accent ; and on *never*, the first and second time used, by the falling slide and strong force, proportioned to the degree of emotion implied in the language : and the last *never* by the falling slide and a deep depression of the voice,—almost to a deep aspirated whisper, drawn up from the very bottom of the chest.

These examples show sufficiently that emphasis, in its stress, pause, inflection and quantity, is as diversified as the sense and feeling designed to be expressed by it ; and that sense and feeling furnish the only guides to its proper use.

Some writers have divided emphasis into several kinds, called the inferior and the superior; the secondary and the primary ; emphatic stress, compound stress, emphasis of contrast, and many more ;—distinctions which seem to me more likely to confuse than to assist

the student : for, if he fully understand what he reads, and have ready facility in using the various appliances, as already taught, he will very naturally, and perhaps unconsciously, increase or diminish the force of his emphasis, as the language justly demands ; so that emphasis will inevitably follow just as he appreciates the sense, and will naturally take the form which will express that sense the best.

In books, where there is any change from a uniform type, the words printed in italics, except in the Bible, are ordinarily intended for emphasis : the words in capitals, for a higher, and those in larger capitals, for a still higher emphasis. In manuscript, these degrees of force are marked by lines drawn under the words intended for emphasis—one for italics, two for capitals, and three lines for greater capitals : and the same lines may be used to indicate these degrees of emphasis, under words on the printed page.

Cadence.—The close of the last example in emphasis illustrates also the cadence. Cadence is a falling of the voice on one or more words in succession ; or on one or more syllables of the same word, in some respects like passing down irregular steps, and is generally made at the close of a period or paragraph. The word is of Latin origin, and comes from *cadere*, to fall ; and is apt to be taken in contrast with emphasis, because there can, in fact, be no elevation or turn of the voice amounting to what is called emphasis, without a correspondent depression.

The general fault in making the cadence, is a dull uniformity at the close of successive periods and para-

graphs. The following examples will show what a pleasing variety can be thrown into cadence, in a way to gratify the ear, and give life to utterance ; and how constant must be the exercise of good taste and judgment in order to make it properly.

I have been young and now I am old ; yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his

séed

bégging

bread.

It was mèt that we should make merry and be glad : for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again ; and was lóst and

is

fòund.

I could not have slept this night upon my béd, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my steadfast abhorrence of such enormous and

ter

prin

cí

óus

plès.

Blessed, are they that mourn : for they shall be còm

fórt

èd.

Blessed are the pure in heart : for they shall see

Gòd.

LESSON VII.

EXAMINATION OF A CLASS ON INFLECTIONS AND EMPHASIS.

TEACHER. What inflections are called the rising, and what the falling slides ; and what marks would you use to show them ?

A. The rising slide carries the voice upward in a straight line, as if up an inclined plane ; and the falling slide downward, as if down an inclined plane. The rising is heard in asking a definite question ; the falling, in answering it ; as, Do you love pláy ? Yès ; I dò :— or the rising is heard in the first, and the falling, in the last member of a sentence disjunctively connected by *or* ; as, Will you gó, or stáy ? The rising slide is designated by the acute accent ; the falling, by the grave accent.

T. What are circumflexes, and how are they designated ?

B. The rising circumflex is a union of the falling and rising slides on the same syllable, and is shown by the grave and acute accents, joined at the bottom ; as on *Mike* in this ironical passage : If *Mí*ke | has affirmed it, who | can doubt it ?—the falling circumflex is a union of the rising and falling slides on the same syllable, and is shown by the acute and grave accents, joined at the top ; as, on the word *all*, in this ironical passage : If *Mí*ke says so, then *á*ll | must believe it | of còurse.

C. I think, sir, both of the circumflexes are brought out clearly on *is* and *be*, in the second line of this couplet from Pope :

Hope springs eternal in the human breast :
 Man never is, ¹ but always to bê | blest.

T. What inflections are those which are named curves ; and how may they be designated ?

D. The rising curve begins with some of the falling, and ends with the rising slide, approaching somewhat to the rising circumflex ; as is generally heard in the last of several particulars in the beginning of a sentence ; as, Exercise and t  mperance | strengthen the constitution. It may be designated by the acute accent turned at the bottom. The falling curve begins with some of the rising and ends with the falling slide ; as on the last of three or more particulars, disjunctively connected, approaching to the falling circumflex ; as, Neither J  hn ¹ nor J  mes | nor J  seph | was in fault ;—and it may be designated by the grave accent turned at the top.

T. The next,—give an example of the falling slide.

E. There is a divinity | that shapes our   nds. This is a declarative sentence, forming complete sense, and ends with the falling slide.

F. Through the thick gloom of the pr  sent | I see ¹ the brightness of the future. This is also a declarative sentence, and ends with the falling slide ; but, as the sense is suspended on the last word of the first division, I have given it the rising slide.

T. Do sentences always end with the falling slide, falling curve, or circumflex, when the sense is complete ?

G. No, sir, not of necessity : negatives generally have the rising ; because they are naturally emphatic ; and emphasis in most cases requires a different inflection.

from the simple form ; or rather, it is, for the most part, a change of the inflection that makes the emphasis ; e. g., The quality of mercy is not strained.

H. It is your place to obèy | not to commánd.

I. It is nóť | gríef | that bids me moan ; it is | that I am all alòne.

J. You were paid to fight | against Alexander, not to ráil | at him.

K. He showed a countenance more in sorròw | than in ánger.

L. The man who is in daily use of ardent spirits, if he does not become a drùnkard, is in danger of losing his héalth and cháracter. That is, he is in danger of losing his health and cháracter, is he nóť ?

A. The apprehénsion | of evil | is many times wórse | than the evil itself : and the ílls | a man féars | he shall súffer, he suffers in the very féar | of them.

B. We should take a prudent care | for the future, but só | as to enjoy the prèsent. It is no part of wisdom | to be miserable to-dáy, because we may happen to be so | to-mórròw.

C. A wise man, says Seneca, is provided for occurrences of àny kind : the góod | he mánages, the bád | he vànquishes : in prospérité | he betrays no presúmp-tion, in advérsity | he feels no despòndency.

D. It is not the height | to which men are ad-vánced | that makes them gíddy ; it is the looking dówn | with contempt | upon those belòw them.

E. Which is the greater man, he who simply strikes when the iron is hót, or he | who màkes the iron hót | by striking ?

T. What is the nature of emphasis in determining the sense of a passage ?

F. Emphasis is the pivot on which the whole sense of reading turns.

T. What is ¹ emphasis ?

G. Emphasis is the power which marks out in a sentence, some significant word or words on which the meaning depends, by just such stress, inflection, pause, quantity, and occasional depression, as best serve to explain and enforce that meaning.

T. Very well : proceed with your examples.

H. Whatever purifies, fortifies ¹ also ¹ the heart. The two words in this sentence are made emphatic by opposite curves.

I. Patience, by preserving composure within, resists the impression which trouble ¹ makes from without. Here *patience* is opposed to *trouble* ; and *within* to *without* ; each couple rendered emphatic by opposite curves.

J. Sincerity ¹ and truth | form the basis ¹ of every virtue.

K. Virtuous youth | gradually brings forward ¹ accomplished and flourishing manhood.

L. He ¹ who would act like a wise man | and build his house on the rock, and not on the sand, should contemplate human life ¹ not only in the sunshine, but in the shade.

A. When Aristotle was asked what a man could gain by telling a falsehood, he replied, "Not to be credited ¹ when he speaks the truth."

B. Agesilaus, king of Sparta, being asked what things ¹ he thought most proper ¹ for boys to learn, an-

swered, "Those which they ought to practise | when they come to be mèn." A wiser than Agesilaus | has inculcated the sáme | sentiment : "Train up a child | in the way he should go, and when he is òld, he will not depart | fròm it."

T. Why do you give an emphasis by the falling slide to *old* ? I believe that is not the common way of reading it.

B. That is the way Dr. Parker read it for his text: It means, I suppose, he will not only not depart from it in the season of youth and middle life ; but not even when he is òld.

T. Very well, Master B., Dr. Parker, I think, has given an improved turn to the reading, and you have proved yourself to be a good hearer. All these examples have been well managed ; and I have but one remark to make : the words under emphasis were generally brought out with too much prominence ; as if you meant to show how well you understood them : and they were not made with a sufficiently smooth and easy swell. When these principles become more familiar, and you surrender your minds wholly to the sense, all such unnatural prominence will cease.

C. Hónor | is but a fictitious kind | of hónesty ; a méan, but a nécessary | substitute fòr it, in societies who hàve | none : it is a sort of paper | crédit, with which men are obliged to tráde, who are deficient in the sterling cash of true | morálicity | and religion. Every prominent thought, as it occurs in this sentence, is distinguished by emphasis. It is a settled principle, that every word conveying some new or important thought in

discourse ; and all words in contrast, comparison, correspondence, or opposition, should generally be marked by emphasis.

D. Study ¹ not so much to shôw | knowledge, as to possèss it.

E. It is not so easy ¹ to híde one's faults, as to mènd them.

F. Why beholdest thou the móte | that is in thy brother's éye, but considerest not the beam | that is in thine ówn ¹ èye ?

G. As it is the part of jústice | never to do violènce ; so it is the part of módesty | never to commit offènce.

H. Custom ¹ is the plágue | of wíse mén ¹ and the ídol of fòols.

I. It is pleasant to grow *béttér*, for that is to excél ¹ *oursèlves* ; it is pleasant to subdue síns, for this is VICTORY ; it is pleasant to govern our appetites and pás-sions, for this is EMPIRE. This example contains a succession of particulars, each rising in importance ; and I have increased the emphasis accordingly. I give *victory* the falling curve, and *empire* the falling slide, and *ourselves*, also, the falling slide.

J. What stronger breastplate | than a *héart* untainted ?

THRICE | is he ¹ armed ¹ that hath his quarrel júst ;
And he but náked, though locked up in STEEL |
Whose conscience ¹ with injústice ¹ is corrupted.

Here, *heart* is made emphatic by the rising slide and stress ; *thrice*, by the falling slide and increased stress ;

steel, by the falling slide, and more increased stress, making three degrees of emphasis.

T. Can any one relate what I told you the other day about Dr. Rush's mode of showing the keys of the voice, and the degrees of emphasis?

K. I think they were considered as analogous to certain intervals on the scale of music: when the interval or skip was from one to two, or from two to one, there was no change of the voice more than that of ordinary accent; when it was to three, an emphasis was formed of the first degree; when to five, the second degree; when to eight, making a full octave, the third, or greatest degree; and these are the several key-notes of the voice in speaking.

T. Please to give an example: but first illustrate what you understand by the interval of one to two, and one to three.

K. I *cá*me, I *sá*w, I *cò*nquered. From *I* to *came* is an ascending interval or skip from one to two, or what is called one tone; from *I* to *saw*, an interval of from one to three, producing an emphasis of the first or lowest degree; and from *I* to *conquered* is a descending interval of one to three, making also an emphasis of the lowest degree. I will now give the illustration as nearly as I can recollect:

At our house in the country, I see Mr. White, who has rode past: I hail him; for I wish to send to town. At first I say, Mr. White—Mr. White! He does not hear. I say again with increased force, Mr. *White*—Mr. *White*! Still he does not hear. Again I call, yet louder, Mr. **WHITE**—Mr. **WHITE**! I have not yet

reached his ear. And now I go to the very top of my voice—Mr. WHITE—Mr. WHITE! This carries my voice up to the octave.

T. Very well, sir; these are striking analogies: we referred to them only to awaken attention to these natural states of the voice in our colloquial habits; and not to encourage the practice of reading, in any way, after the artificial notes of music. Can any one describe the semitone, as spoken of in the same connection?

L. The semitone occupies but half the space of a tone. The interval from seven to eight on the diatonic scale is a semitone. It is distinguished for plaintiveness, whether uttered on a high or low pitch: it is employed in expressing tender emotions, as love, pity, compassion; also complaint and humble supplication; or any appeal to sympathy. It is the tone we often use to children, before they can fully comprehend the meaning of words.

T. Will you give an example?

A. The mother says, in tones of endearment, "George ¹ is a good boy;" and he answers, "âh." His brother, a little older, says playfully, to show that George understands little else than the language of tones, in the same softened voice, "George ¹ is a naughty ¹ boy:" he again says, "âh." He then adopts the rising and falling slide of a tone—"George is a good boy;" and he cries out, "nô."

B. I think we often hear the semitone from little beggars in the street: "Please | to give me ¹ a penny ¹ to buy my mother ¹ a loaf of bread?"

T. Give some examples now, to show how emphasis sometimes changes the accent.

C. He ¹ shall increase, but I shall decrease.

D. There is a difference ¹ between giving | and forgiving.

E. In this species of composition, plausibility | is much more essential ¹ than probability.

F. What is done, cannot be undone.

G. He that descended | is the same ¹ that ascended.

H. Some | appear to make very little difference ¹ between decency | and indecency, morality ¹ and immorality, religion | and irreligion.

I. The conduct of Antoninus | was marked by justice ¹ and humanity ; that of Néro, by injustice | and inhumanity.

J. There is a possibility ¹ of such an occurrence, though there is no probability.

K. This corruptible | must put on incorruption ; and this mortal | must put on immortality.

T. Now give some examples where only one part of a comparison is expressed, and the other is to be made clear by emphasis.

L. I give one from the 84th Psalm : “ I had rather be a doorkeeper | in the house of my Gód, than to dwell | in the tents of wickedness.” That is, I had rather be, not only a common ¹ inmate, but even a doorkeeper ;—and this meaning is plainly suggested by laying emphasis on *doorkeeper* by the falling slide.

A. I give one from the 19th chapter of Luke : “ I tell you that, if these should hold their peace, the stones ¹ would immediately cry out.” Here, the emphasis on *stones*, by the falling slide, plainly indicates, that if

these should hold their peace, not only mén | of ordinary sensibility, but even the stònes | would cry out.

B. I have one from the Lord's prayer: "Give us this | dáy | our daily bread." That is, As thou hast fed us hitherto, so give us this | dáy | our daily bread: or, As thou hast supplied us the pást dáy, so give us this | dáy | our daily bread.

C. I have one from the 43d Psalm: "Enter not | into judgment | with thy servant, for | in thy | sight | shall no | flesh living | be justified.

D. I give one from the speech of Satan, in Milton's Paradise Lost:

To réign | is worth ambition, though in Hèll:
Better to réign | in Hèll | than sèrve in Heàven.

To supply the comparison in the last line, it might be rendered: Better to réign, not only | in the lowest place uncursed, but even in Hèll.

LESSON VIII.

ARTICULATION—VOWELS—INDISTINCT AND VITIATED SOUNDS.

It has already been remarked, that it is the special characteristic of good reading to present the words with as much distinctness to the ear of the hearer, as the fairly written or printed page does to the eye of the reader. And to do this, every word, and every syllable,

and each vocal letter of every syllable, must be distinctly enunciated with its appropriate sound and accent. This is articulation, and lies at the very foundation of a good delivery. Whoever aims at excellence in his delivery, must labor at first principles, and not remit his labor till he has completely mastered all the elementary sounds of the language, so that he may be able to utter them with perfect ease in all their varied combinations.

Our language contains about forty-two elementary sounds, made by the twenty-six letters of the alphabet. Five of the letters, *a, e, i, o, u*, are called vowels; the rest consonants, except *w* and *y* when they end a syllable, and then they become vowels. When two vowels unite to form a syllable, they are called a diphthong; as, *aim, clean, voice*. When three vowels unite to form a syllable, they are called a triphthong; as, *beauty, view*.

For the sound of the vowels, the scale of Walker is adopted here, with the single exception of *a*, as heard in *care, dare, rare*, which is placed as the 5th sound of *a*; thus—¹fāte, ²fār, ³fāll, ⁴fāt, ⁵cāre; ¹mē, ²mēt; ¹pīne, ²pīn; ¹nō, ²mōve, ³nōr, ⁴nōt; ¹tūbe, ²tūb, ³būll; ³ōil, ³pōund; *thin, this*. *Th*, as heard in *thin*, is called sharp or acute; *TH*, as heard in *this*, is called obtuse.

One of the highest beauties of delivery is a full, round, mellow pronunciation of the open vowels and diphthongs, as heard in *father, noble, tone, voice, choice, point, joint, authority, aurora*; and the too feeble and indistinct utterance of the unaccented syllables and consonants is among the most prevailing faults.

But there is another defect which claims attention: It is a vitiated sound of the vowels and diphthongs not

under accent, and sometimes when they are. This is a blemish more observable perhaps in the Eastern States ; but it pervades, more or less, the whole country. The sound is confined principally to what should be the sound of the short \acute{o} , as heard in $n\acute{o}t$; the long broad \acute{o} , as heard in *for* ; the broad \grave{a} , as heard in *fall*—which is similar to the last—and the diphthongs $\acute{o}\acute{u}$ and $\acute{o}i$.

Thus the vowel sounds in $c\acute{o}l$, $c\acute{o}m$, $c\acute{o}n$, $\acute{o}m$, $\acute{o}n$, $\acute{o}l$, and $\acute{o}y$, are compressed and flattened into the second sound of \acute{a} , as heard in *far* ; so that $pr\acute{o}vidence$, $inc\acute{o}nstant$, and words of this sort, are pronounced $inc\grave{a}nstant$, $pr\grave{a}vidence$, $c\grave{a}nstitution$, $\acute{a}bservation$; and $fr\acute{o}g$, $l\acute{o}g$, $h\acute{o}g$, $fl\acute{o}ck$, $l\acute{o}ck$, $cl\acute{o}ck$, $l\acute{o}ng$, $s\acute{o}ng$, $wr\acute{o}ng$, are pronounced $fr\grave{a}g$, $h\grave{a}g$, $fl\grave{a}ck$, $l\grave{a}ng$, $s\grave{a}ng$, $wr\grave{a}ng$; and the names of the Deity—God and Lord—are pronounced $G\grave{a}d$, $L\grave{a}rd$; and sometimes with a drawl superadded.

The sound of \acute{a} , as heard in *fall*, is often changed to the second sound, as heard in *far* ; so that $\acute{a}ll$, $c\acute{a}ll$, $t\acute{a}ll$, and $ball$, are pronounced $\acute{a}ll$, $c\acute{a}ll$, $t\acute{a}ll$, $b\acute{a}ll$; and $t\acute{o}ne$, $st\acute{o}ne$, &c., are pronounced $t\acute{o}n$, $st\acute{o}n$, or *stun* ; and $c\acute{o}unt$, $c\acute{o}w$, $h\acute{o}w$, $\acute{o}ut$, $c\acute{o}ward$, are pronounced $c\acute{a}ount$, $c\acute{a}ow$, $h\acute{a}ow$, $\acute{a}out$, $c\acute{a}oward$; and $v\acute{o}ice$, $ch\acute{o}ice$, $rej\acute{o}ice$, $b\acute{o}y$, $j\acute{o}y$, $ann\acute{o}y$, $j\acute{o}int$, $p\acute{o}int$, $an\acute{o}int$, $p\acute{o}ison$, $br\acute{o}il$, $\acute{o}il$, $s\acute{o}il$, are robbed of that open, broad, full sound, so agreeable to the ear, and pronounced $v\acute{a}ice$, $b\acute{a}y$, $j\acute{int}$, $p\acute{int}$, $an\acute{int}$, &c. Persons who pronounce in this way are unconscious of the fact, and, of course, have no conception how greatly it mars the style of their delivery.

The long open sound of \acute{o} , as heard in *force*, *course*, *divorce*, *portrait*, *gl\acute{o}ry*, *gl\acute{o}rious*, *story*, is often shortened to \acute{o} , as heard in *force*, *course*, *divorce*, *portrait*, *gl\acute{o}ry*, *gl\acute{o}rious*,

st^ory ; and the long ¹i, as in m¹ine, th¹ine, m¹ild, ch¹ild, is changed into a sort of drawl, as m²aine, th²aine, m²aild, ch²aild.

The long sound of ¹e and ¹o, and the diphthong ²au, forming an unaccented syllable at the beginning of a word, as ¹e¹vent, ¹e¹mit, ¹e¹nough, ¹e¹motion, ¹o¹bey, ¹o¹pinion, ¹o¹mit, ¹o¹clock, ¹o¹paque, ²a²uthority, ²a²udacious, &c., are liable to be sunk or perverted to the sound of short ²u, and pronounced uvvent, ummit, ubbey, uppinion, uthority, &c. Much pains should be taken to give distinctness to these syllables, and to do it with the proper sounds of the vowels.

Also the long sounds of ¹e and ¹o in the inseparable propositions *pre* and *pro*, when not under accent, are apt to be sunk into *per* or *pr* in the words pr¹event, pr¹edict, pr¹evail, pr¹etend, pr¹edominate, pr¹omote, pr¹onounce, pr¹oceed, pr¹ofane, pr¹opose, &c., and pronounced p²ervent, or p²rvent, p²rvail, p²rmote, p²rfane, p²rdominate ; and in other words these letters are liable to be sunk, as in belief, polite, several, every, deliverer, traveller, history, memorable, melody, philosophy, society, variety, &c., and pronounced b²'lief, p²'lite, ev²ry, &c.

The long sound of ¹u, not under accent, as in the words virt-¹ue, virt-¹uous, nat-¹ure, nat-¹ural, meas-¹ure, treas-¹ure, creat-¹ure, leis-¹ure, struct-¹ure, pop-¹ular, sing-¹ular, partic-¹ular, reg-¹ular, sec-¹ular, is often robbed of its mellow and musical sound, by being pronounced virtu, natur or natch²ur, treas²ur, creat²ur or creatch²ur, leis²ur, struct²ur or structsh²ur, popeler, singelar, particelar, secelar, regelar. In all such words the sound of *u* should be distinctly audible, as virt-ue, nat-ure, &c.

Short *ě* in the beginning of words, such as *error*, *terror*, *cellar*, *leather*, is liable to run into the obscure sound of *ũ*, as *urror*, *turror*, *suller*, &c. ; and sometimes this fault occurs in the middle of a word, as *govurnmunt* for *government*.

Short *ě* in the final syllables *ěn*, *ěnt*, and *ěnce*, as in *contentment*, *improvement*, *providence*, *contingence*, *silence*, *evidence*, *influence*, *impertinence*, *moment*, *momentary*, *insolent*, *gentlemen*, and in all words of this class, should be sounded so as just to be perceptible to the ear, and no more ; and never be pronounced *contentmunt*, *silunce*, &c.

Short *ă* before *l* in the final syllables of *medal*, *musical*, *mental*, *festival*, *final*, *real*, should never be sunk so as to be pronounced *fin'l*, *med'l*, *music'l* ; and when these letters come after *y*, as in *royal*, *loyal*, the sound of *y* should not be repeated as if the words were written *roy-yal*, *loy-yal*.

E before *n*, when they make a final syllable not under accent, should always be sounded in the words *sudden*, *kitchen*, *hyphen*, *chicken*, *aspen*, *marten*, *latten*, *platten*, *sloven*, *children*, and also before *d* in *hundred* ; but in all other words ending in *en* the *e* should be silent, as *heav'n*, *elev'n*, *gard'n*, *giv'n*, *driv'n*, *tak'n*, *wak'n*, *eat'n*, *beat'n*, *oat'n*, *ev'n*, *oft'n*, *soft'n*, *op'n*, *spok'n* ; and the *o* should be silent also in *pard'n*, *weap'n*, *bac'n*, *beac'n*, *deac'n*, *pers'n*, *reas'n*, *treas'n*.

I before *l*, in the final unaccented syllable, is silent in *ev'l*, and *dev'l* ; but in all other words it should be sounded, as *civil*, *pencil*, *anvil* ; also before *n*, as *matin*, *Satin* ; and *ai* before *n* in the words *certain*, *mountain*,

fountain, captain, again, should be pronounced as if written mountin, fountin, captin, and agen.

A before *nt* and *ss*, in a final unaccented syllable, as in dormant, infant, reluctant, compass, trespass, should never have the obscure sound of *ũ*, as dormunt, trespass.

I, in all cases when not under accent, forms a syllable by itself, like the first sound of *e* : thus, sensible should be pronounced as if written senseble ; and so of plausible, possible, justify, diligent, gratitude, constitution, and should never be pronounced sensũble, justũfy, &c. But care must be observed not to dwell too much upon the *e* sound, since this would be a greater fault than the other. It should differ but slightly from the sound of *ĩ*. *I*, also in the word *in*, and words beginning with *in* and *im*, is liable to be sunk or changed into *ũn* and *ũm*, as umprove, or 'mprove ; unstruct, or 'nstruct ; is he 'n town ? for improve, instruct, is he in town ?

Such critical and nice distinctions in the vowel sounds mark the accurate and accomplished scholar.

LESSON IX.

DISTINCT ENUNCIATION OF CONSONANTS—CHANGE OF VOWEL SOUNDS.

BUT consonants in some positions claim attention quite as much as the vowels. If the lofty dignity and musical sweetness of speech depend upon a full, soft, and

liquid flow of the vowels, its energy and strength depend no less upon a full and distinct enunciation of the consonants.

D is liable to be sunk in *and*, *boldly*, *worldly*, *fondly*, *coldly*, into *an'* or *un'*, *bo-ly*, *wor-ly*, *fon-ly*, *co-ly*.

F in *of* should never lose its sound of *v*, as *The want o' money occasioned the want o' men*. It should be, *The want uv money | occasioned the want uv men*. Never, *The want of | money | occasioned the want of | men*.

G before *th* is liable to be sunk, as *lenth*, *strenth*, for *length*, *strength*.

H is liable to be sunk, except at the beginning of a sentence ; e. g. : *How 'as kind 'eaven adorned the 'appy land, And scattered blessings with a wasteful 'and !* (*Read properly.*)

She evinced not the least gratitude for the 'ospitality afforded 'er ; which made 'im suspect 'er to 'ave 'ad a bad 'eart. (*Read properly.*)

H after *w*, in the words *whet*, *when*, *why*, *white*, *what*, *wheat*, *who*, *whither*, *whether*, *whisper*, is liable to be sunk, so as to be pronounced *wet*, *wen*, *wite*, &c. The best way to correct the habit is to divide the syllable, and pronounce *hoo-et*, *hoo-en*, *hoo-ite*, &c. *H* before *r* is very liable to be sunk in the words *shrun*k, *shrub*, *shroud*, *shrive*, and pronounced *srunk*, *srub*, *sroud*, *srive*.

R has two sounds, according to its position in a word, called the rough and the smooth. The rough, when used before a vowel in the beginning of a word, as *rage*, *wretch*, *grate*, *brazen*, *bray* : the smooth, generally

in the last part of a word, and after a vowel, as *hard*, *card*, *regard*. We, who speak the English as our native tongue, seldom fail to make the smooth *r* properly ; but we rarely enunciate the rough *r* with the strength it requires. This rough sound, which some call the rolling or vibrant *r*, is made by vibrating the tip of the tongue against the roof of the mouth near the teeth. It can scarcely be made by natives with too much distinctness. Many foreigners sound the rough *r* better than we ; but the difficulty with them is, not to be able to make the smooth one where it ought to be made. Many of us, however, in our attempts to sound the rolling *r* properly, make nearly two syllables of it, as *er-wretch*, *er-rage*—a fault still worse than the use of the smooth one.

S in the end of a word is liable to be sunk when the following word begins with an *s*, as *For righteousness sake* ; *The steadfast stranger in the forests strayed*.

In pronouncing *s*, pains should be taken to avoid as much as possible its hissing quality. The same may be said also of the other aspirates, *f*, *h*, *wh*, *th*, *sh*, and *ch*. They should be uttered with distinctness ; but, as there is nothing in them which is grateful to the ear, they cannot be dwelt upon without a violation of taste. Many persons, in pronouncing some plurals, have the disagreeable habit of using the *s* instead of the *z* sound of *s*, as in the words *follies*, *paths*, they would say *follis*, *paths*—not *folliz*, *pathz* ; but in pronouncing *youths*, and *truths*, we should always give the sharp sound of *th*, as having more force, and never the sound of *z*, as if written *youthz*, *truthz*.

Ts after *s*, in the end of words, is apt to be entirely

lost ; as in the words *hosts*, *coasts*, *boasts*, *posts*, *costs*, *masts*, *fists*, *mists*, *priests*, *feasts*, and pronounced *hōs*, *cōs*, *bōs*, *pōs*, *cōs*, *mas*, &c.

W in the end of the words *law*, *flaw*, *saw*, *jaw*, is by some changed to *r*, as *lor*, *flor*, *sor*, *jor*.

In pronouncing the consonants, the meaning of words is liable sometimes to be confounded by running them into each other ; as an ice house—a nice house ; the culprits ought to make amends—the culprits sought to make amends ; his cry moved me—his crime moved me ; he could pay nobody—he could pain nobody.

It is a good rule always to be more particular in distinctly pronouncing those words where there is the least apprehension that one word may be mistaken for another, or where two of similar sound are apt to coalesce and cause confusion of sense, or in any way give rise to a vulgar or ludicrous thought.

VOWEL SOUNDS OF SOME WORDS CHANGED.

A few words of frequent use require vowel sounds sometimes quite different from what are set forth in the spelling-book and dictionary. They are the articles *a* and *the* ; the pronouns *my*, *you*, *your*, and *their* ; the prepositions *of*, *for*, *from*, and *by* ; and the conjunctions *and*, *nor*, and sometimes *or* ; but it should be borne in mind that none of them, while under emphasis, ever change their vowel sound.

A is not used except before a word beginning with a consonant sound, and then only with its short or fourth sound, as *ă* man, *ă* union—never *a* man, *a* union, with its first sound.

The before a word beginning with a vowel always retains the first sound of *e*, as, *The evening is mild*, the air is soft. *The* before a consonant sound is always pronounced with the second sound of *e*, as, *Thě man, thě union*—not thě¹ man, thě¹ union.

My, in most cases, should have the second sound of *i*—never that of *e* long, as, *Mỹ pen is as bad as mỷ paper*; very much as if written, *mip-pen is as bad as mip-paper*. I cannot spare *mỷ knife*, for I am using it *mỷself*.

You, when it does not begin a sentence, is generally changed into the obscure sound of *yũ* or *yě*, as, *He blames yũ for thě very things he ought to praise yě*.

Your is often shortened into *yũr*, and *their* into *thěr*, as, *Yũr brothers' health, I understand, is good*; when will you look for *thěr* return?

Of, for, from, and by, are generally softened into *ũv*, *fũr*, *frũm*, and *bĩ*, except before unemphasized personal pronouns, placed in the middle or end of a sentence, or when *for* is a conjunction: e. g., *Thě fear ũv thě Lord is thě beginning-ũv wisdom*. *For thě want ũv ă nail, thě shoe was lost*; *fũr thě want ũv ă shoe, thě horse was lost*; and *fũr thě want ũv ă horse, thě man was lost*. *Keep thy tongue frũm evil, and thy lips frũm speaking guile*. *By thě blessing ũv the upright thě city is exalted*; but it is overthrown *bĩ thě mouth ũv the wicked*. *It is said, ă man is known bĩ thě company he keeps*. *Thě mind is improved by reflection, as well as bĩ reading*. *Blessed are thě merciful: for they shall obtain mercy*.

And can always be pronounced without harshness, and it may sometimes be softened into *ũnd* or *'nd*; but

it never should lose the sound of *d*, and be pronounced an or un : e. g., John, and James, und I were there ; or John, und James, 'nd I were there ;—never John, an James, un I were there ; nor—which would be a fault still greater—John, 'n James, 'n I were there.

Nor, and sometimes *or*, may be changed to *nur* and *ur* without detriment : e. g., It was neither I, nor John, *nur* James that did it. Who shall separate us from the love *uv* Christ ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, *ur* famine, *ur* nakedness, *ur* peril, or sword ? For | I am persuaded that neither death, ~~nor~~ life, *nur* angels, *nur* principalities, *nur* powers, nor things present, *nur* things to come, nor height, *nur* depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love *uv* God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

These words, whenever they are opposed to each other, or to other words, or rendered in any way emphatic, continue, of course, their vowel sounds unchanged : e. g., I did not say *a* man, but *the* man. I said it was *my* fault, not *his*. They went out *from* us, because they were not *of* us. Show me *thy* faith *without* thy works, and I will show thee *my* faith *by* my works. For *my* thoughts are not *your* thoughts, neither are *your* ways *my* ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are *my* ways higher than *your* ways, and *my* thoughts than *your* thoughts.

The preposition *to* should never lose its distinctive sound of *oo*, and be changed to *te* or *toe*.

From the preceding examples, no one can fail to observe the natural tendency of the words noticed, to soften or change the vowel sound when the same word

is repeated, or whenever it is placed close to one under emphasis.

The sounds of the words, as thus varied in the preceding examples, are after the best style of easy and familiar conversation : and it is wonderful to see what a marked difference is made in the whole character of reading and speaking by so varying them, compared with the full sound of the words, as when pronounced separately. In the one case, we closely join, with few exceptions, the prepositions and conjunctions with the words that follow them ; and so throw what we utter into easy and appropriate divisions of speech : while in the other, we are apt to join the prepositions and conjunctions with the words coming before ; and so render the whole unnatural and harsh.

But language is often marred by suffering two vowels to coalesce. When one word ending with a vowel, precedes a word beginning with a vowel, that in the first or the second, is liable to be sunk ; as, I'm, for I am ; we're, for we are ; he's, for he is ; he'ssisted, for he assisted ; I'nsist upon it, for I insist upon it ; I'ppeal to any one who knows th' affair, for, I appeal to any one who knows the affair.—Sh' openeth her mouth with wisdom ; an' in 'er tongue is the law of kindness ; for, she openeth her mouth with wisdom ; and in her tongue is the law uv kindness.

Sometimes also language is weakened and obscured by sinking the vowel in the first word when it ends with a consonant : e. g. Instead of saying, For I am persuaded, we say, F'r I'm persuaded ; If I, on the morrow, 'f I, on the morrow ; For I, on the day appointed,

F'r I, on the day appointed ; For he and I, F'r 'e 'n I.
—In all these, and similar cases, the former syllable must be swelled and dwelt upon so as to flow distinctly into the next, without stopping the stream of sound.

In all these examples it may be observed that when *for* is a conjunction it does not change the vowel sound—and it may be known to be one, when *because* can be substituted for it without destroying the sense.

As articles, prepositions and conjunctions have no meaning in themselves except as they relate to other words, or serve to connect other words together, good taste and good sense require us to utter them with no more force than is sufficient clearly to show such relation or connection : for the more force we give to unimportant words, the less are we able to bestow on those that are important. How often do we hear the conclusion of the Lord's Prayer expressed in this manner ? Fur thine is the kingdom, *and* | the power, *and* | the glory forever. Expressed properly, it would be ; For | thine is thě kingdom, *and* thě power, und thě glory ¹ forever.

Some persons have contracted the disagreeable habit of stopping upon the article, preposition or conjunction till they can think of words to put with them ; and when the words come, they pour them forth in a sort of spasm : and this makes their talking a constant succession of nervous twitches ; and it makes others nervous to hear them. This habit sometimes prevails in reading, irrespective of emphasis, and tends to give an unnatural prominence to most of those little words. What advantage it is both to the talker and the reader, always to keep his mind sufficiently in advance to embrace lan-

guage enough for a full measure of speech, before any of the words escape his lips ! For in no other way can they be naturally adjusted to each other, and uttered agreeably to their relative importance.

LESSON X. .

WORDS CLASSED UNDER VOWELS AND CONSONANT SOUNDS.

THE following classes of words ranged under their respective sounds, are designed to help the student the better to fix in his mind their true pronunciation ; and to train his organs to utter with ease the most difficult elements, and combinations of the language.—He should first express the element by itself ; and then in words, till the organs obey every demand of the will.

¹ —Fate, ale, day, freight, obey, danger, gaol, chasten, gauge, pātron, patriot, patriarch, patriotism, pastry, ere, prey, alien, convey, stranger, feign, feint, détail.

² —Far, army, alms, calm, ah, aye, master, martin, guard, art, are, calf, aunt, haunt, heart, hearken, father, era, America, command, laughter.

³ —³ —Fall, all, awful, water, daughter, brought, sought, ought, naughty, appall, orb, lord, for, laud, law, saw, raw, flaw, draw, straw, author, autograph, morn, adorn, warn, forlorn, ball, call, tall, hall, fall, pall, caught, fought, wrought, inthral, saucy, sauce, ward, sward, exorbitant, lawn, gone, also, albeit, almost, was, war, column (collum).

⁴—Fat, at, alley, alterné, advance, chance, dance, hat, sat, canal, bade, had, plaster, passion, afflict, affection, áscént, after, pass, sacrifice, sacrament, sacrilege, patriotic, patronage, patronize, patent, románcé, fináncé, scath, jubilant, arrogant, metal, musical, circumstance.

⁵—Dare, bare, care, their, scare, fair, pear, air, rare, stare, tear, there, wear, repair, parent, prayer.

¹—Eel, keel, receive, believe, machine, police, ravine, rear, clean, beard, either, neither, mien, liege, besiege, leisure, antique, debris (debrée).

²—Met, yet, yes, err, error, terror, recreant, heroine, territory, system, stereotype, heifer, says, said, leopard, leper, guess, goodness, matchless, novel, grovel, therefore, were, wherefore, ate, deaf, weapon, prelude, prelate, prelacy, again. But *e*, *ea*, or *i*, followed by *r* and another consonant, has a sound approaching to the second sound of *u*, viz: mercy, imperfect, infirmity, pearl, mirth, girl, sermon, virtue, confirm, person, virgin, learn, earn, fern, term, germ, earth, stern, earl, eternal, terse, heard, perpendicular, termination.

¹—Pine, mine, thine, prime, time, isle, while, find, kind, eye, wry, thyme, time, rhyme, buy, ally, choir, aisle, height, microscope, oblige, mild, child, behind, refined, mind, sacrifice, aspirant, synopsis, synonymy.

¹—Pin, fill, spirit, masculine, genuine, feminine, rigid, lithograph, been, circuit, subject, sieve, live, certain; fountain, mountain, curtain, miracle, minute, (minit,) sensible, aspirate.

⁰—No, note, old, own, oak, whole, sloth, yolk, yeoman, sow, show, pour, court, course, divorce, force, porch,

horde, sword, bourn, shorn, source, port, forte, host, ghost, ford, oath, control, revolt, expórt, impórt, effort, engross, morose, porter, portrait, trophy, deportment, glory, glorious, sonorous, notable, portable, potentate, moan, stone, more, home, only, forge, prorógue, tóward.

²o.—Move, lose, shoes, soon, moon, poor, food, hoof, your, youth, *youths*, truth, *truths*, canoe, uncouth, bruise, recruit, fruit, prune, rumor, amóur, soot, to, rule.

⁴o —Not, sot, forehead, watch, what, warrant, docile, swan, laurel, quantity, trough, quandary, hog, log, frog, flock, lock, clock, providence, proverb, novel, prospect, sophist, torrent, demonstrate, constitution, observation, inconstant, profligate, authority, anonymous, monastery, doctrine, longitude, dollar, collar, solemn, column (*collum*), volume (*vol-ume*), onerous.

¹u —Tube, puny, hue, beauty, junior, feudal, view, adieu, cure, juice, ague, nuisance, blew, new, news, particular, virtue, *vol-ume*.

²u —Tub, nut, run, her, heard, bird, sir, turn, come, some, doth, son, done, none, does, sovereign, worth, colander, front, shove, dove, love, attorney, slough (*sluff*), nothing, covenant.

³u —Bull, full, pulpit, book, look, crook, would, could, should, foot, put, soot,

³²oi —Oil, soil, join, loin, purloin, poison, joist, hoist, boy, toy, decoy, annoy, destroy, choice, rejoice, joy, point, appoint, broil, coil, toil, coy, cloy, void, poise, spoil, exploit, oyster, cloister, voyage, loyal, royal.

³³oi —Pound, astound, couch, avouch, slough, plough, slouch, crouch, without, gout, cow, now, how, bow, power, drown, crown, scowl, count, counter, loud,

crowd, mow, coward, doubt, drought, council, avow, endow, found, ground, renounce, lower, tower, sour, cower, flower.

CONSONANTS.—It has been thought that consonants cannot be sounded without the help of a vowel ; but it is not so. The names of the consonants cannot ; but their elements can, though imperfectly. The student will find it a good exercise to sound them separately, and then in combination with the vowels.

b—But, ribbon, orb, able, abbey, benefaction.

d—Day, aid, and, deed, dandle, dimple, deacon.

f—Fife, off, calf, sphere, geography, physic, drought.

g—Get, gave, go, give growth, indignant, again, goal.

h—High, huge, humble, withhold, enhance, homage.

j—Jail, jewel, gem, gibe, ginger, judge, suggest, gaol.

k—Key, claim, club, clock, succinct, tocsin, acme.

l—Lame, lot, link, call, alláy, álley, allíes ; allot.

m—Mark, met, common, incommode, manly.

n—New, not, mountain, anger, angel.

ng—Long, song, singer, language, length, strength.

p—Pin, pen, point, appoint, pewter, preposition.

q—Quart, quince, queen, quality, liquefy, require.

r (smooth)—Army, mercy, barbarity, guard, regard.

r (rough)—Regal, wretch, rural, rough, roar, rupture.

s—Cent, cease, cigar, fascinate, precipice, false.

sh—Shall, crash, ocean, issue, chaise, nation.

t—Trifle, trust, contrite, but, cut, commit.

tch—Change, discharge, achieve, franchise, stretch.

th (sharp)—Thin, truth, truths, youth, youths, wreath
(a verb).

TH (obtuse) — Then, swathe, blithe, beneath, paths, baths, wreath (a noun).

v — Van, vine, of, venison, vivify, velvet, vinegar.

w — Wise, woe, wave, wayward, one, wonder, awake.

wh — When, while, who, which what, when, whence, whet.

x — Box, axe, tax, parallax, politics, mathematics.

gs — Exist, examine, exile, luxurious, eggs.

y — Yes, yet, youth, beyond, year, christian.

z — Zenith, suffice, sacrifice, discern, dismay, preside.

zh — Seizure, leisure, usury, crosier, pleasure, treasure.

LESSON XI.

EXAMPLES TO SHOW IN READING HOW SOME VOWEL SOUNDS ARE CHANGED
—ALSO HOW LETTERS ARE LIABLE TO BE SUNK, OR VITIATED IN SOUND.

WHEN any of the pronouns, prepositions, or conjunctions are softened down to a different sound in reading this lesson, their orthography is changed to show it. The article *a* is always short, and is marked with a breve. The article *the*, before a consonant sound is short and marked with a breve ; before a vowel it is long and unmarked. When *e* or *o* before *n*, or *e* before *d* should be silent, the vowel's place has an apostrophe. The letters liable to be improperly sunk, or perverted in sound are put in italics.

Thě fear | uv the Lord | is thě beginning uv know-
ledge ; but fools | despise wisdom | and instruction.

Not—The fear of | the Lãrd | is the beginning of |
knãwledge ; but fools despãise | wisdom and | 'nstruction.

My son, hear the instruction | uv thy father, and
forsake not thẽ law | uv thy mother : for | they shall be
an ornament | uv grace unto thy head, and chains |
about thy neck.

Wisdom | crieth without ; she uttereth her voice |
in thẽ streets ; she crieth | in thẽ chief place uv con-
course ; in the opening uv thẽ gates ; in thẽ city | she
uttereth her words, saying, how long, ye simple ones,
will ye love simplicity, and fools | hate knowledge ?

Mĩ son, if thou wilt receive my words, and hide |
mĩ commandments with thee ; so that thou incline
thine ear | unto wisdom, and apply thine heart | to un-
derstanding ; yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and
lifest up thy voice | fur understanding ; if thou seekest
her | as silver, and searchest for her | as fur hid treas-
ure ; then shalt thou understand | thẽ fear uv God.

He | that hath no rũle over his own spirit, is lĩke ã
city that is broken down, and without walls.

Boast not thyself uv to-morrow ; for thou knowest
not | what ã day | may bring forth.

He that, being oft'n reprov'd, hardneth his neck |
shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.

When thẽ righteous | are in authority, thẽ people
rejoice ; but when the wicked | beareth rũle, thẽ people
mourn.

Remove | far from me | vanity und lies ; feed me
with food convenient for me ; lest I be full, and deny
thee, and say, who is thẽ Lord ? or lest I be poor | and
steal, und take thẽ name uv my God | in vain.

Keep thy heart with all diligence : for ¹ out of it |
are the issues uv life.

He ¹ that gathereth in summer | is ā wise son ; but
he ¹ that sleepeth in harvest | is ā son that causeth
shame.

Honorable age | is not that which standeth in length
uv time ; nor that ¹ which is measured by number uv
years ; but wisdom | is thē gray hāir to mān ; and an
unspotted life | is old age.

That every day has its pains ¹ and sorrows, is univer-
sally experienc'd, and almost universally ¹ confess'd.
But let us attend ¹ not only to mournful trūths : if we
look impartially about us, we shall find, that every day ¹
has likewise its pleasures ¹ and its joys.

Reason's whole pleasure, all thē joys uv sense, lie in
three words, health, peace 'nd competence : but health
¹ consists with temperance ¹ alone, | and peace, O vir-
tue ! peace ¹ is all thy own.

And where ¹ thē finest streams | through tangl'd
forests stray, ev'n there | thē wildest beasts ¹ steal forth
¹ upon ther prey.

Thē Lord ¹ has betroth'd his church ¹ in eternal cov-
enant to himself. His quick'ning spirit | shall never
depart from her. Arm'd with divine virtue, his gospel,
secret, silent, unobserv'd, enters thē hearts uv men, and
sets up ¹ an everlasting kingdom.

Stand in awe | and sin not : commune with yer
own heart ¹ upon yūr bed, and be still. Offer thē sacri-
fices uv righteousness, and put yūr trust ¹ in thē Lord.

O Lord, thou hast search'd me, and known me. Thou
knowest ¹ mī downsitteing, and mine uprising, thou un-

derstandest mī thought | afar off. Thou compassesst my path, and mī lying down, and art acquainted | with all mī ways. For | there is not ā word in my tongue, but lo, O Lord, thou knowest it | altogether.

And God spake | all these words, sáying, I am thě Lord, thy God, which have brought thee | out uv thě land uv Egypt, out uv thě house uv bondage.

Thou shalt have no other gods | before me.

Thou shalt not make unto thee | any graven image, or any likeness uv any thing | that is in heav'n above, or that is in the earth | beneath, or that is in thě waters | under the earth : thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them : for | I thě Lord thy God | am ā jealous God, visiting the iniquity uv thě fathers upon thě children | unto thě third and fourth generation uv them that hate me ; and showing mercy | unto thousands uv them that love me, and keep my commandments.

Thou shalt not take thě name | uv thě Lord thy God in vain : for thě Lord will not hold him guiltless | that taketh his name in vain.

Remember thě Sabbath day | to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work : but the seventh day | is the Sabbath uv thě Lord thy God : in it | thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates : for | in six days thě Lord made heav'n and earth, thě sea and all that in them is, and rested thě sev'nth day : wherfore thě Lord bless'd thě Sabbath day, and hal-low'd it.

Honor thy father ¹ and thy mother ; that thy days may be long ¹ upon thē land | which thē Lord thy God ¹ giveth thee.—Thou shalt not kill.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.—Thou shalt not steal.—Thou shalt not bear false witness ¹ agenst thy neighbor.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing ¹ that is thy neighbor's.

LESSON XII.

EXAMINATION ON INFLECTIONS AND EMPHASIS.

It is an excellent way to instruct a class in reading, to ask each pupil when he has read a passage, to state how he read it, and then to give his reasons why he read it as he did. This method was suggested by the practice I long pursued in teaching Latin and Greek. When a pupil had translated a passage, I never could depend upon his really understanding it, till he gave me the analysis. And if I neglected this process for awhile for the purpose of going over more ground, I found that the class soon made their calculations accordingly : and rarely prepared themselves to go beyond what they expected to be examined upon.

The practice of requiring pupils to give reasons for what they say and do in their scholastic exercises, is productive of many advantages : it tends to give them greater facility in expression ; greater accuracy in study

and observation ; and establishes a habit most favorable to the growth of the thinking and reasoning faculties. Thus trained, they will not be apt to think they know a thing unless they are able clearly to express it.

If the pupil commit his part of the lesson to memory, and be required to speak it, and then illustrate it to the eye on the black-board or slate ; or if he come with it plainly written out, he will be likely to improve faster than by merely reading from the book. What he utters will be likely to have a more colloquial cast ; and the examples treasured in his memory, after careful correction, will serve as landmarks, to aid him to remember and apply just principles. Take the following plan for examining a class of twelve pupils as the general outline of what I mean.

Teacher.—On this occasion, as on the last, each of the class was required to bring examples to illustrate the inflections, divisions, emphasis and cadence. I will call upon Master A. to give the lead.

A.—There is a tide ¹ in the affairs of mén,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune :
Omitted, all the voyage of their life |
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

In the first two lines, all the divisions except the last, end with rising slides, because something more was needed to form the sense ; and the last, with the falling slide, because the sense was formed : in the two last, I have used the same slides for the same reasons. Had the sentence closed at *shallows*, sense would have been complete, and I should have used the falling slide to show

it: but as it did not, I gave it the rising slide to intimate that more was yet to come.

Teacher.—What are the divisions you speak of?

A.—The first line has two distinct thoughts, which I have indicated by two distinct divisions. “There is a tide” forms one, and, “in the affairs of men,” the other; separated from each by a slight suspension, and marked by a half bar. The third line has also two distinct thoughts and divisions, and the last one is “all the voyage of their life;” which I have separated from the next line by a bar: all the other divisions are separated by punctuation.

Teacher.—A very good example, and well managed, if it is right to read the passage without emphasis. Who can show a better way to read it?

B.—It seemed to me rather tame as it was read. I should change the rising slide on *tide* to the falling, which would make it emphatic; and the rising slide on *flood* to the rising curve, which would make that emphatic; I would also give a rising curve to *omitted*, which would make that so; and the falling slide to *life* to emphasize that; and a rising curve to *shallows*, for the same reason; and I think all would be much improved by the change. The cadence was good: but I will mark the whole, as I think it would be best to read it.

There is a tide | in the affairs of mén,

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life |

Is bound in shallows ¹ and in mis éer iès.

Teacher.—A marked change indeed, and much for the better ; but why do you give an emphasis to *life* ?

B.—Because it means their *whole life* in contrast with what it might have been, if taken at the flood.

Teacher.—The next give his example.

C.—Then Agrippa ¹ said unto Paul, almóst ¹ thou persuadest mé ¹ to be a Christian. And Paul said, I would to Gód, that not only thóu, but also áll | that hear me this dáy, were both almóst | and altogêther | such as I àm, except these bõnds.—Here the first period is separated into five divisions,—two by punctuation, and three by half bars : all have the rising slide or rising curve but the last, and that has the falling, because there the sense is formed ; and the third has the rising curve to give it emphasis. The second period has nine divisions ; six by punctuation, and three by bars. *Thou* has the rising circumflex, and *all*, the falling ; *almost*, the rising, and *altogether*, the falling ; and *am* has the falling slide because sense is formed ; and *bonds* has the rising circumflex, because it is a negative clause. The last two divisions were read as if the construction were thus : “and, except these bõnds, were altogêther | such as I àm.” The words marked by circumflexes, and that with a curve, are under emphasis.

T.—Does emphasis always attend these inflections ?

C.—Not of necessity : the circumflex and curve *may* be used without producing emphasis, as well as the slides ; but when brought out prominently, I think they always produce it.

T.—Who can give a reason for laying emphasis upon *thou* and *all* ?

D.—Because they are put in strong contrast, or opposition to each other. Words so placed generally require emphasis by different slides, curves or circumflexes : the same reason also applies to *almost* and *altogether*.

T.—And what reason for emphasizing *bonds* ?

D.—Because of its significance : plainly suggesting by it that he greatly desired that all might be such as he was : not, of course, in bonds such as he wore in prison ; but in those of Christian love and fellowship : and because it is a clause of exception or negation.—Where sentences terminate with an exception, or a clause negative, or conditional, they generally require a rising curve, circumflex, or slide : as, I said *fâme*, not *blâme*. I shall ride out, unless it *rain*.

E.—I should read that passage from the 26th chapter of Acts in this manner : Then Agrippa said unto Paul, almost thou persuadest *mè* | to be a Christian. And Paul said, I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this *day*, were both almost and altogether such as I | am, except these *bonds*.

C.—Such, I think, with slight variations, is the general mode : but it has little force compared with the other, and it is still worse in regard to meaning. By putting emphasis on *me* with the falling slide, we make it imply, “almost thou persuadest *mè*,” as well as others : but we have not heard that any *wère* persuaded. If we emphasize *day* with the falling slide, we give a wrong meaning : for that was the only time through the day, I suppose, that any body heard him : of course it means simply to-day, or on this occasion.—An emphasis by the falling slide on *I*, is not called for ; as all knew

Paul to be a Christian ; and for that very thing he was in bonds.—The falling slide on bonds is equally objectional with the rest. So this manner of reading robs the passage of all its strong points of sense, and most of its vivacity.

T.—Your remarks, Master C., are sensible and pertinent ; and I did not see how your manner of reading the passage could well be improved, except in two particulars. I would put a bar instead of a half bar after *Agrippa*, and a half bar after *said*, thus ; “ Then Agrippa | said ¹ unto Pául.” As this breaks up the monotony, and gives less prominence to the word Paul : for since the name had been spoken before, it should be repeated as if it were the pronoun : “ said ¹ to him.”

G.—Sir, I cannot see but that the principles and the illustrations are all correct ; yet my father thinks my reading is far from being natural. He thinks it is not even so good as it was before I began these exercises.

T.—Master Gordon, please to give us your example.

G.—Prosperity | gains friends | and adversity | tries them.—I have marked this sentence into four divisions by three bars ; each ending with the rising slide except the last ; and to this I have given the falling slide, because it completes the sense.

T.—I am not surprised, Master Gordon, that your father thought your reading far from being natural ; if you read to him as you have just read : nor that you should think you were following out the principles taught in the book. Many have deceived themselves in the same way, and then charged the system as false because of their misapprehension. Who will point out the places where Master G. was wrong ?

B.—He did not make the inflections he named. He read *prosperity*, *gains* and *adversity* with rising circumflexes : not rising slides as he supposed : and *tries* with a falling circumflex, for the falling slide. The divisions were bad. He made a full bar at *prosperity*, and a jog, or hiatus in his voice ; instead of which, it should be a half bar and the stream of sound should be kept up till lost in *gains*. The same might be said of *adversity*, the last syllable of which should be swelled into *tries*. I should read it in this way. Prosperity ¹ gains friends | and adversity ¹ tries them.

G.—I see very well where the fault lay, and how I happened to make it. By aiming at great distinctness, I made circumflexes when I intended to make slides.

T.—Yes, Sir, and your case is by no means a singular one : in changing old habits, while guarding against one error, we are liable to run into another in an opposite direction. Whatever the change may be in utterance or manner, time is needed to prepare us to exhibit either with ease and grace. A person who has been well educated, and brought into correct and well settled habits, never thinks of his tones, inflections or other things connected with a good utterance while reading ; nor of his manners, his grammar and rhetoric, while conversing : nor of his attitudes and gestures in public speaking : if he does he is very likely to be constrained and unnatural.

H.—And it appears to me, when a person has overcome all his bad habits, and has become settled in good ones, he is so intent, all the time, upon the matter he is uttering, that it is his mind that talks, that reads and speaks.

T.—An excellent idea ! Yes, all other things spontaneously adjust themselves to his thoughts and feelings. And so will it soon be with Master Gordon ; and his father then will not think his performance so “ far from being natural.”

LESSON XIII.

MODULATION.—TONE—PITCH—QUANTITY—QUALITY OF VOICE.

THAT agreeable variety of changes through which the voice passes in reading and speaking, is called modulation : a term derived from the word *modulor*, which signified among the Romans, to measure sounds, to sing, to warble, to trill, to play on an instrument.

While listening to a good speaker, we perceive the syllables and words constantly on the change upward and downward, in some respects like the notes in music, and no two succeeding exactly in the same line of sound. Sometimes the voice sweeps through the scale like the rise and fall of the eight notes : sometimes it skips through an interval of several notes from low to high, from high to low, and rarely approaches monotony, and never to what is called sing-song. Of course, modulation is inseparably connected with pause and inflection, accent, emphasis and cadence ; and all the modifications arising from tone, pitch, quantity, rate of utterance, and quality of voice. It adapts its changes to every succeeding sentiment and emotion, and adjusts them to the laws of an ever varying harmony.

The tones which indicate the various kinds of thought and feeling, are familiar to all. We all are alive to the softened tone of affection, and to the harsh tone of severity. We have a tone for cheerfulness and joy, for sorrow and grief, for anger and rage, for fear and terror, reverence and awe, and for almost every thing we feel. Tones have been justly called the language of nature: the true language of the passions. It is the first understood by children; and even in the absence of words, it is the quickest to waken sensibility, and impel to action. Words may be chosen and arranged ever so skillfully, and expressed ever so well in other respects; yet, if not expressed in nature's proper tones, they are sure to come short of their intended effect. Hence many a well written discourse comes powerless from the lips of the speaker, mainly from this defect in his delivery.

In our colloquial habits, we are all very sure to give the right tones of meaning, though we may not always hit upon the right words; but the moment we attempt the language of another, or even our own from manuscript, we are almost as certain to give it an artificial affected air. So difficult it is to throw the same vivid freshness into language already prepared, as we do into that which is formed at the time of utterance.

Pitch or key—in the language of music—is that particular note in the scale whence all the other notes proceed. The principal key notes are generally reckoned three—the high, the middle, and the low key.

We use the high key in calling to a person at a distance; the middle, in ordinary conversation; the low, when we wish no one to hear except the person to whom

we speak : or it is that deep grave undertone which is sometimes used in the solemn parts of a public discourse.

The middle one, we should adopt in public ; because it is a point from which we may have the broadest scope to rise and fall as the case may require ; and in this key the organs of the voice are stronger and more pliable from constant use ; and we can also with greater ease to ourselves, speak louder or softer, in accordance with the space we have to fill, or the sentiments we wish to enforce ; and we can the better shift it to the highest, or lowest, or any intermediate pitch we choose. It may be well to interpose a caution here, lest high be considered the same as loud, or low the same as soft. We can speak louder and softer, and still continue the same pitch or key ; but we cannot speak higher or lower without shifting the key.

Quantity, it has already been observed, is the term applied to the utterance of long and short syllables ; as pāpēr, cāpēr, lēttēr, bēttēr. When applied to language, long quantity is an increased swell and fulness of the words ; and is of course a slower movement : short quantity is just the reverse : or the one consists of a full and slow, the other, a short and quick utterance.

Long quantity is used in dignified and deliberate discourse to express reverence and awe, doubt, grief or despondence, or where great precision is required.

Short quantity is used to express gayety, sprightliness, eager argument, impatience, confidence and courage ; or to separate as in parenthetical clauses, the less important from the more important parts of a discourse.

Rate of utterance is so similar to quantity, as just

explained, that I think any farther notice of it is unnecessary.

The following extract from the parable of "The Prodigal Son," if read properly, will show in some degree what is meant by long and short quantity.

"And the son said unto him ; (lq) Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

(sq) "But the father said unto his servants, bring forth the best robe and put it on him ; and put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet ; and bring forth the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat and be merry : for this my son was dead and is alive again ; he was lost and is found."

The Lord's Prayer, the Commandments, and most parts of the Bible afford good examples of long quantity.

(lq) "Our father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven."

(lq) "Then Jesus answering, said unto them, Go your way, and tell John what things ye have seen and heard ; how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the gospel is preached. And blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in me."

The other modifications which are of any importance to notice here, are plaintiveness, tremor, increase, decrease, explosive force, suppressed force ; and the qualities of the voice, called the orotund, the smooth, the harsh, the aspirated, the guttural, and the pectoral. What they are may be sufficiently inferred from their

names ; they need little else than suitable examples of illustration to make them clearly understood ; and their initials furnish the best annotations.

The orotund is derived from the phrase, “ ore rotundo,” with a round mouth ; or with a full, clear and distinct articulation. Pectoral is from *pectus* the chest : in the utterance of deep emotion, we draw or heave the voice from the bottom of the chest. Guttural is from *guttur*, the throat : aspirated is from *aspiro*, to breathe forcibly ; and tremor is the same in Latin as in English, and means a trembling or shaking. For using all these modifications of the voice properly, no certain reliance can be placed upon any thing but the proper feeling and good sense of the scholar. Some of them belong almost exclusively to the drama ; and the employment of them any where else, except in a faint degree, would be thought rather theatrical.

Let any one read the following words of Joseph to his brethren, in tones as soft and tender as the scene was affecting, and he will give a good illustration of plaintiveness. “ I am Joseph : does my father yet live ? ” Or let him read, with the true touch of nature, Eve’s lament in Milton’s *Paradise Lost* :

“ O unexpected stroke, worse than of death !
Must I then leave thee, Paradise ? ”

Or the last line from the *Sailor Boy’s Dream*, carrying up the three first divisions high and soft with increasing movement, and bringing down the three last low and soft with decreasing, and he will give a tolerably good illustration of plaintiveness, increase and decrease :

“O | sailor boy, sailor boy ! peace | to thy ¹ soul.”

Or the lines from Wordsworth's *Shepherd Girl*, with a shake, or tremulous movement on *lovely* and *pair*, and he will somewhat illustrate the tremor ; the rest will afford a fair example of short quantity :

“’Twas little Barbary Lethwaite, a child of beauty rare ;
I watched them with delight : they were a (t)lovely
(t)pair.”

Or the following line from Marullus's speech, with a shake, and full swell of voice, and he will illustrate the tremor and long quantity :

“(t)O, you (t)hard (t)hearts, you (t)cruel men of
Rome ! ”

Or let him read the stanza from the *Destruction of Sennacherib's Host*, with voice depressed almost to a whisper, and nearly guttural and monotonous, but full, and heaved up from the lowest part of the chest, and he will illustrate in some degree the aspirate :

“For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still.”

Speak the two lines from “*Marmion taking leave of Douglas*,” high and loud, with short, quick, percussive force, much like the exploding of crackers, or the crack of a pistol, and you will show a very good example of explosive force, and high and loud :

“Up drawbridge, grooms !—what, warder, ho !
Let the portcullis fall.”

The short quick utterance of an order, as, Up, Out !— Away ! illustrates explosive force : so does the first syllable of a long word when the accent is on the first ; as dés-picable, éx-piatory, lég-islature.

The manner of reading all the preceding examples will be better understood by turning to the pieces whence they are extracted.

LESSON XIV.

POETRY.—HOW TO READ AND SPEAK IT WELL.

The sense, in every instance, is to be taken as the only guide to expression ; and that mode which brings out the sense the most clearly and forcibly, and affords at the same time the highest gratification to the ear, must be decidedly the best.

To this settled rule, poetry forms no exception. All the appliances therefore of pause, “division,” inflection, emphasis and quantity, which would naturally be employed to exhibit the meaning in prose, must, with some slight modifications, be used to express the same in poetry. And this can generally be done with all needful regard to the metre and the rhyme. Even in cases where the meaning so closely unites different lines, as not to suffer a point between them, and the grouped division is formed of words taken from each ; the ending of the line can be sufficiently indicated by dwelling a little upon the last syllable of it, as denoted by the half bar,

without stopping the stream of sound, and so without detriment to the sense.

Still when lines occur so inharmonious in structure as to make it impossible to preserve the sense without neglect of the melody, it is ever the part of good taste to look well to the demands of sense, and never suffer it to be sacrificed to mere sound. Though a finished reader will oftentimes impart a metrical smoothness to lines which their author has left rough and imperfect ; and so, in some degree, remedy the fault of their construction, without any apparent injury to the meaning : yet he is not permitted to go so far to effect this, as to alter the sound of a vowel, or to change the seat of an accent.

But some words, by common consent, are privileged to have a pronunciation different in poetry from what they have in prose. *Wind*, when it signifies air put in motion, and is made to rhyme with *mind*, is one ; and *wound*, a hurt, made to rhyme with *sound*, is another ; and there may be more. Comic humor and satire may also justify other changes.

In regard to the final pause ; that is, a pause at the end of every poetic line, authors differ in opinion : some insisting that it should always be made ; others that it should not, unless the sense require it. And some readers adopting the latter opinion, are careful never to suffer the slightest suspension of the voice at the end of a line, unless they see a point there ; and, in their hurry to reach the next, they not unfrequently form a distinct rhythmus, or division of speech, from the parts of two lines ; to the complete destruction of all that is musical either in the metre or the rhyme.

From previous remarks, it is clear that neither of these modes is to be exclusively followed. The true one lies between ; and aims, by a judicious compromise, to secure the advantages of both. It guards, on the one hand, against the too general tendency to a distinct final pause ; and on the other, against the vulgar, childish movement of scanning.

Sometimes the poetic feet, and the divisions of sense are nearly the same ; e. g.

I have found ' out a gift ' for my fair ;
 I have found ' where the wood ' pigeons breed ;
 But let ' me that plun'der forbear !
 She will say, ' 'twas a bar'barous deed.

If the two first lines of this anapæstic stanza be read just as they are divided into metrical feet, the injury done to the sense will be but slightly perceptible ; but if the same measured steps be continued through the last two, it becomes glaringly so. Now let the stanza be uttered in divisions such as the sense demands.

I have found out a gift ' for my fair ;
 I have found ' where the wood pigeons breed ;
 But | let me that plunder forbear !
 She ' will say, 'twas a barbarous ' deed.

When so read, the meaning and the melody are both preserved.

The following beautiful iambic lines are expressed in the proper divisions of sense.

Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again ;
 The eternal years of God | are hers ;

But error, wounded, wríthes ' with páin,
And dies | amid his worshippers.

In this stanza, *again* is, very properly, made to rhyme with *pain* ; though the best speakers pronounce it so as to rhyme with *pen* ; and so it should be pronounced here. In the second line, the metre requires that *e* in *the* should coalesce with the *e* in *eternal* ; but it should be clearly pronounced. In the last line, the metrical foot requires the last syllable in *worshippers* to have an accent ; but it should be read without any.

I observe farther, that when the poet has so formed his metre as to require the last vowel of a word to coalesce with the next, or a long word to drop one of its middle syllables, he does not apostrophise either of them as writers did formerly ; nor should it be done in reading. Much may be done by the reader, however, to favor the metre without detriment to the pronunciation : but sometimes the poet makes a distinct syllable of *ed* where it would not be in prose ; and in that case it must be made by the reader.

One cannot read the following stanza with due regard to sense, unless he break up the metre almost entirely ; and read the lines very nearly as marked into divisions by the bars and half bars, thus :

What ' blessings | thy free ' bounty gives,
Let me nó't ' cást awày :
For God ' is páid | when mán recèives ;
To enjóy | is ' to obèy.

When a line ends without a point, and the last word is inseparably joined in sense with the following, the last

syllable of the line needs to be suspended a little, as denoted by the half bars and bar, without stopping the stream of sound ; e. g.

And | I have loved thee, Océan, and my joy |
 Of youthful sports—was | on thy breast | to be |
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy |
 I wanted with thy breakers—they to me |
 Were | a delight ; * * *

- * But, in reading the words “to be | borne,” in the second and third lines, unless the suspension can be made on *be* without any perceptible violence to the sense, it should not be attempted ; and the rhyming word be suffered to merge entirely in the division of sense. Hence it may be seen how much is to be yielded to the demands of poetry for the sake of the metre and the rhyme. The same instruction, with the exception of the rhyme, applies to blank verse ; unless it be of the dramatic kind ; and then the reading and acting is better without any, or but very little regard, to the final pause.

To him | who in the love of nature holds |
 Communion | with her visible forms, she speaks |
 A various language ; for his gayer hours |
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile |
 And eloquence of beauty, and she glides |
 Into his darker musings, with a mild |
 And healing sympathy, that steals away |
 Their sharpness, ere he is aware.—*Bryant*.

Of Man's | first disobedience, and the fruit |
 Of that forbidden Tree, whose mortal taste |

Brought death ¹ into the world, and all our woe,
 With loss of Eden, till one greater Man ¹
 Restore us, and regain ¹ the blissful seat,
 Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top ¹
 Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire |
 That shepherd, who first taught ¹ the chosen seed,
 In the beginning | how ¹ the Heavens and Earth ¹
 Rose ¹ out of chaos ; * * * what in me is dark |
 Illumine, what is low | raise ¹ and support ;
 That to the height ¹ of this great argument |
 I may assert ¹ eternal Providence,
 And justify | the ways of God ¹ to men.—*Milton.*

Ordinary persons, particularly children, are fonder of reading poetry than prose. They commit it to memory more readily, retain it better, and it is easier for them to speak it. They are taken with the metre and rhyme ; and they make these stand out in bold relief, in place of sense, sentiment and feeling. Of course, they never read nor speak it well ; because they never use the varied modifications, which sense, sentiment, and feeling require.

This charm of numbers seems to be a natural taste. It showed itself in the earliest times, and among the rudest nations. It is said that some of the ancients had their laws written in verse, and required their children to commit them to memory, and to sing them. They had their hymns, peans and heroics. The negroes on the plantations of the Southern States show the same delight in the melody of sweet sounds.—It is often employed as the best means to lodge in the mind, important lessons of wisdom. These are generally mere scraps of rhyme ; and as poetry, have no merit but in their adaptation : e. g.

Early to bed, and early to rise

Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

The infant prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," was composed in compliance with this natural tendency. The divine Watts improved it to instil early lessons of piety. The ear is so pleased with the music of metre and rhyme, and the memory is so aided by them, that it is not uncommon often to see children, and persons uneducated, when they desire to remember several particulars, to resolve them into numbers.

I heard of a poor woman, not long since, sitting on the deck of a steamboat, with her scanty baggage about her, and repeating to herself "Great box, little box, band box and bundle"—words instinctively thrown into poetic measure.

It is well enough to indulge this natural tendency in children, as a means of instruction and gratification; but not for early lessons in reading: certainly not, unless they have a parent or teacher at hand, who will not suffer them to read a line improperly. The true way is to first become good readers of prose; and speakers too. To read poetry of a high order, so as to do it full justice, one must possess a highly discriminating mind, delicate sensibility, and a graceful elocution: to read that of an inferior order, he must have still greater powers, that he may do justice to himself: for it is one of the severest trials of talent and taste to read verse which is prosaic, monotonous and tame, so as to give out the true meaning, and, at the same time, the smoothness, and all the variety of tone needed to gratify the ear.

Hence it is plain that children, in learning to speak,

should begin with simple prose, and be able to manage that of a high order, before they attempt poetry. But this is what they always select for themselves ; and it is what is usually selected for them ; and that too of the highest dramatic style : and this, together with the most impassioned parts of distinguished orations, forms the character of the books, in most general use, for teaching boys to speak. No wonder we have so many artificial speakers ! so much mouthing, fustian and bombast ! or in solemn places, so much sanctimonious singsong and formality.

LESSON XV.

1. THE SPRING.—*Barry Cornwall.*

The wind | blows | in the sweet | ròse | trée :
 The cow lows | on the fragrant lèa ;
 The stream | flows | all bright and frèe :
 'Tis not for mé—'tis not for theè ;
 'Tis not for àny | óne | I trów :
 The gentle wind blóweth,
 The happy cow lóweth,
 The merry stream flóweth |
 For àll | belòw.
 O | the spring, the bountiful | spring !
 She shíneth, and smíleth | on èvery thing.
 Whence | come the shèep ?
 From the rich | man's modèr.

Where ' cometh sleep ?
 To the béd ' that's poòr :
 Peásants ' must wéep,
 And kìngs | endùre :
 Thát ' is a fáte ' that nòne ' can cùre.
 Yet spring doth all she càn | I trów :
 She brings ' the bright hóurs,
 She weaves ' the sweet flówers ;
 She décketh her bówers | for àll ' belòw.
 O ' the spring, the boúntiful ' spring !
 She shíneth ' and smíleth | on èvery thing.

2. THE CUCKOO.—*Logan. Born, 1748, died, 1788.*

Hàil, beauteous stranger ' of the wòod,
 Attendant ' on the spring !
 Now heaven ' repairs ' thy rural séat,
 And wòods | thy welcome sing.

Sòon ' as the daisy ' decks the gréen,
 Thy ' certain vóice ' we hèar :
 Hast thou a stár | to guide thy páth,
 Or márk | the rolling yéar ?

Delightful visitant ! with thée '
 I hail the time of flówers,
 When heàven | is filled with music swéet '
 Of bírds | among the bòwers.

The school bóy, wandering ' in the wòod,
 To pull the flowers ' so gáy,
 Oft stárts, thy curious voice to hèar,
 And ìmitates ' thy lay.

Soon | as the pea | puts on the blóom,
Thou flyèst | thy vocal vâle,
An annual guést, in òther | lânds,
Another spring | to hàil.

Swéet bírd ! thy bower is éver | gréen,
Thy | sky | is èver | clèar ;
Thou hast nó | sórrów | in thy sóng,
Nó winter | in thy yèar.

Oh | could I fly, I'd fly | with thèe :
We'd máke, with social wing,
Our ánnual visit | o'er the glóbe,
Compànions | of the spring.

3. HYMN TO GOD.—*Lord Brougham.*

There is a Gòd | all nàture | cries :
A thousand tongues procláim |
His arm | almíghty, mind | all wíse,
And bid each voice | in chórus rise |
To màgnify | his nàme.

Thy | nàme, great Nature's sire divíne,
Assíduous | we addre :
Rejecting gódheads | at whose shríne,
Benighted nátions, blóod | and wíne,
In vain libatíons | pòur.

Yon countless wórlds, in boundless spáce
Myriads | of miles each hóur,
Their mighty orbs | as curious tráce,
As the blue circlet | on the fáce |
Of that | enàmelled flówer.

But thòu | too | madest the floweret gáy |
 To glìtter | in the dawns.
 The hand | that fired the orb of dáy,
 The blazing comet | launched awáy,
 Painted | the velvet làwn.

As falls a sparrow | to the gróund,
 Obedient | to thy will,
 By the sàme | lów | these globes wheel ròund ;
 Eách | drawing eách, yet àll | still fòund |
 In the eternal | system bóund,
 Onè | order | to fulfil.

4. RURAL LIFE.—*James Thomson. B. 1700, d. 1748.*

Oh, knew he but his happiness, of mén |
 The háppiest hé ! who, far from public ráge,
 Deep | in the vale, with a choice few | retired,
 Drinks the púre pleasures | of the rural life.

He, when young spring | protrudes the bursting géms,
 Marks the first | bùd, and sucks the healthful gále |
 Into his frèshened | sòul ; her genial hours |
 He full enjoys ; and not a beauty | blóws,
 And not an opening blóssom | bréathes in v àin.

Here | too | dwells simple Trùth ; plain Innocéce ;
 Unsullied Beáuty ; sound, unbroken Yóuth, |
 Patient of lábor, with a líttle | pleásed ;
 Health | ever blóoming ; unambitious tóil ;
 Calm | contemplátion, and poétic eàse.

5. HAPPINESS NOT DEPENDENT ON FORTUNE.—*Thomson.*

I care not, fórtune, what you me deny ;
 You cannot rob me | of free náture's | gráce ;
 You cannot shut the wíndows | of the sky,
 Through which | Aurora shows her brightening fáce ;
 You cannot bar my constant feet to tráce |
 The wóods | and láwns, by living streams at éve ;
 Let health | my nerves | and firmer fibres bráce, |
 And I | their tóys | to the great children lèave :
 Of fáncy, reáson, vírtue, | náught | can me berèave.

6. GREEN RIVER.—*W. C. Bryant.*

When breezes are sóft | and skíes are fair,
 I steal an hour | from study and cáre,
 And hie me away | to the woodland scéne,
 Where wanders the stream | with waters of gréen, |
 As if | the bright fringe | of herbs on its brink |
 Had given their stain | to the wáve | they drink ;
 And they | whose meadows it múrmurs through,
 Have námed | the stream | from its own fair hòe.

* * * * *

Oh | lóveliest there | the spring days cóme,
 With blóssoms, and bírds, and wild bees' hóm ;
 The flowers of sùmmer | are fairest thére,
 And freshest the breath | of the summer air ;
 And sweetest | the golden aútumn dáy |
 In silence and sunshine | glides away.

* * * * *

Though forced to drudge | for the dregs of mén,
 And scrawl strange words | with the barbarous pén,

And míngle | among the jostling crówd,
 Where the sons of strife | are subtle and lóud—
 I óften come | to this quiet pláce,
 To breathe | the airs | that ruffle thy fáce,
 And gáze | upón thee | in silent dreám, |
 For | in thy lonely and lovely stráam |
 An image | of that calm | life appears,
 That wón | my héart | in my greèner yéars.

LESSON XVI.

EXAMINATION OF A CLASS ON VERSE—POETIC FEET—STRUCTURE OF VERSE—
 CÆSURA.

Teacher.—We should always be on our guard against the thought that we know a thing, simply because we have studied it. You all had studied English Grammar, many of you Rhetoric, and some, the Latin and Greek poets : but when questioned on the figures of speech, the structure of verse, and poetic license, none of you were able to give clear and satisfactory answers. I trust you now come prepared to do full justice to these subjects : for it is certain you never can understand clearly what you read, unless you can determine whether the words are to be taken in a literal or figurative sense ; nor can you read poetry well, unless you know in what kind of measure it is composed ; whether in Iambic, Trochaic, or Anapæstic ; and what words are exclusively poetic, and what common to both poetry and prose ; and what

you are to regard as a poetic license.—Please to tell what a verse is ; and how the term is derived.

A.—A verse is a certain number of poetic feet forming a line, and the term comes from the Latin word *verto*, to turn ; because, when a line is finished, there is a turn to the next. At first any line was called a verse ; but afterwards it became restricted to poetry ; and so it is now, with the exception of the arbitrary divisions in the Bible : and when we use the word *verse* without an article, we mean poetry in distinction from prose.

T.—What is a foot, and why is it so called ?

B.—A foot is a measure of two or three syllables ; so called, because by the aid of feet, the voice seems to step along the line in a measured pace.

T.—What names have you for the half of a verse, and for two or more lines taken together ?

C.—A Hemistich is half a verse ; a Couplet or Distich, is two verses—or two lines ; a triplet three ; a stanza or stave, is four or more verses combined, forming regular divisions throughout the song or poem.

T.—What is Rhyme ?

D.—Rhyme is a similarity of sound in the ending of different verses ; as,

On what foundation stands the warrior's *pride* ?
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles *decide*.

T.—What is Blank Verse ?

E.—Blank Verse is verse without rhyme, and formed of five Iambic feet ; as,

With sol'emn ad'ora'tion down ¹ they cast
Their crowns ¹ inwove ¹ with ad'amant ¹ and gold.

T.—What other names do you give to verse of five Iambs, or ten syllables, with or without rhyme ?

F.—Heroic or Epic, and Dramatic.

T.—What name is given to verse in other measures ?

F.—Lyric ; because originally sung with the lyre.

T.—What are the feet usually employed in English verse ?

G.—The Iambus, the Trochee, the Anapæst and the Dactyl ; and among these are occasionally mingled the Pyrrhic and the Spondee. The Iambus is a foot formed of an unaccented and accented syllable, or, in prosodial language, a short and a long ; as, cōmpōse, bētrāy : the Trochee of a long and a short syllable ; as, āblē, mǎnly ; the Anapæst, of two short and one long ; as, cōntrāvēne, in thē night ; the Dactyl, of one long and two short ; as pōssiblē, cōnstantly ; the Pyrrhic, of two short ; as the first foot in cōntrā'rīēty ; and the Spondee, of two long syllables ; as, swēet sōunds, hīgh āims. A single syllable added to the regular feet, is called a Hypermeter line, or a Redundant syllable ; as,

Vītāl ' spārk ōf ' hēavenly ' flāme : in this verse *flame* is a Redundant added to three Trochees.

T.—Give an example of Iambic verse.

H.—Thē spā'ciōus fir'māmēt ' ōn hīgh,
With āll ' thē blūe ' ēthē'rēal sky,
And spān'glēd heāvens, ' ā shī'nīng frāme,
Thēir grēat ' ōrīg'īnāl ' prōclāim.

Here each line has four Iambs : and, to read them in distinct feet, as I have expressed them, is called scanning.

T.—Are any of the words in your example contracted in order to form the feet ?

H.—Yes, Sir, *ethereal*, a word of four syllables, is contracted to three, and *heaven*, to one.

T.—Are we to regard such contractions in reading and reciting, so that we should always make the feet distinct ?

I.—No, Sir, no more than we are to substitute scanning for divisions of sense: e'er, ne'er and o'er, I think, are the only exceptions spoken of: but, in our attempts to preserve the melody of verse, the syllables need not be brought out so full as in prose.

T.—Now, Master H., write your example in proper divisions of sense, separated by bars, where it is needed, and marked with the inflections.

The spacious firmament [!] on high,
 With all the blue [!] etheréal sky,
 And spangled heavens, [!] a shining frame,
 Their great [!] original | proclaim.

T.—What other kinds of verse are written in this measure ?

J.—From that of one Iambus up to seven or eight ; as, Thē Lōrd [!] dēscēn'dēd frōm [!] ābōve, [!] ānd bōwed [!] thē hēav'ēns hīgh : but this kind, though formerly written in one line, is now broken into two ; e. g.,

O blīnd [!] to each [!] indulgent aim
 Of power [!] supreme'ly wise,
 Who fan'cy hap'piness [!] in aught
 The hand [!] of heaven [!] denies !

The Epic or heroic, as it has been said, composed of five Iambs to a line, with or without rhyme, sometimes takes a syllable over, or a Redundant ; as,

Worth makes | the man, | and want | of it | the fel'low ;
The rest | is all | but leath'er or | prunel'lo.

T.—Does the Heroic ever admit an additional foot ; and what is the line called, when formed of six Iambs ?

K.—An Alexandrine, as in the second line of this couplet :

A need'less Al'exan'drine ends | the song,
That like | a wound'ed snake, | drags its | slow length |
along.

T.—Give an example of the Trochaic, and tell the varieties of that kind of verse.

L.—Nōw I | lāy mē | dōwn tō | slēep—is a good example of the Trochaic, with a Redundant. The varieties of this verse are the same as those of the Iambic ; e. g.

On ā | mōuntāin | strētched bē'nēath ā | hōary | willōw
Lāy ā | shēphērd | swāin, ānd | vīewed thē | rōllīng
billōw.

T.—Give an example of the Anapaestic verse.

A.—Māy I gōy'ērñ my pās'sīons wīth āb'sōlūte swāy,
And grōw wī'sēr ānd bēt'tēr ās līfe | wēars āwāy.

Verses in this measure include one, two, three or four feet ; and sometimes take a Redundant ; as,

On thē wārm | chēek ōf yōuth, | smīles ānd rōs'ēs āre
blēn'dīng.

Byron's Sennacherib is Anapæstic verse.

T.—Give an example of the Dactylic.

C.—Boys will än'ticipäte, | lävish änd | dissîpäte
All thät yôur | büsy päte | hōardēd with | cāre ;
And, in theîr | fōolishnēss, | pāssion änd | mülîshnēss,
Chārgē yôu with | chūrlîshnēss, | spūrnîng yôur |
prāyer.

The feet in this stanza are all Dactyls ; and one of the rhymes is formed of two Redundants. This measure in the English is very difficult and rare.

T.—Can you give some examples in which the Pyrrhic and Spondee are mingled in the same verse, and the Iambus is changed for the Trochee, and the Trochee for the Iambus ?

D.—And tō | thē dēad | my wil'ling fēet | shall gō.
In this verse, the first foot is a Pyrrhic, the rest are Iambs.

Fōrbēar, | grēat măn, | in ārms | rēnōwned | fōrbēar.
Here the second foot is a Spondee, the rest are Iambs.
Tyrānt | änd slāve, | thōse nāmes | ōf hāte | änd fēar.
In this, the first is a Trochee, the rest are Iambs.

T.—Give an example of the Anapæstic.

E.—I hāve found | ōut ā gift | fōr my fāir ;
I hāve found | whēre thē wōod | pigeons brēed ;
Būt lēt | mē thāt plūn'dēr fōrbēar ;
Shē will sây | 'twās ā bār'bārōus dēed.
Fōr hē nē'er | cōuld bē trūe | shē āvērred,
Whō wōuld rōb | ā pōor bîrd | ōf îts yōung ;

And I loved ¹ hēr the mōre ¹ whēn I heārd
 Sūch tēn'dērnēss fāl ¹ frōm hēr tōngue.

In these two stanzas, all are Anapæsts, except the first foot in the third line, which is an Iambus, and the first in the last, which is a Spondee.

T.—Such changes in Anapæstic verse are not uncommon; nor is it uncommon in Iambic and Trochaic, to use one foot for the other; nor to mingle, as you have shown, the Pyrrhic and the Spondee: they serve to make a pleasing variety, and so to enliven the verse. Do you recollect any other distinction in the structure of Epic verse, and that of reading it?

G.—Yes, Sir, I remember you told us that a good poet always gave to his lines a pleasing variety by the skilful distribution of long and short syllables; and varying the place of the cæsural pause, so as to make it different on almost every succeeding line. The Cæsura is a Latin word derived from *cædo* to cut; and it cuts the line into two parts: this pause in good poetry, is sufficiently indicated by the sense; but if not, no attempt should be made to embellish the reading with that kind of melody.

T.—Very well, Sir, I am gratified to see my remarks have found so good a lodgment. Can you repeat the lines I then used to illustrate what you have just said?

G.—They were the beginning of Pope's Essay on Man: I wrote them down, and I have applied the marks of quantity, I think, just as you exhibited them, and some of the principal accents also.

1 Awāke, ¹ my Sāint ¹ Jōhn, lēave ¹ āll mēan'ēr things
 2 Tō lōw ¹ āmbī'tion, ānd ¹ the pride ¹ ōf kings.

- 3 Lēt ūs | (since life | cæn lit'tl̃ mōre | sūpply,
 4 Thān jūst | tō lōok | ābout | ūs, and | tō dīe)
 5 Expā'tiate frēe | o'ēr āll | thīs scēne | ōf mǎn ;
 6 A mīgh'ty māze | ! būt nōt | wīthōut | ā plān ;
 7 A wīld, whēre wēeds | and flōwers | prōmīs'cūōus
 shōot,
 8 Or gār'dēn, tēm'ptīng wīth | fōrbīd'dēn frūit.
 9 Tōgēth'ēr lēt | ūs bēat | thīs am'plē fīeld,
 10 Try whāt | thē ōp'ēn, whāt | thē oōv'ērt yīeld ;
 11 Thē lā'tēt trācts, | thē gīd'dy heights | ēxplore
 12 Of āll | whō blīnd'ly crēep, | ōr sīght'ly sōar.
 13 Eye Nā'tūre's wālk, | shōot Fōl'ly ās | It flīes,
 14 And catch | thē mǎn'nērs līv'īng, ās | thēy rīse :
 15 Laugh whēre | wē mūst, | bē cān'dīd whēre | wē cān ;
 16 Būt vīn'dīcātē | thē wāys | ōf Gōd | tō mǎn.

T.—Very well again : you are right, as far as I can see, in every particular. Here is perfection in forming poetic lines ; both as it regards the mingling of long and short syllables, and varying the place of the cæsure ; so that in reading, the sense and the melody are both preserved. We observe the same varying change of the cæsural pause in Latin and Greek Hexameters : and none can read them well unless they give the cæsure a constant and marked attention. But why do you put an accent with long quantity on *St.* or *Saint* in the first line, rather than *John*—the common way of reading it ?

G.—Because the first way preserves the measure and the sense ; and the other destroys them both. If we put the accent on *John*, we make it mean the *St. John* of the Gospel ; but it is the family name of his friend to whom the poet addressed his poem : and it was so

pronounced at that day. I think you told us you could recollect when the name in this country was generally called Sension.

T.—Heroic verse, it has been said, is composed of five Iambs ; or a continued succession of the unaccented and accented syllable : are there any exceptions to be found in the lines read by Master G. ?

H.—Yes, Sir, the first foot on the tenth, the first and the third foot in the thirteenth, and the first in the fifteenth line, have, on each syllable, a strong accent : and the fourth foot in the first line, and the second in the fifth are nearly similar.

T.—Are any of the words contracted to form the regular foot ?

H.—Yes ; *expatiate*, in the fifth, and *flowers* and *promiscuous*, in the seventh line.

T.—Point out in each line where the poet has indicated the cæsural pause.

I.—In the first line, after the fifth syllable ; in the 2d—the 5th ; the 3d—the 2d ; the 4th—the 7th ; the 5th—the 4th ; the 6th—the 4th ; the 7th—the 2d ; the 8th—the 3d ; the 9th—the 6th ; the 10th—the 5th ; the 11th—the 4th ; the 12th—the 6th ; the 13th—the 4th ; the 14th—the 7th ; and the 15th and 16th, the 4th.

T.—Every one of the changes noticed in these sixteen lines, adds something to heighten the pleasing effect of the whole. And all can see, that the reading which gives out the sense the best, gives the fullest gratification to the ear : and that mode which resolves the whole into “divisions of sense,” as the book has taught us, serves best to secure all which sense and melody demand.

LESSON XVII.

1. THE ORDER OF NATURE.—*Pope.*

All ¹ are but párts ¹ of one stupendous whóle,
 Whose body ¹ nàture is, and Gód ¹ the sòul ;
 That, changed through áll, and yet in áll ¹ the sáme,
 Great ¹ in the eárrh, as in the ethèreal ¹ fràme, |
 Warms ¹ in the sún, refréshes ¹ in the bréeze,
 Glóws ¹ in the stárs, and blóssoms ¹ in the trées, |
 Lives ¹ through all lífe, extends ¹ through all extént,
 Spréads ¹ undivided, óperates ¹ unspènt ;
 Breathes ¹ in our soul, infórms ¹ our mortal párt,
 As fúll, as pèrfect, in a háir ¹ as hèart ;
 As fúll, as pèrfect, in vile mán that móurns,
 As the rapt sèraph | that adóres ¹ and bùrns.
 To Hím, no hígh, no ¹ lów, no gréat, no smáll ;
 He fills, He bóunds, connécts, and eqúals ¹ àll.

Ceàse, thén, nor Order ¹ Impèrfection ¹ náme,—
 Our proper bliss | depénds ¹ on what we blàme.
 Know ¹ thy own ¹ pòint : This kínd, this dúe ¹ degree ¹
 Of blíndness, weákness, Heàven ¹ bestows ¹ òn thee.
 Submit ;—in thís, or any óther sphére,
 Secure to be as blést | as thou canst beár,—
 Safe ¹ in the hand of one Disposíng Pówer,
 Or in the nátal, or the mòrtal ¹ hòur.
 All Nàture | is but Art, unkñówn ¹ to thee ;
 All Chánce, Diréction, which thou canst not sée ;

All Discord, Hármony | not understóod ;
 All pártial | Evil, univèrsal | Gòd :
 And, spite of Pride, in erring Reàson's | spite,
 One | truth is cléar : whatever ís, is right.

2. THE DAISY.—*John Mason Good. B. 1764, d. 1828.*

Not | worlds on wórlds | in phalanx déep,
 Néed we | to prove | a Gód | is hère,
 The dáisy, fresh | from Nature's sléep,
 Tèlls | of his náme | in lines as cléar :
 For whó | but Hê, who arched the skiès,
 And pours | the dayspring's | living flood,
 Wondrous alike | in àll | he triès,
 Could raise the dáisy's | purple bùd ?
 Mould | its green cùp, its wiry stèm,
 Its fringed border | nicely spñ,
 And cút | the gold-embossed gém,
 That, set in sílver, gleams withìn ?
 And flìng it, unrestrained and frèe, |
 O'er híll, and dále, and désert sód,
 That mán | whereè'er | he walks | may sée,
 In evèry stép, the stámp | of Gòd.

3. THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.—*Pope.*

Vital spark | of heavenly fláme,
 Qùit, O, qùit | this mortal fràme !
 Trémbling, hóping, língering, flyìng, |
 O, the páin, the bliss | of dying !
 Cèase, fond Nàture, cèase | thy strife, |
 And let me lánguish | into life !

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
 Sister spirit, come ! away ;
 What ! is this ! absorbs me ! quite,—
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight, |
 Drowns my spirits,—draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul, ! can this be death ?

The world recedes,—it disappears !
 Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears !
 With sounds seraphic ! ring.
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount, I fly !
 O ! Grave ! where ! is thy victory ?
 O ! Death ! where ! is thy sting ?

4. THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.—*Lord Byron. B. 1788, d. 1824.*

The Assyrian came down | like a wolf ! on the fold,
 And his cohorts ! were gleaming ! in purple and gold ;
 And the sheen of their spears ! was like stars ! on the sea,
 When the blue wave ! rolls nightly ! on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest ! when summer is green,
 That host, with their banners, at sunset were seen ;
 Like the leaves of the forest ! when Autumn hath blown,
 That host, on the morrow, lay withered ! and ströwn.

For the Angel of Death | spread his wings ! on the blast,
 And breathed ! in the face ! of the foe ! as he passed ;
 And the eyes ! of the sleepers ! waxed deadly | and
 chill,
 And their hearts ! but once heaved, and for ever ! grew
 still !

And there ¹ lay the stèed ¹ with his nostrils all wide,
But through them ¹ there rolled nót ¹ the breath of his
pride ;

And the foam ¹ of his gasping ¹ lay white ¹ on the túrf,
And còld ¹ as the spráy ¹ of the rock-beating súrf.

And there lay the rider | distorted ¹ and pàle, |
With the dew on his brów, and the rúst ¹ on his màil ;
And the ténts ¹ were all silent, the bállners ¹ alóne, |
The lances ¹ unlifted, the trúmpests unblòwn.

And the widows of Ashúr ¹ are loud in their wáil,
And the idols are bróke ¹ in the temple of Bàal ;
And the might of the Géntile, unsmóte ¹ by the swórd,
Hath mèlted ¹ like snów | in the glànce ¹ of the Lórd !

5. CONJUGAL FELICITY.—*Thomson.*

But happy they ! the háppiest ¹ of their kind !
Whom ¹ gentler stárs unite, and in one fáte |
Their héarts, their fórtunes, and their bèings ¹ blènd.

* * * * *

Meántime, a smiling offspring ¹ rises róund,
And mingles bóth ¹ their gràces. By degrees,
The human blossom blóws ; and every dáy,
Sóft ¹ as it rolls along, shows some new chàrm,
The fàther's lústre, and the mòther's bloóm.
Then infant réason ¹ grows apáce, and calls ¹
For the kind hánd ¹ of an assiduous càre.
Dellghful tàsk ! to rear the tender thóught,
To teach the young idea ¹ hów to shóot,
To pour ¹ the fresh instruction ¹ o'er the mínd,
To breathe ¹ the enlivening spírit, and to fix ¹

The generous purpose ' in the glowing brèast.
 Oh, speak the jòy ! yé, whom the sudden tear '
 Surprises óften, while you look ' aroúnd,
 And nothing ' strikes your eye ' but sights of bliss,
 All various ' Náture ' pressing on the heart ;
 An elegant sufficiency, contènt,
 Retirement, rural quiet, frièndship, books,
 Eáse ' and alternate làbor, useful life,
 Progrèssive virtue, and appróving Heàven.
 Thése ' are the matchless joys ' of virtuous lòve,
 And thus ' their moments fly. The seasons thús,
 As ceaseless ' round a jarring world they ról,
 Still find them hàppy, and consènting spring |
 Sheds her òwn ' rosy gárland ' on their heàds :
 Till évening comes at last, serene and mild :
 Whén, after the long ' vernal day ' of life,
 Enamored mòre | as more remembrance swélls '
 With many a proof ' of recollected lòve,
 Together dòn they sink ' in social sléep ;
 Together fréed, their gentle spirits fly |
 To scenes ' where lòve ' and blíss ' immórtal reígn.

LESSON XVIII.

EXAMINATION ON FIGURES OF SPEECH AND POETIC LICENSE.

Teacher.—What is a figure of speech ?

A.—A mode of speaking, in which a word or sentence is to be understood in a sense different from its most literal meaning.

T.—Explain the figure called *Personification*.

B.—It is a figure by which we ascribe personality and intelligence to unintelligent beings or abstract qualities ; as, “The *sea* saw it, and fled.” “The *Worm*, aware of his intent, harangued him thus right eloquent.”

T.—What is a Simile ?

C.—A figure by which we express the resemblance of one thing to another, and generally introduce it by *like*, *as*, or *so* ; e. g. :

“Man, *like the generous vine*, supported lives ;
The strength he gains is from the embrace he gives.”
“He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of waters.”

T.—What is a Metaphor ?

D.—It is a *Simile* without the sign of likeness or comparison ; as, “He shall *be a tree* planted by the rivers of water.”—“His eye was morning’s brightest ray.”

T.—What is an Allegory ?

E.—A continuation of several Metaphors, so connected in sense as to form a kind of parable ; as in the 80th Psalm : “Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt : thou hast cast out the heathen and planted it. Thou preparedst room before it, and didst cause it to take deep root ; and it filled the land. The hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars :” meaning the Israelites. Most of the similitudes in the Scriptures called parables, and the better sort of fables, may be considered Allegories.

T.—What is a Hyperbole ?

F.—An extravagant exaggeration ; or a figure that

represents things as greater or less, better or worse than they really are : as when David says of Saul and Jonathan, "They were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions."

T.—What is Irony ?

G.—That figure by which the speaker says one thing and means another directly contrary ; or in which he sneeringly utters the direct reverse of what he intends shall be understood : e. g., 1 Kings, xviii. 27.—"And it came to pass at noon, that Elijah mocked them, and said, 'Cry aloud ; for he is a god : either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, | and must be awaked !' "—

T.—What is Metonymy ?

H.—A change of names ; in which the cause is named for the effect, the effect for the cause ; the subject for the adjunct, the place for the inhabitant, the container for the thing contained, and the sign for the thing signified ; as, "He reads Milton ;" that is, his works.—"God is our salvation ;" that is, Saviour.—"He was the *sign* of her secret soul ;" that is, the youth she loved.—"My son, give me thy heart ;" that is, affection.—"The sceptre shall not depart from Judah ;" that is, kingly power.—"Gray hairs shall be respected ;" that is, old age.—"Swifter than a whirlwind, flies the leaden death."

T.—What is Synecdoche ?

I.—It is the naming of a part for the whole, a definite number for an indefinite ; as, the *head* for the *person*, *ten thousand* for any great number ; "This *roof* protects you ;" that is, this house protects you.—

Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
And the *whole year* in gay confusion lies.

Here, in describing Italy, the poet uses "whole year" for the productions of the year.

T.—What is Antithesis ?

J.—Antithesis, or contrast, is a figure in which different or contrary objects are contrasted to make them show one another to advantage ; as, "The *wicked* flee when no man pursueth ; but the *righteous* are bold as a lion."

T.—What is a Climax, and an Anti-Climax ?

K.—A Climax is a figure in which we rise by regular steps to what is more important and interesting, so as to heighten all the circumstances of an object or action, which we wish to place in a strong light ; e. g., "And besides this, giving all diligence, add to your faith, virtue ; and to virtue, knowledge ; and to knowledge, temperance ; and to temperance, patience ; and to patience, godliness ; and to godliness, brotherly kindness ; and to brotherly kindness, charity." An Anti-climax is a figure in which we descend to what is more and more minute.

T.—What is Apostrophe ?

L.—It is a turning off from the subject to address some other person or thing ; as, "Death is swallowed up in victory : O Death ! where is thy sting ? O Grave ! where is thy victory ?"

T.—What is the figure Interrogation ?

A.—Interrogation, when it is a figure, is a form of interrogative which the speaker adopts, not to express a doubt, but confidently to assert the reverse of what is asked ; as, "Hast thou an arm like God ? or canst thou

thunder with a voice like him ?"—“He that planted the ear, shall he not hear ? He that formed the eye, shall he not see ?”

T.—What is the figure Exclamation ?

B.—Exclamation, when a figure, is an outburst of some deep and violent emotion ; as, “Oh the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God !” —“O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people !”

T.—What is Vision, or Imagery ?

C.—It is a figure by which the speaker represents the objects of his imagination as actually before his eyes ; as, in Cicero’s fourth oration against Catiline : “For I behold this city, the light of the universe, and the citadel of all nations, suddenly involved in flames. I figure to myself my country in ruins, and the miserable bodies of slaughtered citizens, lying in heaps without burial. The image of Cethégus furiously revelling in your blood, is now before my eyes.”

T.—Can any one tell what other general name is given to some of these figures ?

G.—When words are used to signify something different from their original meaning, they are called *Tropes*. In that case, if the word be changed, the figure is destroyed : e. g., “*light* ariseth to the upright in *darkness*.” Here the Trope consists in “light and darkness” not being taken literally, but substituted for comfort in adversity ; to which conditions of life they are supposed to bear some resemblance. Without a figure it would be, “*comfort* ariseth to the upright in *adversity*.”

T.—It seems to me desirable, in most cases where it can be done, to trace back words to their origin : it gives a clearer conception of their meaning, and additional association for holding them in the memory : and to me it is full of interest, like tracing back the history of a noted personage. Master G., you are in the Greek class : please to tell me what *Trope* is derived from ?

G.—The Greek word *trope*, comes from *trepo*, to turn ; and means turning the word from a literal to a figurative meaning.

T.—Who can tell what the Greek word *Climax* means ?

H.—It means a ladder ; and comes from *clino*, to lean.

T.—Very well : who can give the derivation of *Apostrophe* ?

I.—From *apo*, and *strephe*, to turn away from ; and is a turning off from the subject—as it has been defined.

T.—Who can tell what *Metaphor* is from ?

J.—The Greek word *Metaphora* is from *metaphero*, to transfer ; and it means the transfer from a literal to a figurative sense.

T.—Who can tell what *Allegory* comes from ?

K.—The Greek word *Allegoria* comes from *allos*, other, or different, and *agoreo*, to harangue ; and means a use of language which conveys a meaning different from the literal one.

T.—Who can give the derivative and meaning of *Hyperbole* ?

L.—The Greek word *hyperbole*, comes from *hyper*, beyond, and *ballo*, to cast ; and means, a throwing beyond.

T.—*Metonymy?*

A.—The Greek word *metonymia*, comes from *meta*, opposite to, and *onoma*, a name; and means a change of name.

T.—How is *Irony* derived?

G.—From the Greek word *eiron*, a dissembler.

T.—You have all answered so readily and acquitted yourselves so well in this review, that I shall omit the figures pertaining to etymology and syntax: and when we shall have examined *Personification* a little more in detail, I shall pass on to *Poetic License*.

Personification is one of the class of figures which lie wholly in the thought, the words being taken in their common and literal sense. All poetry abounds in this figure: it often occurs in prose; and in common conversation, we make frequent approaches to it: as when we say, the earth *thirsts* for rain, or the fields *smile* with beauty; ambition is *restless*, or a disease is *deceitful*, we attribute to things inanimate, or abstract conceptions, the properties of living creatures. A thousand such expressions, from constant use, have become so familiar as to cause their figurative character to disappear. Who will give an example where inanimate objects exhibit the emotions and actions of sentient beings?

G.—I think Milton gives a fine one upon Eve's eating the forbidden fruit:

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, she plucked, she ate;
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of wo,
That all was lost.

C.—I have one, Sir, from the same, where Eve makes that moving and tender address to Paradise, just before she leaves it :

O, unexpected stroke, worse than of death !
 Must I thus leave thee, Paradise ? Thus leave
 Thee, native soil ; these happy walks and shades,
 Fit haunt of gods ; where I had hope to spend
 Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day,
 Which must be mortal to us both ? O flowers,
 That never will in other climate grow,
 My early visitation, and my last
 At even, which I bred up with tender hand
 From your first opening buds, and gave you names ;
 Who now will rear you to the sun, or rank
 Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount ?

POETIC LICENSE.

T.—What is Poetic License ?

B.—It is a privilege granted to poetry, both in words and arrangement, which is not allowed to prose. It often places the adjective after its noun, where in prose it would be placed before it ; as,

Come, nymph *demure*, with mantle *blue*.

C.—The objective often comes before, and the nominative after their respective verbs ; as,

His listless *length* at noontide would he stretch.

Snatched in short eddies, plays the withered *leaf*.

D.—Prepositions are often placed after the words they govern ; as,

Where echo walks still hills *among*.

E.—Words, idioms and phrases are often used, which would be inadmissible in prose ; as,

By fountains clear, or spangled star-light *sheen*,

Thy voice we hear, and thy *behests* obey.—

On the first friendly bank he *throws him* down.

I'll seek the solitude he sought,

And *stretch me* where he lay.

F.—A more violent ellipsis is allowable in poetry than in prose : e. g.,

For is there aught in sleep *can* charm the wise ?

Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys.

G.—A syllable in poetry may be omitted or added ; as, wail for bewail, wilder for bewilder, plaint for complaint, amaze for amazement, eve or even for evening, helm for helmet, morn for morning, lone for lonely, dread for dreadful, list for listen, ope for open, lure for allure, e'er for ever, ne'er for never, and o'er for over.

H.—Adjectives are oftentimes elegantly connected with nouns which they do not strictly qualify ; as,

The ploughman homeward plods his *weary* way.

The tenants of the *warbling* shade.

And *drowsy* tinklings lull the distant folds.

I.—The ordinary rules of grammar are often violated ; e. g.,

It ceased, the melancholy *sound*.

My *banks*, they are furnished with bees.

I.—The use of *or* and *nor* instead of *either* and *neither*; e. g.,

———And first

Or on the listed plain, or stormy sea.

Nor grief nor fear shall break my rest.

K.—Greek, Latin, and other idioms are allowable, though not allowed in prose; as,

He *knew* to *sing*, and *build* the lofty rhyme.

Give me to seize rich Nestor's shield of gold.

There are, who deaf to mad ambition's call,

Would shrink to hear the obstreperous trump of fame.

LESSON XIX.

A CONVERSATION—BETWEEN MR. GORDON AND HIS FAMILY, AND DR. ABBOT, THE TEACHER OF THEIR SONS.

Mr. Gordon.—Dr. Abbot, we are very happy to see you.

Mrs. G.—We have often wanted you here, Sir, as a court of appeal, and still more, I may say, for the pleasure of your society.

Dr. A.—Had I known that, I think I should scarcely have waited for a formal invitation. It is my wish to have frequent intercourse with those who have children with me; and particularly where they happen to be of a congenial spirit.

Mr. G.—Whether you find us such or not, one thing I can assure you—we shall be most happy to cultivate your acquaintance, and to listen to any suggestions you may be pleased to make to aid us, as co-workers with you in duties so responsible, and so arduous. I was not a little mortified the other day, that my son, in his honest bluntness, should report to you what I said of his reading: and yet I cannot say I am sorry for it; since it put him in the way of being corrected, and ourselves too.

Mrs. G.—I hope our children conduct themselves to please you, Sir. They seem to like their school very well, and to take much interest in their studies.

Dr. A.—I had already inferred as much: hence we may expect some improvement: for nothing affords a better promise of it, than the very things you have mentioned. Sometimes children like their school because more pains are taken to win their attachment than to improve their minds; but in that case, I think it is rare to see them take much interest in study. Where the teacher so conducts the lessons of his pupils as to enable them clearly to understand every step, as they advance on their course; though his exactions gradually rise to the full limit of their capacities, they naturally like their studies all the better; they like their school, their instructor, and are generally found to be happy; of course able to accomplish more, and with much greater ease.

Mr. G.—It is natural to suppose any one executes with more ease whatever pleases him; but that he has more power to do it, is a new idea to me; and yet it looks reasonable enough that it should be so.

Mrs. G.—We are gratified at the progress our chil-

dren appear to be making,—especially in their elocutionary department—a branch in which they never showed any interest before.

Wm. G.—And because we never before had any body to teach us, so as to make it interesting. If we had had the same instruction we now have, I think we should always have liked it.

Mrs. G.—Well, my son, we will say nothing more of that. But—Sir, do you think I am going to criticise some of your instructions? or rather, I should say, the system you follow. Since our children have been upon this study, we have all become elocutionists: and were you to look in upon us while engaged, you might fancy your school transferred to this place; and our William its instructor.

Dr. A.—I am very glad to find that the works of the school-room are so well sustained and encouraged at home, and that you all take so much interest in this pleasing accomplishment. It augurs well for the prospects of your children: for, depend upon it, they will measure the importance of every study by the interest taken in it by their parents: but, no doubt, you have already anticipated all I might say. You spoke of criticising. I have not the vanity to suppose but that I often give occasion for this friendly office, and I certainly shall think myself fortunate, if I never fall into worse hands.

Mrs. G.—Is there not a proverb like this, Sir; “He that would share the benefit of another’s opinions must freely express his own”?

Dr. A.—I cannot say it has yet become a proverb;

but it certainly deserves to be, and placed to the credit of Mrs. Gordon.

Mrs. G.—Well, I am not disposed to lose the benefit of my proverb, since it is so well approved : we think, Sir, the full sound of *e*, in words ending in *ent* and *ence* and that of *gentlemen*, is rather affected and pedantic.

Dr. A.—Yes, and so do I, to judge from your pronunciation of the word *gentlemen*. The direction is to raise the *e* in such words just enough to be perceptible to the ear, rather than to suffer it to fall into the obscure sound of *u* : of course, to follow out the direction, we should say silence, providence, omnipotence, contentment, improvident, gentlemen ; and not silunce, providance, omnipotunce, contentmnt, improvidunt.

Wm. G.—I see, Mother, we ran into the same difficulty in pronunciation, by overdoing the matter, as we did in the inflections and divisions of speech : in our attempts to avoid the obscure sound of *u* in such words, we brought out the *e* too prominently.

Mrs. G.—You pronounced the words, Sir, just as I like to hear them pronounced ; and, I presume, in accordance with the principles we were trying to follow : but failed, as my son says. I was going to mention some others that seemed to me unnatural, and affected, as William read them ; such as giving *i* the long sound of *e*, and *u* its long sound, when not under accent : as sensibility, popularity, pleasure, and others of this class ; but I am satisfied that whatever seemed unnatural and affected, was made so by ourselves, not by the system. Attempting to avoid one fault, we ran into a greater. I apprehend there is no danger of giving too marked dis-

tinctness to *e* and *u*, so long as we continue to make them really unaccented syllables, and give them the same softness we do the obscure sound we use in their stead. We may dispose of *me* for *my* perhaps in the same way. It was not intended, I presume, that we should say *me shawl*, *me gloves* ; but *my shawl*, *my gloves*.

Dr. A.—No, indeed ! it was not intended ; nor did I think it possible that the book, or my instructions could lead to such a mistake. The direction, I think, is to change the sound of *y* to short *e*, or the second sound of *i*, when changed at all, and pronounce it as we do *e* in the article *the* before a consonant.

Mr. G.—While on the subject, I should like to propose a question. How are we to sound those consonants which are paraded single, and double and treble, unless we put some vowels among them ? I was taught, that consonants could not be sounded without the help of vowels.

Dr. A.—I know it was so thought ; and they cannot be fully ; but still they can be sounded ; and very nearly without vowels as with ; and an excellent exercise I find it. Nothing has ever been hit upon which so well prepares the organs for distinct articulation as this. I make one pupil at a time practise upon these elements : first separate, then in the word ; and when they have become familiar to each, I take the whole class together. This tends to remove embarrassment, and gives to the pupils confidence and strength of utterance. [*Here Dr. Abbot takes the book, and gives several illustrations : first enunciating the single consonants, then two or three together ; and then in words ; to the no small*

amusement of all : but complete proof of what he had just stated.]

Mrs. G.—Your tact and courtesy, Sir, in removing difficulties, encourage me to trouble you farther ; though still at the risk of exposing my dulness.

Dr. A.—I should say rather, the dulness of the author : for if you find any difficulty in understanding him, he certainly shows great want of perspicuity of style.

Mrs. G.—I do not see, Sir, that such conclusion necessarily follows : for the subjects treated of may be of such a nature as to preclude the possibility of using written language so definitely as to convey the full meaning of it ; unless aided, as it has been just now, by oral example.

Mr. G.—So, my dear, you would recommend, I suppose, that before we pronounce so decidedly against another, we should bestow some little criticism upon ourselves.

Mrs. G.—How well you anticipate me ! I think, Sir, I shall proceed no farther in the way of objection ; it is always far more agreeable to commend than to find fault : and in regard to the work you have put into the hands of our children, we find—yes, I believe we can now say—we find nothing but what we heartily approve. We are pleased to see corrected the pronunciation of all that class of words, which are arranged under what the author has called the fifth sound of *a*, as heard in *care, dare, prayer, parent* ; which Walker includes under the first, as in *fate*.

Dr. A.—I am glad to hear you speak so decidedly : it shows me that all must feel the same, when they shall

have bestowed the same attention. Though we still acknowledge Walker as the general standard of pronunciation, yet in certain words where a difference seems to be permanently settled, I see no reason—or rather, I see a good reason, why we should not blindly continue to follow him in theory, when our practice is decidedly against him. And if we occasionally meet with one breaking over custom, and trying to follow him throughout, from the impression that it is more polite, by saying *câre*, *hâir*, *pârent* and *prâyer*, we generally look upon him as affected. To my ear, it sounds very disagreeable to have the words *prayer*, a petition, and *pray-er*, a petitioner, pronounced precisely the same; and *hair* and *prayer*, with the same vowel sound as *player*.

Mr. G.—Another word, I am glad to find, has been taken up, and has got again its own aspirate. I mean the word *humble*. It took me a long time, I remember, to become settled in pronouncing it *umble*, after Walker's mode; and I think it will take me some time to get back to the old habit.

Dr. A.—I well recollect, when our great Lexicographer, Dr. Webster, had just returned from a visit to England, he said Walker's pronunciation of that word among the higher classes was entirely discarded. It certainly has become the practice of all good writers to use the article *a* before *humble* and *hospital*, as well as all other words beginning with a consonant sound: it is therefore in bad taste to say *an humble man*, *an hospital*. We ought to be exceedingly cautious, while endeavoring to render our language soft and smooth, that we do not rob it of its manliness and strength.

Mrs. G.—Another thing I am glad to see corrected—the obtuse sound of *th* in the words *youths* and *truths*. Many, no doubt, have been led to pronounce them with the obtuse TH, as heard in *this*, rather than the acute *th* as heard in *thin*, because it made them softer, from the mistaken notion that the softening process, in all cases, is an improvement—a sentiment perhaps borrowed from the French, who, in banishing so many consonant sounds from their language have done it an irreparable injury, so far as regards dignity and strength.

Dr. A.—Sheridan, I remember, very justly remarks that, “if the vowels be considered as the blood, the consonants are the nerves and sinews of a language; and the strength of syllables formed of single consonants, like single threads, must be vastly inferior to such as have several, as it were, twisted together.”

Mrs. G.—I see also another improvement—in giving more of the short *u* sound to *e* before *r*, as in *person*, *perfect*, and all that class, where Walker gives the second sound of *e*. I took much pains to conform to it; but I never succeeded very well: it always seemed to me too precise, or painstaking, and, indeed, affected.

Dr. A.—The *r* is found to have the same influence upon *e* as it has upon *o*, in giving fullness to the vowel; but Walker has considered this in the case of *o*, and ranged *for* and *nor* under the third sound, and *not*, *on* and *of* under the fourth sound; and has improperly left *e* the same before *r*, as before any other consonant.

Mr. G.—I looked to see if any thing was said of *ke-ind*, *ge-irl* and *be-eautiful*, as I have heard some pronounce them, carrying out, as they suppose, I presume,

the principles of Walker—mistaken of course—for he, if I mistake not, only intended to soften the first vowels a little, to the words *kind*, *girl* and *beautiful* ; and not to give them the mawkish prolongation which makes them nearly two syllables.

Dr. A.—The attempt, at the present day, to pronounce these words with that delicate, softened tone which Walker seems to aim at, is certainly apt to fix upon one the unenviable mark of a mawkish affected sensibility. I presume our author thought that good sense would be a sufficient guide, and to that he seems to have left it.

Mrs. G.—Charles, come give the Doctor your illustration of the circumflexes. It is quite original, and, I think, very clever for a little boy.

Dr. A.—Original! and clever! I shall be gratified to hear it. More credit is due for one such, than a dozen brought from books; though these, when original in application, are, by no means, without credit.

Master C.—When I returned from school that day we had the exercise on the inflections; I met my little sister at the door; and she exclaimed, “Ah, Charley, it was *yôu* | that filled my stockings with the pretty things! I did not think it was *yôu*!”

Dr. A.—A fine illustration, Master Charles, true to nature, and well expressed. And now, Mrs. Gordon, suffer *me* to make a criticism. Do you know we teach our children to deceive, and tell untruths, when we least suspect it? Pardon me for breathing a suspicion upon a time-honored custom—that most joyous Christmas deception, which has been practised upon the little inno-

cents for generations past, and will be, no doubt, for many yet to come.

Mrs. G.—O Dr. Abbot! You would not deprive our little pets of all the gratifications clustering about the yearly visit of that dear old Santa Claus!

Dr. A.—Yes I would, Madam, so far as the fable is concerned; and every other example of deception and lying!—yes, that is the proper name for it—and would deal towards our children ever in simplicity and truth: half of the nursery tales should go by the board too; all bugbears, and every thing in the least tending to romance.

Mr. G.—I like your views, Sir, on this subject. They are right: and I wonder the same ideas had not occurred to ourselves. [*Dr. Abbot rises to go.*] Must you go? Sir, this has been to us a very pleasant visit, and I hope it will not be long before we have it repeated.

Mrs. G.—And I must reserve my defence of Santa Claus and Mother Goose for another occasion.

Dr. A.—I hope you will not mistake me. I do not make war upon all stories of imagination: for that would be to deny these pets, as you call them, a great source of instruction, and innocent amusement: I object only to such as really deceive them; and they find out afterwards to be impositions, as in the case of Master Charles.

Mrs. A.—I think the Doctor improves upon acquaintance. His visit has certainly been very agreeable, and very instructive. It is no wonder our children are so taken with him.

Master Wm.—He is always agreeable, Mother, just

as you see him ; always courteous. I never saw him show anger, nor impatience ; nor did I ever see him sneer at a pupil for real dullness, nor call him stupid ;—and this I could not say of all I have been to school to.

Mr. G.—I feel thankful, my son, we have found a man, at last, in whose faithfulness and ability, we can repose full confidence.

Master Wm.—You cannot feel it more, I think, than we do. It seems like a change from slavery to freedom. All, who have the privilege to be with him, feel themselves at ease ; and yet, there is perfect order. He inspires you with confidence in yourself : you are always ready to do your best—and you can do a great deal better when you are not all the time afraid—and if you fail, you are sure, that, under him, your very mistakes will act as means to facilitate your improvement.

Mr. G.—Under such advantages, none can fail, I think, to go on rapidly in their education : if they do not, one thing is certain : it will not be from the want of judicious and faithful instruction ; but the want of capacity, or desire to learn.

LESSON XX.

ACTION—I.

ACTION in discourse, comprehends all significant movements addressed to the eye, as the natural and sponta-

neous accompaniments of speech. When these are appropriate, easy and graceful, they form the crowning finish to elocution.

But the attempt to render them so by means of training, with the hope to change awkward habits to those of manly dignity, is often met by the objection, that for any one to be appropriate, easy and graceful, in expression, attitude and gesture, he must be entirely free ; and to be so, he must be left entirely to nature : of course unfettered by rules of discipline, the direct tendency of which is to produce affectation and constraint ; and even to defeat the very object aimed to be secured by it. So, if any happen, unfortunately, not to be easy and graceful in manner, they must continue so : there is no help for them : training will only make the matter worse : since the most offensive peculiarities that nature gives, are much more easy to be endured than affectation and formality. Such is the amount of the argument, if argument it can be called ; which, in truth, is opposed as much to every other part of elocution, and even to grammar and rhetoric, as to this.

The fact is, those public speakers, who, in action and utterance, appear to us the most natural, and, at the same time, faultless, have been rendered so by careful training. Perfection in this, as in every other accomplishment, is the price of labor.

“Orator fit” (one makes himself an orator) is as true now as it was in the time of Cicero. He is said to have been indefatigable in his early training ; and when he had become distinguished as the prince of Roman orators, he confessed he often spent whole nights upon the

speeches he had carefully composed, before he ventured to speak them in public.

Those orations of Demosthenes in which he failed so completely before the people, were, it is thought, as eloquent in style as any he afterwards delivered with the most decided applause. He himself seems to have been entirely unconscious where the difficulty lay, till it was very kindly, and very courteously shown to him by his friend Sátyrus. On one occasion, says Plutarch, when his speeches had been ill received, and he was going home with his head covered, and in the greatest distress, Satyrus followed on, and went in with him. And when he complained that others—of but little industry and learning—were heard and kept the rostrum, while he, the most laborious of all the orators, could gain no favor with the people, and was entirely disregarded : the answer was, “ You say the truth ; but I will soon provide a remedy, if you will repeat some speeches from Euripides or Sophocles.” When Demosthenes had done, Satyrus pronounced the same ; and he did it with such propriety of action, and so much in character, that it appeared to the orator quite a different passage. He now understood so well, how much grace and dignity action adds to the best oration, that he thought it a small matter to premeditate and compose, though with the utmost care, if the pronunciation and gesture were not attended to. Upon this, he looked solely to his delivery. He bent his attention to overcome all the obstacles in his way : even those interposed by nature : for he is said to have had weak lungs, the habit of stammering, and a stoop in his shoulders. It is truly astonishing to think of the expe-

dients he devised ; in what varied modes of discipline he persevered, till all the embarrassing obstacles disappeared ; and he became, from these zealous and unwearied efforts, perfect in his voice and action, and the first orator in the world.

These examples and remarks are given here as a guard against the too general notion that all instruction on this subject is but of little use ; and as encouragement to self-discipline and self-reliance. No matter under what favoring circumstances the student may be placed ; he may attend the best schools, the best lectures, and have the aid of the best teachers ; yet his real improvement is never effected, and never can be, unless he do the work himself : and he never can become a finished speaker, unless he feel an interest that shall induce him to exercise himself in a faithful course of practice in private, and to cultivate his taste and judgment by careful study and critical observation.

Where children can have the right instruction, the earlier they begin to declaim, the better. Had Demosthenes been early tutored in his elocution, no doubt he would have succeeded in his public effort the first time. And what an amount of mortification and trouble would have been avoided ! But who is expected to show the courage, self-denial and perseverance he practised, to repair early neglects, correct bad habits, and triumph over the defects of nature ? No one indeed can appreciate, sufficiently, the value of good habits—especially those pertaining to the arts of address—formed in early youth : nor estimate the disadvantages of bad ones ; nor the immense difficulty of subduing them, when strength-

ened and confirmed by years. In either case, they become a sort of second nature ; they form the character ; and entail upon life lasting good or evil.

These are but a few of the reasons why elocution, in all its parts, should be included in a regular course of study, and be made a prominent subject of early and continued attention.

LESSON XXI.

ACTION—II.

THESE lessons commenced by saying that, "To read well, is to read as if the words were supplied by the act of present thought, rather than by the page before us ; or just as we should speak, if the language and sentiments were our own." So, to *speak* well, I would say, is to speak as if the words came at the call of present thought and feeling, and Nature supplied the tones, looks and gestures.

The first excellence in speaking from memory or otherwise, is an unstudied, extemporaneous manner : it is important therefore to know what kind of instruction and discipline the pupil needs, that such may become his fixed and settled habit. Every teacher's experience must show, there is nothing he needs so much at first, as some friendly hints or directions how to select his pieces, and how to prepare them for declamation : since

a mistake or failure in either, is very likely to cause a failure in the delivery ; and with it, mortification and discouragement.

Any such difficulty at the outset, to a sensitive mind, often becomes a complete bar to all future attempts : and so a vast many get the impression—and it is very easy to get it—that they have not the requisite talents : that nature never designed them for speakers,—who otherwise might have become the Websters, the Clays, or the Calhouns of their country. Such was our noble Webster himself, in his early life ; and such, no doubt, he would have continued, had not his mighty intellect subdued at length all in his way.

A wise instructor does not put his pupils in their first attempts at composition, to a moral essay, an oration, a poem ; but to subjects the most familiar and easy : upon which they can talk with fluency : so let it be with speaking. Instead of poems, and impassioned extracts from orations and the drama ; let the beginner make his selections entirely from prose ; such as are easy and familiar ; pure in sentiment and style, and so interesting, that he can fully enter into their spirit. And if he is old enough, let him write off his piece in a plain, fair hand, and read it over till the language becomes, in a manner, his own : and let him listen to the tones of his voice, and decide, as well as his understanding and taste can aid him, whether they are natural, and convey the exact meaning, and they do it in the best manner. Then, having committed it to memory, let him repeat it aloud till he can enunciate with clearness all the words with right tone, pause and emphasis ;

and can do it with the greatest ease. Then, in imagination, let him assemble his audience before him, and speak it with all the appliances of action, just as he thinks the most natural and appropriate ; and repeat it in this way till his action become as easy and familiar as the words. Thus prepared, let him present himself before his teacher and companions, in the school-room, or the college.

It is well to bear in mind that, in making gestures, no room is afforded for the indulgence of fancy : they are all significant ; and have their meanings as invariably settled by the laws of nature, as words and tones of voice have by conventional usage : and to know how to make and use them properly, the safest and best way is, to refer constantly to social life ; and take for models the best examples of unrestrained, sensible, and refined conversation.

If the pupil do according to the directions, he will soon find the labor of committing and preparing his piece for speaking, an easy matter. And, as his memory, taste and judgment improve—and they certainly *will* under such discipline—he will be able at length to take in the whole range of language suitable for declamation,—from easy prose and poetry, to what is the most difficult, impassioned and sublime. The sooner he begins, of course, the easier it will be for him to reform bad habits, and to form good ones : but whether he begin early or late, if he strictly and faithfully follow out the plan as thus recommended, he will insensibly become as much at home in speaking, as in reading ; and he will find that his gestures, though constrained,

and awkward at first, will gradually assume a manly dignity and ease.

It would be well to pursue much the same course as here recommended with females ; but in a modified form, suited to the delicacy and refinement of the sex : not with a view to make them orators ; but to train them to commit the more readily,—to converse with greater ease and animation, and to quote or recite, whatever they have stored in the memory, with elegance and grace.

I commend to the pupil the following extract describing the manner of the late Mr. Clay of the Senate, as a tolerably good model for the delivery of a forensic speech :

Last week I had the pleasure, for the first time, of hearing Mr. C. His world-wide reputation as a debater, made me view him with marked attention. As he rose to address the Senate, there was nothing peculiar in his appearance to distinguish him from others about him. He opened his speech with great simplicity, calmness and self-possession. There was an absence of all flourish and affectation of eloquence. His words came forth distinct and clear, without the least apparent effort ; no action, except a slight movement of the head and body, as he looked toward the chair, and around upon his audience : but when he had got fairly into his subject, and begun to be warmed by it—and his hearers too—his countenance became beautifully animated ; the tones of his voice deeper : his hands began to lend their aid, as if unconsciously ; and as if not to do it would be a violence done to nature ;—one at first, and low ; and

presently the other was seen to move ; till at length, from kindled emotion, and the force of truth, the right arm was brought down like the lightning's flash :—his entire form was changed : every feature was radiant with thought and feeling : the whole man spoke.

There was nothing to offend the eye : no distorted look ; no grimace ; no mouthing ; nothing for mere effect : no "poet's eye in a fine phrensy rolling ;" no "start theatric" ; no exuberance, nor apparent violence of gestures : but, when these became the boldest, they always seemed in perfect keeping ; and as spontaneous, and unstudied as the language, which they were designed to explain, and to enforce. All without seemed nature's promptings from the force within.

I afterwards had the pleasure of meeting him at a social evening party : and I there found him equally distinguished for his graceful ease, his urbanity, the charms of his conversation, and the dignity of his manners.

Hence the pupil may see, if he would become an accomplished speaker, he must also become an accomplished gentleman.

LESSON XXII.

ACTION—III.

THE highest attainment of art is the best imitation of nature. As the sculptor and painter study nature, and the best specimens of their art ; so the speaker studies

nature,—as it exists in the manners of the living age ; and gathers his models from the best society, and the best orators ; and aims so to appropriate and improve them to his own benefit, as to embody in his style the perfections of all, without becoming himself the servile imitator of any.

It is the lot of a favored few to have, in the examples of their parents and companions, the best models constantly before them ; from which they become so naturally moulded to graceful symmetry of manners and of language, as to need little else to render them good speakers, than a successful transfer of these qualifications from the domestic circle to the rostrum.

Of the children, however, who enter a public school, not one in a hundred but brings with him many habits that need to be corrected. And he is liable every day to contract others,—either from bad examples, from diffidence, or slavish fear : and it is the design of this department to meet them all with proper correctives, and to establish good ones in their place.

We rarely meet with any one in social life, who has not some singularity of manner which ought to have been corrected while at school : and would have been, had the subject of elocution been properly attended to.

If a person, while talking, keeps fumbling at something with his hands, and knows not what to do with them ; or is moving one to his head, his face, or somewhere else : or gives too much motion to his head, or a wriggle to his body, or an uncouth expression to his countenance ; he is very likely to exhibit the same singularities when he comes to speak in public.

While the tongue is employed, there will naturally be symptomatic movements of the external organs ; and these, to be appropriate, must be significant, and in harmony with the sentiment and language, and free from all peculiarity : just as it is in regard to dress : that which appears singular, and out of the usual style, is never considered in good taste. The real gentleman studies neatness and symmetry, and, may be, richness ; but carefully avoids all singularity.

But one may be corrected in what is uncouth and vulgar ; and become easy, and even graceful, so far as the movement of his limbs is concerned ; and still fail in propriety of gesture by employing it too frequently, and without just discrimination. It is so, both in talking and speaking, whenever he employs it merely for embellishment ; and it is not needed, either to explain or to enforce what he says. It is so, when used much at the introductory part of a discourse ; and throughout, when every occasion is improved for raising up the eyes, and perhaps the hand with them, as any thing above is spoken of ; or down, as any thing below : or if the right arm is invariably extended to the right, when any thing in that direction is mentioned ; or to the left, when any thing on the left : or if both arms are brought forward apart, when the speaker says, " You, my fellow citizens " ; and raised up, when he says, " These rolling spheres above us " ; or, when the heart or soul is alluded to, he always brings his hand to his breast : or if, in quick succession, he multiplies other gestures also, as a pupil once did at an exhibition I attended, as he spoke the following words from the " Task " " My ear is pained—

My soul is sick with every day's report Of wrongs and outrage with which earth is filled." At the word *ear*, his finger was brought near this organ ; and his right hand was upon his heart at the word *soul* ; upon *wrongs*, it was brought down with force, and repeated on *outrage*, attended also with the left ; and upon the word *earth* they were both spread wide apart : and he drew from the audience a thundering applause—an audience not the best judges, of course. Now, stripped of the poetry, and put into plain prose, it means, "I am pained—I am sick at heart from hearing of the wrongs and outrage which every where prevail." But poetry and passion go together ; and the latter is very liable to be "torn into tatters,"—especially by youthful orators. And further—if the pupil put forth his gestures with much force and frequency, before the importance of the subject, and the force of his eloquence have really awakened his own feelings, and fired his auditors ; so that it would seem a restraint upon nature to withhold these outward signs, he may consider them as wholly uncalled for, and his speech all the better without them.

The pupil must not suppose, however, from these remarks, that his countenance for a single moment after he begins to speak, may lack expression, or his body and limbs some degree of motion. This would be a fault greater than the others : yet it is one to which very young speakers are greatly liable. If he hold his head and body bolt upright, or too still ; and his eyes fixed on vacancy ; or, if moved at all, they are so, without the correspondent movements of the head and body ; and his arms are suffered to hang lifeless by his sides,

during the intervals of prominent gesture, he cannot but afford a ludicrous or a painful spectacle to all that look at him.

St. Paul's example before King Agrippa may perhaps encourage some to a freer use of gesture, when they begin to speak: "Then Paul stretched forth the hand, and answered for himself": or, to a general excess of it, from the noted answers of Demosthenes, when he was asked what he thought the first requisite in an orator, he said "action"; what the second; he replied "action"; what the third; and still the reply was "action!"

In the case of St. Paul, it appears to me that the phrase should be considered merely as referring to a mode of salutation still preserved among the inhabitants of the East, and means no more than what we express by a slight bow. Any other view of it would be preposterous, and wholly unsuited to the high dignity and character of the inspired apostle.

LESSON XXIII.

ACTION—IV.

No doubt a great many have been misled by that account of Demosthenes; and it is likely that he himself attached an undue importance to action, from the circumstances mentioned in the last lesson. But if we

admit the account to be true, it does not follow that he meant merely external action. There is every reason to suppose he was understood at the time, to use the term in its broadest sense—the action within as well as without—viz. feeling, earnestness, tone, emphasis, expression, in “thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.” Such seems to be the true import: any other is obviously absurd. A blind man would have been overpowered by the eloquence of Demosthenes or Cicero. Hence, though gesture is an indispensable accompaniment to a finished style of delivery, it is not to be esteemed the first requisite, nor the second, nor even the third. Since language has become so improved, and so universally read and written, and therefore so generally understood, the movements of the body and limbs add but a small share to what makes up the sum of true eloquence.

The Indian orator, from the want of a copious language to convey his thoughts and feelings, has recourse to gesticulations, and to bold and striking figures: and, accustomed to roam the forests fearless, and free from all the restraints of civilized life, his action is easy, forcible and commanding: and he is eloquent in his rude way, because every word and motion carries with it some prominent thought. Here it may not be out of place to relate a short anecdote of one possessed of native eloquence in another condition of life.

Some years ago, says a New York gentleman, I was in the habit of attending ward meetings, called to discuss the merits of public men then up for office, and the character of public measures: and I was sometimes induced to take a part myself. Among the favorite

speakers, accustomed to be invited to the stand, was a man without the advantage of any, but a very common education. He was a carman—one of “the hard-fisted,” an honest, sober, and industrious class,—a man of strong, practical, common sense, some wit and humor, and pretty well versed in the politics of the day. Some who addressed the meeting were distinguished in forensic debate, and eloquent; but not one of them produced a deeper sensation, nor received greater applause. He evidently spoke from present impulse, just as subjects upon which he had doubtless thought much, happened to present themselves to his mind. His looks were always true to his thoughts and feelings, if his words sometimes were not: his gestures were always well-timed, easy and forcible; though not the most graceful: and never really awkward; for he was entirely free from all constraint. As he had no reputation to sustain for accuracy and elegance of diction, he was fearless, and without embarrassment: and if he used a wrong word, or a wrong pronunciation, which raised a laugh, he could laugh too: and it often seemed to bring to him the occasion of putting forth more power than he could have done, had no mistake occurred.

What object in the whole range of our observation is more lovely, or is more beautiful in all its movements, than a little child; especially when kept from bad examples, and blessed with parents more anxious to make him vigorous and happy, than prematurely wise? Ever treated with kindness and affection, he loves every body, and never suspects but that every body loves him. What he does and says is without the fear of making mistakes,

offending others, or disgracing himself. He has not yet learned the factitious distinctions of the world : he approaches the President of the United States, and talks with him as freely, and with as much familiarity as with his uncle George : he is happy in his blameless ignorance, and as free as the air he breathes.

How happens it that he is so graceful, so easy and true in all his motions ? Because he acts without constraint, and with perfectly guileless simplicity—that is, just as he feels. The time for tasks, for school corrections and criticisms, has not yet come ; and he is free from all servile fear. All his knowledge has been gathered from the open book of nature. The whole system of education is a system of art. It produces constraint, both because it interferes with our previous habits, and it reveals to us our ignorance and errors : and this constraint will, in a measure, continue, till education again, in completing its office, leads us back to nature, and gives to all our improvements the perfect type of nature's handiwork. And this is the case, when, by a faithful and skilful course of discipline, our every word, look and gesture becomes, from habit, perfectly natural and appropriate ; and we exhibit the graceful ease and artless simplicity of the little child.

Our moral perfection is also brought to the same test. When our Saviour was asked by his disciples, " Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven ? " he called a little child, and set him in the midst of them, and said, " Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Hence it is safe to infer that

he chose the best model to be had of the qualities which fit men for happiness, and for heaven.

The student may gather from the remarks and illustrations, thus far, that the principles of elocution, as well as eloquence, are founded in nature and truth : that he must have an honest conviction of the truth and importance of what he utters ; or a vivid imagination must so supply the place, as to make him feel, for the time, the full force of their reality : and if he would be self-possessed, and free, he must train himself so well in gesture, and every thing else connected with a graceful elocution, as to be free from all embarrassing restraint ; as in the case of the Indian, the honest carman, and the little child.

LESSON XXIV.

ACTION—V.

I HAVE alluded to the best examples found in conversation and public speaking, as the best guide for gestures, and other things pertaining to elocution : but, in all that speaks to the eye, I have ventured upon no illustrations ; and it may be vain to attempt them here : but it seems to me that something can be done to render the subject plainer, and more practical ; or, at least, to lead the student to mark more accurately, and with more profit, the rich field of improvement almost constantly

before his eyes. I will now offer him some familiar examples.

A gentleman calls to see me ; and, after the first greetings, I say, "Please take a seat." While saying this, I bend my eyes from him to a chair ; and nearly at the same time, gently bending my head and body, I extend my hand towards it. Now mark the order of movement : first the eyes, then the head, body and hand. All these movements are called forth as natural accompaniments to that simple expression ; and I make them unconsciously from habit ; and were they in any other order, they would appear unnatural, and constrained.

I pass a friend in Broadway : as our eyes meet, we greet each other with a smile, slightly incline our heads, —perhaps raise our hats, and pass on. I pass a female friend : and I do the same as before ; but incline my head yet lower, and raise my hat entirely, and pass on.

My friend and I are walking into the country : I behold a tree in full bloom, which my companion did not happen to observe ; and I exclaim, "See that beautiful tree !" And as I say it, my eyes glance from him to the object, followed by my hand, with the fore-finger pointing towards it.

Soon, as we are moving on, he breaks out on a sudden, "See ! that eagle soaring away above the height of the mountain !" His eyes are directed from me to the eagle, and instantly his hand is stretched forth and waved towards him.

We reach the summit of the mountain ; and, as we look far off and around, we inwardly exclaim, "What a

boundless prospect !” and if we do so outwardly, we unconsciously at the same time extend both hands, as if to take it in.

My eye falls upon a beautiful stream winding its way, in the distance, along the valley : I point it out to my companion ; and, in doing so, my hand naturally moves along with a curvilinear motion.

As I now look down upon the rich scene spread out far and wide, and up to the heavens, and think of the almighty Architect ; were I to exclaim in the ardor of a devout spirit,

“ These are thy glorious works, parent of good,
Almighty ! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair, thyself how wondrous then !
Unspeakable ! who sit’st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lower works—”

it would be very natural for me to extend both hands over the landscape ; and while uttering the words, gently to raise them with the palms upturned to the heavens.

Patrick Henry, while uttering the memorable words “ Give me liberty ! or give me death ! ”—is said to have raised himself to his utmost height, with both hands extended towards heaven, in the act of supplication, on the word *liberty* ; and with the most thrilling effect : and it is likely they were suffered to fall, as if lifeless, in perfect resignation, on the word *death*, with an effect not less thrilling.

Pitt, while uttering this passage in Parliament, “ You cannot, my lords, you can *not* conquer America,—it is

in *vain* for you to attempt it,"—must have brought down his arm with tremendous force on the word *not* the second time repeated ; nor with much less, on *vain*.

Cicero, in his invective against Catiline, "How long, O Catiline, will you abuse our patience?"—most likely raised his right hand, and shook it in a threatening attitude against the conspirator ; and fastened his eyes upon him with stern indignation ; and he continued to use his right arm, with proper variations, through the succeeding questions, till he came to the exclamations, "O the public morals ! O the degeneracy of the times !" when he raised both hands with the palms towards the senators, in uttering the first member, and brought them down with energy by his sides, with them clenched, in uttering the second.

In speaking these lines from the "Sailor Boy,"

"He *springs* from his hammock, he *flies* to the deck ;
Amazement confronts him with images dire !"

it would be natural for the speaker, in uttering the first member, to fling himself forth with hands outstretched towards the right, or the left ; and in a different direction, while uttering the second : and to stop suddenly, with his feet braced, his head and body brought back, both hands raised, in the attitude of keeping off something horrid, the open palms towards it, with fingers apart, terror depicted in his countenance, and his voice hurried, tremulous and explosive, while uttering the last line.

The word *strike*, in speaking the following lines from Halleck's *Bozzaris*, requires a strong emphasis ; and the

right arm brought down with force ; and at every repetition of the word, the emphasis a little increased ; and the arm raised, together with the eyes, in uttering the word *God*,

“Strike | till the last armed foe expires ;
 Strike | for your àltars ¹ and your fires ;
 Strike | for the gréen ¹ gràves ¹ of your sires,
 Gòd ! and your native land.”

It may be well to remark again, that the eyes naturally precede every gesture ; and are constantly employed. In the above lines, they flash with the same earnestness upon the audience, as if the words were really addressed to soldiers in furious conflict upon the battle-field.

LESSON XXV.

ACTION—VI.

THE preceding examples exhibit but few of the numerous and ever varying accompaniments of oral language.

As we look to colloquial habits, we discover a natural tendency to imitate by gesture whatever movement we describe by words : and that the more excited we become, the more forcible and the more frequent become our gestures. We find likewise in the tones of our voice, a tendency to sympathise with the different sounds we describe, and even with characters and qualities :

and written language often shows the same tendencies : as the prancing horse in Virgil's *Æneid* ; and Apollo, in Homer's *Iliad*, moving in anger ; and unnumbered instances are found in our own language.

It is not unusual for a person to know very well where and what gestures he should employ, and not to be able to make them so as to answer his own conceptions : and it may often happen, that he thinks he makes them very well, when he makes them very badly. In these, he is liable to be deceived, as he is in pronunciation, and whatever else pertains to a good utterance.

Demosthenes is said to have trained himself before a mirror : and students in elocution need not think it unbecoming in them to do the same. And, to know whether they are successful, they should not be reluctant—as they too often are—to avail themselves of the judgment and criticism of instructors and friends ; for we never can “see ourselves as others see us” ; nor indeed can we hear ourselves as others hear us.

All ease and grace in attitude and motion, depend upon obedience to one simple law—the law of gravitation. While my feet remain unmoved, if I stretch out my arm, my body naturally recedes a little in an opposite direction, to favor the change in the centre of gravity caused by the outstretched arm. If my body moves forward or backward, my feet naturally move to recover the centre of gravity ; else I am constrained, and appear awkward : and while I act entirely free from constraint, this harmonious action of the body and its members is always preserved, even unconsciously to myself. Any violation of this law in regard to the feet, when the body moves,

is perceptible, though the lower limbs may be wholly out of sight.

Hogarth remarks, that right lines and angles are for utility and strength ; curved lines for beauty and ornament. Of course gestures in right lines and angles are never graceful ; and are never to be made, except in expressing strong passion ; and then they may not be out of place. In every other case, they are unnatural : for all living creatures naturally move in the lines of beauty : and the inanimate world, from the mote that swims in air, to the globe that moves in infinite space, obeys the same law of curvilinear motion.

It seems to me that something can be done also to aid the pupil in another thing, which is generally left for him to find out as he best can, and to execute in his own way—a way, for the most part, extremely awkward : it is how to make a bow. Perhaps some may think this should be left to nature, as well as gesture. And what is a good natural bow ? It is a clownish nod of the head—or, may be, a stiff bend of the body, with the head in a straight line with it, the toes turned in, and legs wide apart.—Since it is the custom when one presents himself to speak in public, to greet the assembly with a slight inclination of the head and body ; and in the school-room or college, with a low bow ; he would like to do it in a becoming style. And this he never can, without some previous training. Elegance and ease can come to him only from practice—the same here, as in every thing else. If he have no instructor to teach him, let him try to instruct himself, after the following directions.

Having proceeded nearly to the front of the rostrum or stage on which he is to speak, and taken the last step in advance with his right foot, let him rest upon it, till he has brought his left foot a step to the left, with the toe out,—then rest his body upon it, till the right foot, without scraping the floor, is brought near to the left ankle—or rather is suffered to settle there, forming a right angle, while the body is brought erect : but the instant the angle is formed, and even before the right foot ceases to move, let him begin to make his bow ; inclining his head first, next his shoulders, then his chest down to his waist, with a gentle curve : meanwhile his arms hang lifeless, and naturally incline towards each other as he bends : then let him bring himself up again in a reversed order of movement ; and the instant this is done, inclining his body, let him advance his right foot a short step to the right, with the toe out, and move the left a little towards it, to gain an easy position ; then let him rest upon his right foot, and lean a little towards the audience. He is now in the right attitude to commence.

Yonder is a straight young tree in full leaf, with branches rising to a point. Now comes a swell of wind and bends it one quarter or a third of the way to the ground : the wind has passed, and it gently returns to its upright position. Such is a graceful bow, for an exhibition or commencement.

At the close of the first sentence, he moves a little, and never remains fixed, but for a moment, in the same position ; just as it is natural for one that feels himself entirely at ease. His movements are to the left, the

right, or back ; sometimes with one step, often two or three ; and nothing like measured preciseness ; but as feeling and change of subject naturally prompt. In those parts of his speech where he becomes more earnest and forcible, he advances ; as he becomes less so, he settles back. His eyes cover the whole space towards which he advances, and with an earnestness that seems to take in every individual in it, and often the whole assembly at a glance.

While addressing the right, if a gesture is needed to enforce what he says, he uses the right hand ; while the left, he employs the left hand ; but in general he accompanies it with the right, to avoid any apparent awkwardness from his using the left hand alone. He never thrusts out his arm in a straight line from his side ; but gives it a curvilinear motion, raising the hand on a line with the middle of the body, and thence bent to the right, or raised aloft, if the right hand is used ; and if the left, he brings it up and extends it in like manner. He takes care not to make his gestures too high, or too far from his body : for that gives them an air of feebleness and constraint. He rarely lifts his hand higher than his head ; and never, but under excitement. While the hand is rising, it becomes relaxed, and the fingers a little bent together, the elbow out, the arm crooked towards the head, with the hand nearly before it ; and when he brings it down to make an emphatic stroke, as in the words "you can *not* conquer America," he brings the whole arm down stiff, even to the ends of the fingers, the instant he speaks the word *not* ; and then suffers it to fall as if lifeless. When he

has occasion to raise both hands, as in the words "thine this universal frame," he brings them in a bend nearly together in front, and carries them up as high as the top of the head, curved apart, with the palms spread upwards.

Yonder is a blacksmith at the anvil. See how the hammer, in his right hand, is brought down upon the bar of steel. How he gives the blow in a way to produce the greatest centrifugal force. That is the downward emphatic stroke of the impassioned orator.

LESSON XXVI.

CONVERSATION—BETWEEN THE TEACHER AND HIS PUPILS.

MOST of the practical knowledge possessed among men, is gained by intercourse with each other. Lord Bacon says "reading makes a full man, writing an exact man, and conversation a ready man." Conversation is the most agreeable and easy way of gaining knowledge; and contributes more perhaps to human happiness than all things else. How important it is then, that this great instrument of knowledge and happiness should be properly attended to!—that all necessary means should be employed to render it as perfect as possible. Why, therefore, since education is designed to fit men for the practical operations of life, and to make them happy, should not conversation be made one of its particular

subjects, and be cultivated with as much assiduity as any other branch? It seems to be justly associated with elocution: and, as I have made conversation the special guide for reading and speaking, I have thought it not inappropriate here to add some examples, as a specimen, to show how free and familiar conversations can be improved for the benefit and the gratification of a school. It includes ten of the best scholars, in conversation an hour with their teacher.

Master Austin.—Sir, I should like to ask a question on a subject that came up last evening at our house,—is it not wrong to call any thing natural, which has been produced by art?

Teacher.—Certainly; if produced entirely by art.

A.—Why then should reading and speaking, when executed in the best style, be called very natural; since they are produced by education, and my book says that education is wholly a system of art?

T.—Yonder clock is the entire product of art, the house in which you live, and your picture on the wall; but so far as the picture resembles you, it is natural: if it is a perfect copy, we say it is perfectly natural. Those white mealy potatoes you have every day upon your table are natural; for they are produced by nature: but without the hand of art, to cultivate and to render them what they are—a rich nutritious food—they would still be only wild, poisonous plants of the desert.

A.—All this, Sir, is very plain; but I do not fully understand the analogy.

T.—You will, perhaps, before I get through. Education, as your book says, is wholly a system of art. It

is a skilful application of means, in perfect accordance with nature's laws, to accomplish what unassisted nature never does, and never will accomplish for any one : when those means are therefore properly directed to improvement in elocution, it is not improper to say, when the reading and speaking of a person is free from affectation and awkwardness, and of a high order of excellence, he is very natural : for they are just what nature would produce, could she do it without the aid of art.

Art takes the wild savage, civilizes, trains, and moulds him to an accomplished gentleman. She takes the apple-tree, by nature a wild, worthless tree of the forest, and makes it one of the most valuable, the most useful—the pride of the orchard. You were confined the other day with a severe illness : Doctor Parker gave you medicine, and you recovered. Now what wrought the cure ; and what loads the tree with its rich, mellow fruit ?

A.—We all know very well, nature, Sir ; nature, assisted and guided by art.

T.—Yes, young gentlemen, when applied to the savage, it is called education ; to the tree, culture ; and to the body, cure. Nature did it all ; and yet, without the aid of art, we should still be in savage life, the apple-tree a useless wild tree of the forest, and you perhaps in your grave. So education, in curing us of our unnatural and awkward habits, becomes a skilful physician ; and in strengthening and improving all our faculties, in just and harmonious proportions, it acts the part of a wise and experienced cultivator.

Take a person from the field, or the workshop, and

begin to teach him graceful movements : he is wholly constrained and awkward at first ; but his limbs are gradually brought into symmetry of action ; and when education has finished its work, with equal power upon his mind, we no longer see the stiffness and awkwardness of the laborer ; but the accomplished gentleman : all his motions now are natural, easy and graceful.

A.—Sir, I see where the difficulty was with me ; the word *nature* has not so limited a signification as I supposed. I am glad I asked the question : for I shall be able to answer him who first proposed it. All real improvement is natural, because it must be made in accordance with nature's laws. All active improvement must come from a skilful application of art ; and that is education. And I know very well that without such application, the world would have continued to be a wilderness. It would seem that man was placed here by his Maker in the wildness of nature, entirely to himself, to work out his own improvement, and to improve every thing else : and all this he does by art ; or rather art aids and directs nature to do it for him.

T. Even so : our Maker has left us here to find out, and to follow the laws of our own being, and of other beings about us, for our own safety, improvement and happiness. As we look into His word—that higher dispensation—we see an extension of the same principle in regard to our higher nature and destiny. There it is said, “ Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling : for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure.” So you see, it is implicit obedience to the laws of nature and of revelation,

that forms the true—the only reliable ground of our improvement and happiness, both for this life and for that which is to come. And our ever-supporting encouragement is, that while faithful in this obedience, God works in us, in all that is agreeable to his will.

Master Burke.—We had quite a discussion the other day about gesture. My father thinks it is a subject that may as well be left to itself. There is Dr. Williams, who rarely lifts his hand to enforce a word he utters, and yet every body counts him an eloquent man ; and all flock to hear him, when he is expected to preach.

T.—It is so, Master B. ; but he always appears natural and even graceful,—except his making the head perform the movements which properly belong to the arms : yet sometimes, when fully roused by the nature of the subject, and the warmth of his feelings, I have observed him as forcible in gesture as it is becoming to any man in that sacred place.

Master C.—I should never think of naming Dr. Williams as an eloquent man : for his preaching amounts to nothing more than merely talking to us ; and in language too, so familiar and plain, that a simple child can scarcely fail to understand every thing he says : and it always seems to me I could preach just so, if I only had his knowledge, and his warm and deep feelings.

T.—Dr. Williams, no doubt, were he to hear you, would feel himself highly complimented, though you give him no credit for being a fine orator. The pulpit is not the place for oratorical display, in the proper sense of that term : every thing there, however impassioned and sublime, should comport with the simplicity of the

gospel : and the manner you speak of his deep feelings, and plainness of language, shows conclusively how much he excels in his calling : how closely he follows his divine Master.

When I figure to myself the blessed Saviour delivering his sermon on the mount, I behold Heaven's love and mercy beaming from his countenance, and all his features radiant with the light of truth : but I see no rhetorical flourish from his arms ; no vengeful, withering look from his eyes : the bare thought gives a shock to the feelings ! He simply "opened his mouth and taught them." There was mingled in his simplicity and love, the calm dignity of Omnipotence, as when the fiat went forth, "Let there be light, and there was light." "He spake, and it was done ; He commanded, and it stood fast."

Master Drake.—And I find that many think of gesture just as Master Burke has expressed himself. I have labored a good deal at it, and still I feel my awkwardness. If I ever do improve in it, I think it must be from losing sight of it altogether : as it is, I find I succeed the best in pieces where the least of it is required. If we attend well to other things, would it not be well to let action take care of itself ; or be left entirely to the guidance of nature ?

C.—Yes, truly, and left free ! for all attempts to change our natural habits—all criticisms upon our accustomed attitudes and gestures, must tend to rob us of our self-possession and confidence—two supports indispensable to the successful accomplishment of any thing ; especially that of public speaking.

Master Emmet.—Ah, Sir, I can fully testify to the truth of what Master C. says. No one could well have greater self-possession and confidence than I, when I first presented myself here to speak. I came off with the first honors for speaking at my former school : of course I expected to produce a sensation. But think of the surprise and disappointment I felt, at the looks of my teacher and companions. At first I thought them void of all correct taste, and astonishingly dull not to be able to see and to appreciate the merit of my performance : but afterwards, Sir, when you very gently and delicately remarked upon some of my defects, no one could well judge of my mortification : for it was then clearly revealed to myself as well as the rest, what a ludicrous spectacle I had presented : all my full-blown confidence was dashed to the ground : and though I have somewhat recovered it since, I am very certain I shall never fully regain what I then lost.

T.—And yet I think you would be far from wishing to recover back what produced that full-blown confidence.

E.—Yes, Sir, indeed ! for that would be to wish to unlearn all I have gained since. I set little value upon that confidence which springs only from ignorance. We come here to get rid of it ; and the sooner the better : for the sooner shall we be upon a course to acquire that confidence which springs from knowledge : a confidence always safe, and likely to be associated with true modesty.

T. Yes, truly, that is the kind of confidence and self-possession, young gentlemen, I wish you all to have.

Master C., I presume, would have no objection to share them too, if they cost no labor, and were of a spontaneous growth. But Master E. has very pleasantly and quite facetiously exposed any such absurd notion. It has been remarked that "all improvement is the price of labor," except what springs from correct example. If we retained, as we grew up, all the simplicity and ease of early childhood, most of us would need but little training, to give to us ease of manners and elegance of gesture: they might be safely left to themselves; but, unfortunately, it so happens that nearly all depart from that graceful simplicity, and become awkward; and we must be brought back to our original condition, in these respects, by the force of instruction, or we can never hope to have the address of a gentleman, or that of a good speaker.

Master F.—As Master E. has amused us with some of his early experience here, I will give a page from mine. I would not say that I was just like him in my verdant confidence; but I think I had nearly the same foundation for it. My chagrin commenced in the recitation room, at the first line of the *Æneid*, which I read "Armā vīrumquē," for Armă vīrūmqē, &c. And I remember saying "cūī bōnō" for kī bōnō, and "sīne dīe" for sīnē dīē, on other occasions; but my being shown up in such mistakes of quantity produced slight twinges compared with my first trial in declamation. This scene must have been diverting, especially to those having a keen sense of the ludicrous. I was not sensible, at first, of the effects I produced; for my companions were restrained by politeness and kind feelings from

an open expression : and I had not sufficient penetration then to see what was passing in their minds. I remember, in making my bow, I stood up square, my feet apart, and toes pointing towards the front of the audience : I then threw my head forward, and spread out both hands. In the first school I went to, we were required to give a sweep with the right hand ; but in the last one, both hands were required ; and I thought it a very sensible improvement. By the time, however, I had got through the first line in my piece, " My name | is Norval on the Grampian hills" ; including all after name in a grouped division, and shooting forth my right hand in a straight line from the side : it became too much for flesh and blood to bear any longer : and even you, Sir, were driven from your propriety : your gravity, for a moment, gave place to a gentle smile : then a roar burst forth from all my diverted auditory ; and nature had the rein,—till your stern but parental look restored calm to the ruffled elements : *Vultu quo coelum ¹ tempestatésque sérénat* (By which look he calms heaven and tempests).

T.—Young gentlemen, I am gratified to witness the very respectful and affectionate consideration with which you always regard me, joined to a freedom of expression so happy ; and I may say, so indispensable to pleasant companionship and mutual advantage.

The exposure of our ignorance, especially, in what nourishes our pride and confidence, must be attended with some degree of mortification ; whether we make the exposure ourselves, or it is ever so delicately made to us by others : and yet, however painful it may be, it is a

necessary preliminary in every case of improvement. But you and Master E. exaggerated, and, I think, caricatured the scenes you have described so graphically, with a view no doubt to add some life to our conversation, as well as argument for industry and rigid criticism.

How much mortification, expense, and loss of time would be saved, if children were always properly instructed, and kept on a steady course ! but few enjoy that fortune : in general, very much of the business of succeeding years consists in getting rid of the bad habits, errors and prejudices contracted in previous ones.

It is my wish that our conversation while here should take a range wide enough to afford each an opportunity to ask questions, and to contribute from his own reflections, or from books, whatever he may think interesting on the subject of elocution.

G.—The author of *Telemachus*—I cannot now call his name—

A.—Fenelon, Bishop of Cambray.

G.—Thank you. In some of his writings, he says, a speaker's body must betray action, when there is movement in his words ; and his body must remain in repose when what he utters is of a level, simple, unimpassioned character. Nothing seems to me so shocking and absurd as the sight of a man lashing himself to a fury in the utterance of tame things. The more he sweats, the more he freezes my very blood.

T.—Yes, truly, nothing could be more just, nor more pertinent. It is what every body feels ; but what few could so well express.

A.—I have been trying to call up an anecdote, which

the same author, I think, tells of himself ; as a practical illustration of making too much of a character, and drawing too deeply upon the sympathies of an audience. It occurred while he was preaching the funeral sermon of the Duchess, who, I believe, was not known to be the most distinguished for the purity of her life. After, he says, I had given a long list of her virtues and graces, and swept the whole catalogue of ancient and modern heroines, and finding among them all, no parallel ; I exclaimed with increased warmth, Where shall we place thee ? the beautiful, the lovely, the sainted one ! where shall we place thee ? At that moment, a gentleman rising, looked up with provoking gravity ; and pointing to the place where he had been sitting, exclaimed, " Here, Sir, in my seat—I am leaving it."

T.—An excellent anecdote, and well told ! but in our places of worship at the present day, to show up such a piece of affectation in the same way, would be a great outrage : it would be far better to forego the wit, than to desecrate the place. I have seen the anecdote before ; I cannot say where : but you have dressed it up in your own style ; and, I think, with some embellishment.

H.—While reading a passage in the life of Sir Isaac Newton, the other day, I was forcibly reminded of the instruction which is so repeatedly urged here,—that all improvement in our manners, gestures and every thing else, depends on attention. Being asked how he had discovered the true system of the universe, he replied, " By continually thinking upon it. If I have done the world any service, it was due to nothing but industry

and patient thought : I kept the subject under consideration constantly before me, and waited till the first dawning opened gradually, by little and little, into a full and clear light."

J.—Since we are upon quotations, I will offer one from Austin's *Chironomia* on Articulation. In just articulation, the words are not hurried over, nor precipitated syllable over syllable. They are delivered out from the lips as beautiful coins, newly issued from the mint, deeply and accurately impressed, perfectly finished, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, sharp, in due succession, and of due weight.

T.—These are beautiful gems ; and it is beautiful to see youth treasuring them up for future ornament and use : to see them putting their fingers, as it were, upon the very mainsprings of knowledge : and going on under the strong conviction that upon themselves they depend mainly for all their future improvement !

J.—So we are to suppose that whatever means we employ to perfect ourselves in the art of reading and speaking, when the work is fully accomplished, we shall do just as if nature directed and controlled the whole.

T.—Yes : and if you ever become distinguished speakers—and I have no doubt many of you will—all will be ready to exclaim, that do not understand the true secret, What wonderful gifts nature has bestowed upon these young gentlemen !

LESSON XXVII.

CONVERSATION—BETWEEN MR. GORDON, HIS FAMILY, DR. BURKE, THEIR PASTOR, AND DR. ABBOTT.

Mr. Gordon.—My son William has been looking over Austin's *Chironomia*, and some other works on elocution, and has become quite interested in the plates.

Dr. Abbott.—And what opinion have you formed from studying them, Master Gordon?

Wm. G.—That the work we use is so far defective.

Dr. A.—And did not the thought occur to you that the author might have good reason for omitting such figures?

Wm. G.—If he had, I should like to know what they are; for I have been much gratified in looking at them, and, I think, profited.

Dr. Burke.—And I feel a curiosity to hear, too, what can be urged against a practice that has now become all the rage.

Dr. A.—As it regards illustrations in other works, I have nothing to say, only that it appears at the present time to be carried to a ridiculous extent: for poets and novelists need but to use the word *tree*, *cow*, *cat* or *cottage*, and there stands the picture; as if this would help us to a clearer notion of them than what has been imparted by seeing every day the objects themselves. I

think I can see very plainly why pictorial displays of passions and gestures should have no place in such a work.

Mrs. G.—How could our children ever gain so clear views of the strong passions that agitate the soul as from these pictures? And then, the outlines of gesture and attitudes—why, Sir, by means of these diagrams, they come to know an orator from all other figures, as readily as they know a pump from a common post.

Dr. A.—And these are among the strong reasons why I would reject them. Children are led away from the field of their own experience and observation, into that of imagination; and so, robbed of a most attractive charm—the simplicity of nature. She furnishes looks, attitudes and motions for every strong passion, better far than any art can supply: let the real passion be felt, and all these concomitants are sure to be associated: where it is not, all means to show its effect but the counterfeit—a mere picture display.

Dr. B.—But if all these pictures, that represent the passions, are true to nature, what special harm can there be in studying them? they cannot tend to what is unnatural; and may tend to a better imitation of nature.

Dr. A.—Yes, they may, I grant you, if those who use them have the requisite knowledge and experience; just as an artist may attain to the highest finish by studying the best specimens of his art. But admit they *are* true to nature—although in general they are not—they are false guides; for they show only the most prominent cases; and such are very rarely required. They go wholly beyond the experience of the class for whom

they are designed ; and the passion or sentiment is therefore very liable to be overacted. Pupils study these striking views of passions, positions, and all that ; while taking their first lessons in the art of speaking—an art to their imaginings wonderful ! a phase in the art of address entirely different from any type they have yet found ; and taking their notions from these representations, and not from living examples within their own limited experience, it is not surprising they should become, from such training, complete models of affectation.

Mr. G.—If such is the tendency—and I fear it is—we have been all wrong. But pray explain what you mean by children going beyond their experience : do not all go beyond their experience, in learning any thing new which they are required to learn ?

Dr. A.—I mean by the limited field of their experience, the *world*, as they know it.

“ Say first, of God above, or man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know ?
Of man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, and to which refer ? ”

If Pope lays down the true doctrine, and *ours* is to follow nature, when we go beyond what we know of nature, we enter the field of fancy. In the ordinary experience of life, few cases of high-wrought excitement ever occur. Hence writers on elocution invariably go to the drama, and select from it examples the most impassioned for models in declamation ; and usually illustrate them with whole pages of attitudes and faces, at which our youth may look, as into a mirror, to adjust themselves for the

expression of every sentiment and emotion. Still I have no objection to perfect representations of this sort ; only let nature come first ; and afterwards call them, and whatever you please, to aid you : they may then do no harm, and *may* do good.

Dr. B.—You are right, I have no doubt ; and it is strange I never saw the subject in the same light before.

Mr. G.—And I was a simpleton, when I supposed I was furnishing a remedy for the very evils you speak of, by recommending and insisting that the boys in the Ward schools should also have the benefit of these guides : and, yesterday, I saw they had got them hung upon the walls of the school I visited, representing speakers in all possible passions and postures. I will now say as Cromwell said, pointing to the ensigns of royalty, “Take away these baubles.” I go for plain common sense ; and if these figures have the least tendency to deprive our children of the “genuine article”—to rob them of the grace and truth of nature ; so we are not to know them as the same persons, when they come to speak in public ; I say, let them all go by the board : and the sooner, the better.

Wm. G.—I remember Cromwell in our illustrated history. There he sits, with his open palm towards the offered crown, as if pushing it off as a loathsome thing, and his face averted with an expression of disgust, such as never comes but from truth and honesty.

Dr. A.—And now try to show the same feeling, Master Gordon, without that same truth and honesty ; and how would you succeed ? Not at all. And why ? Because truth and honesty, in your case, would prevent it.

Mrs. G.—Upon my word, Dr. Abbot, you have a very delicate and winning way of telling my son he is an honest boy.

Dr. A.—But so are all these young hearts, till taught to be otherwise. It was only recognizing a great principle—that no one can be successful in deceit till he is practised in it : and even then, he must feel the conviction at length, that simple honesty would have answered his turn a great deal better. Simplicity is like the delicate flower, whose freshness, once lost, is lost for ever.

Dr. B.—Aye, and how careful should we be to guard against every thing in the training of youth that would, in the least, tend to destroy it ! “God made man upright ; but he has sought out many inventions.”

Wm. G.—A thought has struck me—

Miss Julia.—Well, William, don't hesitate : let it strike the rest of us : I am sure it will not hurt any body. [*This she said in a low voice.*]

Wm. G.—You remember, father, when we were at the South, about Pompey, Colonel Brown's waiter. He went by the name of Colonel Pomp ; because he represented the colonel so fully, in every look and action, in language and tone of voice. Now we know Col. Brown is a perfect model of a Southern gentleman : and when we saw him completely copied out in Pompey, do you remember what a laugh we all set up ? it was so perfectly ludicrous.

Mr. G.—Yes, my son, and I see the argument to be drawn from it : but go on.

Wm. G.—Well, Sir, Pompey was but a poor simple

negro : with him, it was all imitation : he was the shade of his master : and such, I am inclined to think, is the case ever, where there is not a soul within to give character to the signs without ; whether we imitate persons or pictures.

Dr. A.—Hence we trace the mock-oratory we so often meet with. Every distinguished speaker has his imitators. If he is the President of a college, attend a commencement : see how his copies are multiplied. If he has defects, see how they are magnified, as special beauties : and, as for his excellencies, you may look in vain to find them : still you may see the President in all who speak ; except a few distinguished ones, whose genius and self-respect never suffer them to yield up their personal identity for any thing. Conform, if you so mind, to strict etiquette in dress and address, in pronunciation and style of language ; but be natural : be yourself—yourself, the only safe model in the whole world. You look different ; you laugh, cry, speak, and move in a manner different from all others ; and so you should : still you may be sensible, easy and graceful, without any marked peculiarity, or close conformity to a known pattern. Nature abhors monotony no less than she does a vacuum : she delights in ever-changing variety : and so she spreads out to our admiring gaze a world of beauty.

Dr. B.—I would not say, Dr. Abbot, “ Much learning hath made thee mad ” ; but, on the contrary, much study of nature hath made thee truly eloquent in her cause.

Dr. A.—And what is that but the cause of truth ?

yours is the text-book to make men wise : and though we all draw from it as the fountain of light, to you is assigned the special office to expound and to enforce it, as God's ambassador. With one hand on the volume of inspiration, and with the other pointing to the volume of nature, what can hinder from becoming eloquent and wise, even "unto salvation" ?

Mrs. G.—Yes, truly ; and you, in the school-room, draw from both the sources of which you now speak : and this is the mighty secret of your power as a successful educator.

Dr. A.—Such, no doubt, is the fact, so far as I may flatter myself that I *am* one.—I would ask Master Gordon something more about the Chironomia.

Wm. G.—Indeed, Sir, you have settled for me that, and every thing else about diagrams. I go for nature, as my father says of common sense ; and I begin to suspect it is not the very best way to study her through means furnished by the scale and dividers, or the pencil and brush, when her broad field lies outspread before us.

Dr. A.—Just the result I anticipated : but that work is full of important matter.

Wm. G.—Yes, Sir, but the principles had become familiar from your easier and more practical mode of imparting them. I was struck with the similarity of the directions you had repeatedly given us : he says the gracefulness of motion consists in the facility and security with which it is executed ; and the grace of any position consists in the facility with which it can be varied. In the standing figure, the position is graceful when the weight of the body is principally supported on

one leg, while the other is so placed as to be ready to relieve it promptly, and without effort. The foot which sustains the principal weight must be so placed, that a perpendicular line let fall from the pit of the neck, shall pass through the heel of that foot. Of course, the centre of gravity of the body is, for the time, in that line ; whilst the other foot assists merely for the purpose of keeping the body balanced in the position, and of preventing it from tottering. In every position of the feet, we must take care that the grace at which we aim, shall be attended with simplicity. But I am becoming prolix.

Dr. B.—No, no ; Master William, go on, if you please, we are much interested.

Wm. G.—The position of the orator is equally removed from the awkwardness of the rustic, with toes turned in, and knees bent, and the affectation of the dancing-master, whose position runs to the opposite extreme. The toes are to be moderately turned outward, but not constrained ; the limbs so disposed as to support the body with ease, and admit of flowing and graceful movement. The sustaining foot is to be planted firmly ; the leg braced, but not contracted ; the other foot and limb pressed lightly, and held relaxed, so as to be ready for immediate change and action. In changing the positions of the feet, the motions are to be made with the utmost simplicity, and free from the parade and sweep of dancing. The speaker must advance, retire or change almost imperceptibly ; and it is particularly remarked that changes should not be too frequent. Frequent changes show anxiety or instability, and always produce unfavorable impressions.

Dr. A.—All this is very good ; and you have read it to good purpose : but what would you think of descriptions like these from the “Art of Speaking,” which I treasured up as real oracles ? “Mirth or laughter opens the mouth, crisps the nose, lessens the aperture of the eyes, and shakes the whole frame.”—“Love lights up a smile upon the countenance ; the forehead is smoothed, the eyebrows arched, the mouth a little open and smiling, the eyes languishing, the countenance assumes an eager, wishful look, mixed with an air of satisfaction.”

Now how much more easily and naturally, do you think, one could laugh or express love, after than before such instructions ? When either emotion is felt, nature is always faithful to give it expression ; when it is not, who wants to be taught to practise the disguise, any more than to tell an untruth, or to practise with success any other deception ?

Mrs. G.—I have often wished to get your opinion upon the education of our daughters ; what course in elocution would you recommend to them ?

Dr. A.—Excuse me there, if you please ; I lack the experience to give a sound opinion. My little kingdom, you know, embraces only male subjects. What course does Miss Julia pursue ?

Mrs. G.—Julia, tell the Doctor.

Julia.—I think ours is very similar to the course William is upon. We use the same book. We used to have the “Female Reader” and “Young Ladies’ Companion” ; but Mrs. Smith says there is no gender to intellect. We go through with one reading lesson

every day, and a short exercise upon the principles : and as we reach the lessons which include pieces adapted to recitation, we commit and recite them.

Dr. A.—That must be a very severe task !

Julia.—No, Sir, it is usually a very light task : for we are always careful, the day before, to divide the lesson among the whole class ; each marking off her own proper share : but, before we get through with the reading and the recitations, a pretty good number of us can say the whole, nearly as well as our own part.

Dr. A.—And do you do all this every day ?

Julia.—Not daily : we read the same lesson two or three times, with a new portion to each of us, every time ; and on Friday we omit the reading, and attend only to reciting, and the principles.

Dr. A.—And when you recite, do you come out on the stage, and express every thing with appropriate gestures, as our young gentlemen do ?

Julia.—O no, Sir ! far from it. We have no stage. We keep our seats ; and all that is required of us is, to preserve a natural, easy and graceful posture, with an occasional, but gentle movement of the head and hands ; but little attention, however, is paid to this, or the expression of the countenance, unless to correct a bad habit, any farther than feeling naturally prompts : sometimes we stand up to recite, and then we are taught to shift our position with ease and grace, and to use our hands with some degree of confidence, in cases where it would seem to be a real constraint not to do it.—I think they have aimed to follow out Dr. Abbot's method in all but oratorical attitudes and gestures, such as are practised by gentlemen.

Dr. A.—And very complimentary truly to Dr. Abbot. Miss Julia, I thank you for your prompt, polite and very intelligent answers. Mrs. Gordon, I am happy to say, all which your daughter has stated I heartily approve ; and I feel gratified to learn there is such growing attention to this hitherto much neglected accomplishment. Let it have a tithe of the time and care bestowed upon music—an acquisition I would be the last to discourage—and every one endowed with the requisite faculties, may possess it : and where means are wanting to acquire both, give me rather the one which enables me to talk, to read, and to speak, in an easy and becoming style ; and supplies a constant source of enjoyment to myself and my friends.

Perhaps you might be interested with a short sketch of my early experience. More than twenty years ago, before I came to New York, I taught the academy in a beautiful country village. It was customary then, as I believe it is still, to have a large proportion of misses ; often occupying a separate part of the same room, and sitting in the same classes at recitations, and taking rank among the young gentlemen according to merit. Many instances of this kind occurred in my classes in English, and in Latin and Greek : French, we did not study so much then. I took great pains to teach all to read and speak well ; and I ever succeeded the best with the young ladies ; and I had the most pleasure and satisfaction in teaching them. I was as particular to direct them in their manners, and how to make a graceful courtesy, as I was to direct the young gentlemen in theirs, and how to make a good bow : and at our public

examinations, those were prepared to step forward, and speak their pieces of poetry, as these were their orations : and to do it, too, with all the accompaniments of appropriate gesture ; and it was beautiful. At the close of the year, before I left, we had a grand exhibition in the public hall ; and it concluded with the enactment of an entire play, in which the young ladies took a part, and acquitted themselves to admiration. And that was the last play I ever had any agency in getting up.

Mrs. G.—And do you approve of bringing young ladies upon the stage to speak, the same as young gentlemen ?

Dr. A.—No, certainly not : I have no pleasure in seeing them upon the stage, either as speakers or actresses. Such displays seem rather to detract from that delicacy and refinement, which, to my mind, give to the sex their crowning charm. The wise saying of Agesilaus often comes to mind : when asked what things he thought most proper for boys to learn, he answered, “Those which they ought to practise when they come to be men.” And so I would say of young ladies ; let them be carefully instructed in whatever, it is certain, they will be required to practise ; especially, in all that will most contribute to render them agreeable, useful and happy. And what can contribute more than a well cultivated, colloquial utterance ; so that it may be said of her voice, she “discourseth sweet music,” as well as, “She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.” Of course, her education, to make her agreeable, useful and happy, must be adapted to private, not to public life.

LESSON XXVII.*

BEHAVIOR IN COMPANY—CONVERSATION—MANNERS.

1. CONVERSATION does not consist in merely talking, though ever so well ; but in so talking as to admit a regular interchange of thoughts and feelings. All can talk : few know how to converse. A person may have the faculty to talk learnedly, elegantly and even eloquently ; and yet be a complete bore in a social circle. Wherever he comes, the life-spring of conversation is broken up : it is no longer dialogue, but monologue : he takes it all to himself : of course it ceases to be conversation. If any one starts an idea, he instantly gives chase, and pursues it through all its windings to the very death.

2. Many years since, I heard a lady facetiously remark of the truly great and learned head of a literary institution, who was widely distinguished for his eloquence, that one could not even mention *milk* in his presence, but out would come a learned dissertation on the different properties of milk—goat's milk, cow's milk, mare's and ass's—and would never end till he had described all the different breeds of cattle—the short horn, broad horn, no horn ; the Devonshire and the Durham—and traced the history of each all the way back to the great bull of Bashan.

3. There are some who disturb the pleasant flow of conversation by a disagreeable habit of opposing every thing that another happens to say : not by a flat contradiction—for that would be a rudeness to be found only among the lowest vulgar—but by undertaking to prove it could not be ; that it was so, or so : this they often do, not so much to correct an error, and to show their love of truth and right, as to show off their knowledge and importance ; or to indulge a naturally unamiable disposition. But if, in any instance, one should have just occasion to oppose another's statement or opinion, he should do it in the most gentle and courteous manner, and with great modesty.

4. No one may obtrude upon a social party his peculiar notions and sentiments, and indeed any thing likely to provoke discussion : his chief aim should be to please ; not himself, but others : and, in the clash of argument, little pleasure is ever felt, except by those immediately engaged in it. All narratives—what sailors call long yarns—and even anecdotes, unless very short, and used for illustration, should be carefully avoided. When persons come into mixed assemblies, every thing, if possible, pertaining to their professions and occupations, should be left at home : even the clergy may not be ranked as entire exceptions.

5. It was said in the first lesson of the present work, that “children, and all persons while engaged in earnest conversation, or telling an interesting story, generally speak in such tones, and with such a degree of animation and force, as are best suited to give a clear expression of their thoughts and feelings.” Still a person is

rarely listened to with pleasure who has a rough, harsh voice, a squeaking one, or a nasal twang ; or who speaks upon a key raised to vociferation, or sunk to feeble indistinctness. Whoever, in his utterance, has any one of these defects, should make unceasing efforts to cure himself of it : for this he can do, in almost every instance, by care and proper culture. Some, it is true, have the power to awaken, and to chain attention, in spite of such defects : but that is no reason why youth should carry them into mature years. One thing is very certain : however much the head may be affected, the heart is seldom reached but through a different medium.

6. How often it happens that a young lady by her beauty wins the admiration of all beholders, but to lose it, the instant she opens her mouth ! And how often it is, that a lady whose face and figure are any thing but attractive, almost imperceptibly takes the heart captive by the clear sweet tones of her voice, and the charms of her conversation !

7. IMPORTANT HINTS.—Never venture to relate an incident, or tell a story with which you are not well acquainted ; nor tire the patience of your auditors with little trifling details ; nor keep them upon the torture, after raising expectation of something thrilling, by withholding it to the very last words. Go straight forward with whatever you have to communicate without repetition : state the principal points with clearness and precision ; and, unless the matter itself is void of interest, you will be heard with pleasure. And, if there should happen to be any thing diverting, or witty in what you say, let the laughing be for others : for, in

general, the less of it you do yourself, the better you will appear.

8. Some dash off rapidly upon a thought ; and if a new one happen to strike them, away they go in a parenthesis—resume—go on—and when all is told, repeat once or twice, to make all clear. Such heedlessness and waste of words may be cured by the practice of a little deliberation and reflection.

9. Avoid all hackneyed expressions, and frequent repetitions of “says he” and “says she”; and, what is far worse, “I said, said I,” “he said, said he”; or beginning a phrase with “well”; as, “well, I think so,” or, “well, I must go”; or, “well, to make a long story short”; or repeatedly following a phrase with, “you know”; as, “I love children, you know,” “I was very tired, you know”: to which it might be replied, “no, Sir, I knew neither till you told me”; and “you see” is often used very nearly in the same way. Avoid also the use of “as” for “that,” particularly after, “I do not know”; as, “I do not know as I shall go” for “that I shall”; “I guess” for “I think, I suppose, I presume”; “ugly” for “rude,” and for “vicious”; “right away” for “directly,” “aways” for “a distance”; “I can’t” for “I cannot,” “I wasn’t” for “I was not,” “I don’t know” for “I do not know,” “I hain’t” for “I have not,” “it aint” and “taint” for “it is not,” “we ar’n’t” and “aint” for “are not.” Some say, “Do tell!”—“I want to know!” as a wonderment in reply to what has just been related: “I didn’t hear nothing about it”—“I expect he arrived yesterday”—“a great big house”—“a monstrous little house”—“a

dreadful sight of peaches." Some, from the force of early habit, say "them boys, them girls," "this here, that there," or rather "this ere, that air." All such improprieties in language, if early attention is called to them, can be corrected by a little care: but, if suffered to go into maturity, are generally fixed for life.

10. Timothy Craft of London, from the lowest condition of life, rose, by his industry, prudence and skill in business, to great wealth, and finally to be Lord Mayor of the city: but with all his riches and honors, there still clung to him his early vernacular: and among other vulgarities, the habit of saying "this here" and "that are." After his death a proud monument, with a beautiful inscription, was erected to his memory. A wag, having read the epitaph, wrote under it,

"Here lies Tim Craft, our late Lord Mayor:

He's left this here world here, and gone to that are world there."

11. Some are never listened to with pleasure from a habit they have of affixing, to many words, a sort of inarticulate echo; as, "and-ah" for "and," "but-ah" for "but," "he-ah" for "he," "the-ah" for "the," "of-ah" for "of," "a-ah" for "a." They hang upon these echoes till they think of the word which they want. Nobody is ever conscious that he makes them, and few, I presume, notice them in others; though they are common in conversation, and even in public addresses.

12. Never suffer your mind to be absent in company. Command and direct your attention to present objects; see and hear all that is going on, without appearing to scrutinize particularly any thing.

13. Never whisper in company, nor talk while another is talking : conversation is common stock, and all present have a right to claim their share : however, in a large company, many separate groups may have this interchange going on at the same time.

14. Always listen when you are spoken to ; and never interrupt a speaker, nor supply him with words, if he happen to hesitate : give a direct answer to a direct question, and avoid all circumlocution and indirectness as artful and rude. Be frank and ingenuous, and always look a person modestly in the face, when you speak to him.

15. Be not forward in leading the conversation : this generally belongs to the oldest persons in company. If you have learning, display it only on occasions when you can do it without ostentation : and on all occasions avoid speaking of yourself, if possible. Nothing which we can say ourselves will varnish our defects, or add lustre to our virtues ; but will often, on the contrary, make the former more glaring, and the latter obscure. However, among very intimate friends, a strict observance of this rule would sometimes make us appear fastidious.

16. Good breeding does not consist in formal ceremony ; but in an easy, civil and respectful behavior. A well-bred man is polite to every person, but particularly to strangers. In mixed companies, every person who is admitted, is supposed to be on a footing of equality with the rest, and consequently claims very justly every mark of civility. It is wise to avoid remarks condemnatory of classes and professions, doctors, lawyers, or clergymen : and it is prudent to learn enough of the immediate connections of those present to avoid giving pain.

17. Frequent and loud laughter is the characteristic of folly and bad manners : it is the way in which silly people express their joy at silly things. A wise man may be often seen to smile ; but he is not so often heard to laugh.

18. Humming a tune to yourself, whistling, drumming with your fingers, making a noise with your feet, and all such habits are breaches of good manners : and, from those who know better, indicate indifference, or contempt for the persons present.

19. Mimicry is a common and favorite amusement of low minds, but is carefully avoided by all great ones. We should neither practise it ourselves, nor encourage it in others. It is always an insult to the individual so imitated.

20. Avoid the habit of punning. Though it may often serve to amuse, and may show some wit ; yet it is of a low order, and should rarely be resorted to by one who has the talent for something higher : be cautious also in playful jesting : it is pleasing, but is liable to be misapprehended by stupid people, and so may get you into difficulty.

21. Modesty is often confounded with bashfulness ; but there is a marked difference between them. Modesty is the characteristic of an amiable mind ; bashfulness is rather the want of a becoming self-respect. Nothing tends to sink, or to drive a young man into low company more than bashfulness : to get rid of this painful weakness, he will find nothing more effectual than a persevering determination to improve all occasions to visit that which is good—the company he most dreads to

enter. Vice and ignorance are the only things of which we ought to be ashamed : while we keep clear of them, we may venture any where without fear or concern.*

22. Personal introductions, to be made with an easy address, and according to established etiquette, require much attention. The custom is to introduce the inferior to the superior : the gentleman to the lady : and, unless it may be presumed that one of the parties is already known to the other, the name of each should be distinctly pronounced. There is apt to be much carelessness in this, and also in remembering the name. Some speak it so low, so hurriedly, or inarticulately, that it is impossible for the ear to catch it. Some accompany the name with, "Allow me to introduce"—or, "Let me make you acquainted with Mr. Brown": but this, except where great ceremony is required, is considered rather formal. The simple name is all that is needed. Still, if the person be a foreigner, or just from his travels, or bear any other distinction desirable to be known, it should be added : as, "Mr. Field, of London"—"Mr. Bryant, late from Palestine"—"Rev. Dr. Spring"—"Professor Anthon, of Columbia College"—"My father, Mr. Jones"—"My sister, Miss Jones"—or, more familiarly, "My sister, Mary."

23. Shaking hands is another ceremony that requires attention : to do it properly, one should approach near, extend his right hand in a waving motion, and make at the same time a slight bow, giving the hand presented to him a soft pressure, and a gentle shake.

* The author, it will be perceived, has taken many of his thoughts and some of his language from the well-known letters on this subject.

24. **SITTING.**—Many persons offend against elegance and good manners by the positions they often allow themselves in sitting. The best place for the feet is upon the floor—not close together, nor much apart—with the toes turned a little out. The knees should also be kept slightly apart : to cross them one over the other, though much practised, is not becoming ; and to embrace them with the hands joined is considered vulgar. To stretch out the limbs while sitting shows conceit and pride ; and to bend them up gives an air of timidity. To spread the hands apart upon the knees ; to lean forward and place the arms upon the thighs, or to cross them so as to place the elbows in opposite hands ; to sit bolt upright and stiff, with one arm perhaps thrown over the back of the chair ; to lean so as to tip the chair back, or to sit just upon the edge of it, or to lean the head against the wall, or to loll back upon a sofa with the limbs stretched out—these are all considered breaches of good manners.

25. It is not uncommon in this country for persons to rise from a low condition to eminence, “and bear their blushing honors thick upon them,” and still retain the early marks of their origin. Hence the necessity of having the elements of good manners enter largely into a course of education. If the children and youth that crowd our schools and colleges were all from families in polished life, the case would be different ; for home influences might well supply the defect : but they are not : many of them bring habits that need to be corrected ; and unless they are, and others are implanted, and rendered easy and natural by careful training, they never

can attain the pleasing manner and address of accomplished gentlemen.

26. If you desire good conversational powers, improve your mind by reading, by thinking, by observation ; and account no acquisition unworthy of your attention, which may qualify you better for social life.

27. Aim to be faultless in your language, expression, and general appearance ; and for this end, avail yourself of the eyes, ears, and good taste of experienced friends : for, without such aid, no one can clearly see his own faults, any more than he can see his own face without a mirror.

28. You desire, of course, to be self-possessed, and at ease : then whatever amiable qualities you would have adorn you in society, be careful to practise at home, and render familiar in your daily intercourse : they will thus acquire the strength and force of a habit ; else, depend upon it, the attempt to exhibit them will always be attended with effort, and will never rise higher than mere affectation.

29. What gives to politeness its highest grace—its sweetest charm, is the entire forgetfulness of self, in the desire to please and to benefit others. Having its seat in the heart, and leading ever to do to others what we would that they should do to us, it reflects the courtesy, the kindness, simplicity and purity of Christian principle.

READING AND SPEAKING.

LESSON XXVIII.

1. PROVERBS OF DIFFERENT NATIONS.

Latin.—What is not néedful ' is dear ' at a farthing.

Italian.—There is no worse róbber | than a bad book.

Spanish.—The robes of lawyers | are lined with the obstinacy of suitors.

One fáther | can support ten children : ten chıldren | cannot support one father.

Turkish.—It is easy to go afóot, when one leads one's horse by the bridle.

Curses, like chickens, always come home to roóst.

German.—Charity ' gives itself rich ; cóvetousness | hoards itself pòdr.

English.—He ' who says what he likes, shall héar | what he does nó't like.

No páins, no gáins—no swéat, no sweet.

2. BREVITY AND CLEARNESS.

An old woman, that showed a house and pictures at Towester, expressed herself in these words : " This ' is

Sir Richard Farmer ; he lived in the country, took care of his estate, built this house and paid for it, managed it well, saved money, and died rich. That | is his son ; he was made a lord, took a place at court, spent his estate, and died a beggar." Here clearness and brevity are both united—qualities in language the most important, and the most difficult.

3. POLITENESS.

He that is truly | polite, knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation ; and is equally remote from an insipid complaisance, and a low familiarity.

4. EASIER TO KNOW THAN TO DO.

If to dó, were as easy as to know what were good | to dó ; chapels | had been churches, and poor men's cottages | princes' palaces. He is a good | divine | who follows his own instructions : I can more easily teach twenty | what were good | to be done, than be one | of the twenty | to follow my own teaching.

5. PLEASING DESCRIPTION.

The poet's eye | in a fine phrensy rolling,
Doth glance | from heaven to earth, from earth to
heaven,
And | as imagination bodies forth |
The form | of things unknown, the poet's pen |
Turns them to shàpe, and gives to airy nóthing |
A local habitation | and a name.

6. SUBLIME DESCRIPTION.

The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself, ¹
 Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,
 And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
 Leave not a wreck ¹ behind ! we are such stuff ¹
 As dreams | are made of, and our little life ¹
 Is rounded ¹ with a sleep.

7. VALUE OF COMMON SENSE.

Fine sense ¹ and exalted sense ¹ are not half so valuable as common sense. There are forty men of sense ¹ for one man of wit : and he that will carry nothing about with him but gold, will be every day at a loss for ready change.

8. THE WOLF AND CRANE.

A wolf ¹ with too much eagerness, swallowed a bone ; which, unfortunately, stuck in his throat. In the violence of his pain, he applied to several animals, earnestly entreating them to extract it. None of them dared hazard the dangerous experiment, but the crane ; who, persuaded by his solemn promises of a compensation, ventured to thrust her enormous length of neck down his throat ; and, having successfully performed the operation, claimed the recompense.

“Sée ¹ how unreasonable ¹ some creatures ¹ are,” said the wolf ; “have I not suffered thee ¹ safely ¹ to draw thy neck out of my jaws, and hast thou the conscience | to demand a further ¹ reward ? ”

By this fable, it is shown, that the utmost extent of some men's gratitude, is barely to refrain from oppressing¹ and injuring¹ their benefactors.

9. THE FOX AND RAVEN.

A fox | observing a raven perched on the branch of a tree, with a fine piece of cheese in his mouth, immediately began to consider¹ how he might possess | so delicate a morsel.

"Dear¹ madam," said he, "I am extremely glad¹ to have the pleasure of seeing¹ you this morning; your beautiful shape | and shining feathers | are the delight of my eyes." "Would you condescend to favor me with a song? I doubt not but your voice | is equal to the rest¹ of your accomplishments."

Deluded by this flattering speech, the transported raven opened her mouth¹ to give him a specimen of her pipe, when down dropped the cheese, which the fox instantly snatched up, and bore away in triumph; leaving the raven to lament her credulous vanity¹ at her leisure.

The moral of the fable appears to be this: wherever flattery¹ gains admission, it seems to banish common sense.

10. DOMESTIC ENJOYMENT.

What¹ a smiling aspect | does the love of parents and children, of brothers and sisters, of friends and relations, give¹ to every surrounding object, and every returning day! With what a lustre | does it gild even the small¹ habitation, where this placid intercourse¹

dwells ! where such scenes of heartfelt satisfaction !
succeed uninterruptedly ! to one another.

11. GOD'S BENEVOLENT DESIGNS.

How many clear ! marks of benevolent intention !
appear every where around us ! What a profusion of
beauty and ornament ! is poured forth ! on the face of
nature ! What a magnificent spectacle ! presented to
the view of man ! What a supply ! contrived for his
wants ! What a variety of objects set before him, to
gratify his senses, to employ his understanding, to enter-
tain his imagination, to cheer and gladden ! his heart !

12. TIME, AN ESTATE.

An Italian philosopher ! expressed in his motto, that
"time ! was his estate." An estate, indeed, which will
produce nothing ! without cultivation ; but which will
always abundantly repay the labors of industry, and
satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be
suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be overrun with
noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than use.

13. HOPE OF FUTURE HAPPINESS.

The hope of future happiness ! is a perpetual source
of consolation ! to good men. Under trouble, it soothes
their minds ; amidst temptation, it supports their
virtue ; and, in their dying moments, enables them to
say, "O ! death ! where ! is thy sting ? O ! grave !
where ! is thy victory ?

14. MODESTY.

It is a sure indication of good sense to be diffident of it. We then, and not till then, are growing wise, when we begin to discern how weak and unwise we are. An absolute perfection of understanding is impossible; he makes the nearest approaches to it, who has the sense to discern and the humility to acknowledge, its imperfections. Modesty always sits gracefully upon youth; it covers a multitude of faults, and doubles the lustre of every virtue which it seems to hide: the perfections of men being like those flowers which appear more beautiful, when their leaves are a little contracted and folded up, than when they are full blown, and display themselves, without any reserve, to the view.

15. OPPOSITION.

A certain amount of opposition, says John Neal, is a great help to a man. Kites rise against and not with the wind. Even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage any where in a dead calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition. Opposition is what he wants, and must have to be good for any thing. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance. He that cannot abide the storm without flinching or quailing, strips himself in the sunshine, and lays down by the wayside, to be overlooked and forgotten. He who but braces himself to the struggle, when the winds blow, gives up when they have done, and falls asleep in the stillness that follows.

LESSON XXIX.

1. VIRTUE ITS OWN REWARD.—*Home Journal.*

Every man, under God, has his destiny in his own hands. If he will be virtuous, he may be. If he is ¹. virtuous, he cannot but be happy. Like the suffering Redeemer, he may and will ¹ be “a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief:” but his consolation shall flow like a river, and his righteousness and happiness ¹ shall roll like the waves of a peaceful sea; following one after another, until they bear him to the bright and beautiful land beyond the tomb. Art thou poor? art thou tried by thine infirmities? art thou persecuted by enemies? Still “hope on, hope ever,” be the motto of thy life. Still be virtuous ¹ and thy triumph shall be certain. “I do not know a single young man,” says Harry Woodland, “who started with me in life, guided by a virtuous intent, who has failed of success. Many of that class are scattered to and fro ¹ in the earth. Fierce blasts and pelting storms beat upon many of them to this day, but every one of them now living | who has been virtuous, has won for himself a good degree in his sphere; and many shall rise up and bless the hour ¹ when these young men were born.

2. GRATITUDE.—*Joseph Addison. B. 1672, d. 1719.*

There is not a more pleasing ¹ exercise of the mind, than gratitude. It is accompanied with so great inward satisfaction that the duty is sufficiently rewarded ¹ by

the performance. It is not, like the practice ¹ of many other virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with so much pleasure ¹ that were there no positive command ¹ which enjoined it, nor any recompense laid up for it hereafter, a generous mind would indulge in it, for the natural gratification it affords.

• If gratitude is due from man to man, how much more ¹ from man to his Maker ! The Supreme Being ¹ does not only confer upon us those bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, by what means soever it may be derived upon us, is the gift of him ¹ who is the great Author of good, and the Father of mercies.

If gratitude, when exerted towards one another, naturally produces a very pleasing sensation ¹ in the mind of a grateful man, it exalts the soul into rapture, when it is employed on this great object of gratitude : on this beneficent Being, who has given us every thing we already possess, and from whom we expect every thing we yet hope for.

3. CHARITY.—*Hugh Blair. B. 1718, d. 1800.*

True ¹ charity ¹ attempts not to shut our eyes to the distinction between good ¹ and bad men ; nor to warm our hearts equally ¹ to those who befriend, and to those who injure us. It reserves our esteem for good men, and our complacency ¹ for our friends. Towards our enemies ¹ it inspires forgiveness, humanity, and a solicitude ¹ for their welfare. It breathes ¹ universal candor, and liberality ¹ of sentiment. It forms gen-

tleness of t  mper, and dictates affability of manners. It prompts corresponding sympathies   with them who rejoice, and them who weep. It teaches us to slight and despise   n   man. Charity   is the comforter of the afflicted, the protector of the oppressed, the reconciler of differences, the interc  ssor for offenders. It is faithfulness   in the friend, public spirit   in the magistrate, equity and p  tience in the judge, moderation in the sovereign, and l  yalty in the subject. In parents, it is care   and attention ; in children, it is r  verence   and submission. In a word, it is the s  ul of social life. It is the sun   that enlivens and ch  ers   the abodes of men. It is "like the dew of Hermon," says the Psalmist, "and the dew that descended   on the mountains of Zi  n, where the Lord commanded the blessing, even life   for evermore."

4. THE GOOD GREAT MAN.—*Coleridge. B. 1770, d. 1834.*

"How seldom, friend, a good gr  at man   inherits |
Honor and wealth, with all his worth   and pains !
It seems a story   from the world of spirits |
When any man obtains | that which he merits,
Or any   m  rits   that   which he obtains."
For shame, my friend !—renounce   this idle str  in !
What   would'st thou have a good gr  at man   obtain ?
Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain,
Or heap of c  rse   which his sword hath sl  in ?
Goodness   and greatness   are not me  ns, but  nds.
Hath he not always   tre  sures, always   friends,
The good   gr  at   man ? Three   tre  sures,—love, and
light,

And calm thoughts, èquable ¹ as infant's breath ;
And three ¹ fast friènds, mòre sure ¹ than day ¹ or
nìght,—
Himself, his Maker, and the Angel ¹ Death.

5. LAD AND HIS NEIGHBOR.

"I had," said William Lad, the apostle of peace, "a fine field of grain, growing upon an out-farm, at some distance from the homestead. Whenever I rode by ¹ I saw my neighbor Pulcifer's sheep ¹ in the lot, destroying my hopes of a harvest. These sheep were of the gaunt, long-legged kind, active as spaniels ; they would spring over the highest fence, and no partition wall ¹ could keep them out. I complained to neighbor Pulcifer ¹ about thém, sent him frequent méssages, but all without avail. Perhaps they would be kept out for a day ¹ or twó ; but the legs of his sheep were long, and my grain ¹ more tempting than the adjoining pasture. I rode by again—the sheep were still there ; I became àngry, and told my men to set the dogs ¹ on them ; and, if thát would not do, I would pay them ¹ if they would shoot ¹ the sheep.

I rode away much agitated ; for I was not so much of a peace man then ¹ as I am nów, and I felt literally full of fight. All at once ¹ a light ¹ flashed in ¹ upon me. I asked myself, 'Would it not be well ¹ for you to try ¹ in your òwn conduct ¹ the peace principle you are teaching to òthers ?' I thought it all ¹ óver, and settled down in my mind ¹ as to the best course to be pursued. The next day ¹ I rode over to see neighbor Pulcifer. I found him chopping wood ¹ at his door.

'Good morning, neighbor !' No answer. 'Good morn-
ing !' I repeated. He gave a kind of grunt ¹ without
looking up. 'I came,' continued I, 'to see about the
sheep.' At this, he threw down his axe ¹ and exclaimed,
in an angry manner : 'Now ären't you ¹ a prëtty ¹
neighbor, to tell your men ¹ to kill my shèep ? I heard
¹ of it ; a rích ¹ mán, like yòu, to shóot ¹ a poor ¹
mán's shèep !'

" 'I was wròng, neìghbor,' said I ; but it won't do
¹ to let your sheep eat up all ¹ that gràin ; so I came
over to say ¹ that I would take your sheep ¹ to my
homestead pasture ¹ and put them in with mìnè ; and
in the fall ¹ you shall take them bàck, | and if any one
is missing ¹ you may take your pick ¹ out of my whòle
flock.'

" Pulcifer looked confounded ; he did not know how
to take me. At last ¹ he stammered out : 'Now, 'Squire,
are you in éárnest ?' 'Certainly I am,' I answered ;
'it is better for me to feed your sheep ¹ in my pasture
¹ on gráss, than to feed them here on gràin ; and I see
the fénce ¹ can't keep them out.'

" After a moment's silence, 'The sheep shan't
tròuble you ¹ any more,' exclaimed Pulcifer. 'I will
fètter them àll. But ¹ I'll let you know ¹ that, when
any man talks of shóoting, I can shoot, tòò ; and when
they are kind ¹ and neìghborly | I ¹ can be kind too.'

" The sheep never again trespassed on my lot. And,
my friends, he would continue, addressing the audience,
remember that when yòu ¹ talk of injuring your neigh-
bors, thèy ¹ will talk of injuring yòu. When nations
threaten to fight, òther nations ¹ will be ready, tòò.

Love ' will bēget ' love ; a wish ' to be at peace ' will
 kēep you in peace. You can overcome evil ' with good.
 There is no ōther way."

6. MERCY.—*Shakspeare. B. 1564, d. 1616.*

The quality of mercy is not strained ;
 It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven |
 Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed ;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
 'Tis mightiest ' in the mightiest ; it becomes |
 The throned monarch ' better than his crōwn :
 His sceptre ' shows the force of tēporal power,
 The attribute to awe and mājesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread ' and fear ' of kings ;
 But mércy ' is above this sceptred sway,
 It is enthroned ' in the hearts of kings, '
 And eārthy power ' doth then show likest Gód's,
 When mércy ' seasons justice.

LESSON XXX.

1. CLEARNESS.

Mr. Jones says of Henchcliffe, bishop of Peterborough, that in the pulpit he spoke with the accent of a man of sense, such as he really was, in a superior degree ; but it was remarkable, and, to those who did not know the cause, mysterious, that there was not a corner of the church in which he could not be heard distinctly. The reason which Mr. Jones assigned was, that he made it an invariable rule to do justice to every

consonant, knowing that the vowels would speak for themselves. And thus he became the surest and clearest of speakers: his elocution was perfect, and never disappointed his audience.

2. POWER OF CALM DELIVERY.

A celebrated divine, who was remarkable in the first period of his ministry for a boisterous mode of preaching, suddenly changed his whole manner in the pulpit, and adopted a mild and dispassionate mode of delivery. One of his brethren, observing it, inquired of him what had induced him to make the change. He answered: "When I was young, I thought it was the thunder that killed the people; but when I grew wiser, I discovered that it was the lightning; so I determined, in future, to thunder less, and lighten more."

3. SERMON TWICE PREACHED.

A young man in New England had pursued a regular course of preparation for the ministry. But he had passed through the college and theological seminary, deeply absorbed in the pursuit of the regular routine of studies; and, though destined for a public speaker, he paid little attention to elocution. And thus, at the close of his studies, though possessed of a mind copiously furnished, well disciplined, and wielding an able pen, yet he labored under the great deficiency of an awkward and uninteresting delivery.

Some time after leaving the seminary, he married the daughter of an able and eloquent clergyman in one of the eastern cities.

On a certain occasion, his father-in-law invited him to occupy his pulpit a part of the Sabbath. He accepted the invitation ; but though his father-in-law was delighted with the great excellences of the discourse, the congregation soon grew dull and listless, and seemed glad when the preacher had done. This the senior clergyman saw ; and sundry hints from the hearers convinced him that his son-in-law had made a perfect failure. He solicited of the young man the loan of his sermon, and, several weeks afterwards, delivered it, with all his elocutionary excellences, to the same congregation. They did not recognize it ; and they listened with the highest interest and gratification. They pronounced it one of the best sermons their pastor had ever preached.

4. WHAT LETTERS SHOULD BE.

Many people, and well-informed people too, sit down to write a letter as if they were about to construct a legal document or government dispatch. Precision, formality, and carefully worded and rounded periods are considered all essential, even though the epistle be intended for a familiar friend. Others appear to be writing for publication, or for posterity, instead of making epistolary communication a simple converse between friends. Away with such labored productions. A letter on business should be brief ; to a friend, familiar and easy. I like Hannah More's ideas upon the subject. She used to say : " If I want wisdom, sentiment, or information, I can find them better in books. What I want in a letter is the picture of my friend's mind,

and the common sense of his life. I want to know what he is saying and doing ; I want him to turn out the inside of his heart to me, without disguise, without appearing better than he is, without writing for character. I have the same feeling in writing to him. My letter is therefore worth nothing to an indifferent person, but it is of value to the friend who cares for me. Letters among near relations are family newspapers, meant to convey paragraphs of intelligence and advertisements of projects, and not sentimental essays."

5. PLEASANT RETORT.

Professor Porson, being once at a dinner party, where the conversation turned upon Captain Cook and his celebrated voyages round the world, an ignorant person, in order to contribute his mite towards the social intercourse, asked him, "Pray, was Cook killed on his first voyage?" I believe he was," answered Porson, "though he did not mind it much, but immediately entered on a second."

6. CHEERFUL MUSIC.

The poet Carpani once asked his friend Haydn how it happened that his church music was always of an animating, cheerful, and a gay description. To this Haydn's answer was: "I cannot make it otherwise. I write according to the thoughts which I feel. When I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen ; and, since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be easily forgiven me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit."

7. JOHN ADAMS AND HIS FATHER.

John Adams, father of John Quincy Adams, says :
“ When I was a boy, I had to study the Latin grammar ; but it was dull, and I hated it. My father was anxious to send me to college, and therefore I studied the grammar till I could bear it no longer ; and, going to my father, I told him I did not like study, and asked for some other employment. It was opposing his wishes, and he was quick in his answer. ‘ Well, John,’ said he, ‘ if Latin grammar does not suit you, you may try ditching ; perhaps that will : my meadow yonder needs a ditch, and you may put by Latin and dig ! ’ This seemed a delightful change, and to the meadow I went, but soon found ditching harder than Latin, and the first forenoon was the longest I ever experienced. That day I eat the bread of labor, and glad was I when night came on. That night I made some comparison between Latin grammar and ditching, but said not a word about it. I dug the next forenoon, and wanted to return to Latin at dinner ; but it was humiliating, I could not do it. At night, toil conquered pride, and I told my father—one of the severest trials of my life—that if he chose, I would go back to Latin grammar. He was glad of it ; and, if I have since gained any distinction, it has been owing to my two days’ labor in that abominable ditch.”

8. PHILLIPS OF MASSACHUSETTS AND HIS FATHER.

Many years since, when the late Lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts was a student at Harvard College,

owing to some boyish freak, he left the university, and went home. His father was a very grave man, of sound strict judgment, and of few words. He inquired into the business, but deferred expressing any opinion until the next day. At breakfast he said, speaking to his wife: "My dear, have you any cloth in the house suitable to make Sam a frock and trowsers?" She replied, "Yes." "Well," said the old gentleman, "follow me, my son." Samuel kept pace with his father, as he leisurely walked near the common, and at length ventured to ask, "What are you going to do with me, father?" "I am going to bind you an apprentice to that blacksmith," replied Mr. Phillips. "Take your choice: return to college, or you must work." "I had rather return," said the son. He did return, confessed his fault, was a good scholar, and became a respectable man. If all parents were like Mr. Phillips, the students at our colleges would prove better students, or the nation would have a plentiful supply of blacksmiths.

THE MOTHER'S LAW.

"Forsake not the law of thy mother" is the text of a sermon preached by the Rev. C. Robbins, and occasioned by the death of the mother of the late Judge Story.

It is told, to the honor of the great Lord Bacon, that he felt he could never repay his obligations to her who had directed his studies as well as nourished his virtues; that he delighted to speak of her through life, and, in his will, left the injunction: "Bury me in St. Michael's Church, for there was my mother buried."

Let it also be told of the great American jurist, whose fame is as pure, and will be as enduring as that of England's renowned Chancellor, that it was his request, also, that the remains of his mother should be laid close to his own at Mount Auburn, that their dust might mingle in the grave, whose hearts had been so tenderly united on earth, and whose spirits should be as one in heaven.

Happy mother, who enjoyed the faithful obedience and abiding love of such a son ! Happy son, who enjoyed the discipline, and received the blessing of such a mother ! Like the good and the great of every age, he kept his mother's law, and it led him to honor. She, by her fidelity through the quiet years of his domestic education, helped to weave the crown of his mature and public life ; and he, by his manly virtues, twined a perennial wreath to adorn her memory.*

LESSON XXXI.

1. THE UNRULY CATTLE.

The horse of a pious man living in Massachusetts, happening to stray into the road, a neighbor of the man who owned the horse, put him into the pound. Meeting the owner soon after, he told him what he had done ; "and if I catch him in the road again," said he, "I'll

* Let the whole lesson be examined in regard to pause, inflection, and emphasis.

do it again." "Neighbor," replied the other, "not long since, I looked out of my window in the night, and saw your cattle in my meadow, and I drove them out, and shut them in your yard ; and I'll do it again." Struck with the reply, the man liberated the horse from the pound, and paid the charges himself. "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

2. ABOU BEN ADHEM.—*Leigh Hunt.*

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase !)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw, within the moonlight of his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold.
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And, to the presence in the room, he said :
 "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
 And, with a look full of all sweet accord,
 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord !"
 "And is mine one?" asked Abou.—"Nay, not so,"
 Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,
 But cheerly still ; and said,—"I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
 The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
 It came again, with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had blessed ;
 And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest !

3. THE GREAT DISTINCTION OF A NATION.—*W. E. Channing. B. 1780, d. 1842.*

The great distinction of a nation—the only one worth possessing, and which brings after it all other

blessings—is the prevalence of pure principle among the citizens. I wish to belong to a State, in the character and institutions of which I may find a spring of improvement, which I can speak of with an honest pride ; in whose records I may meet great and honored names, and, which is fast making the world its debtor by its discoveries of truth, and by an example of virtuous freedom. O, save me from a country which worships wealth, and cares not for true glory ; in which intrigue bears rule ; in which patriotism borrows its zeal from the prospect of office ; in which hungry sycophants throng with supplications all the departments of State ; in which public men bear the brand of private vice, and the seat of government is a noisome sink of private licentiousness and public corruption.

Tell me not of the honor of belonging to a free country. I ask, does our liberty bear generous fruits ? Does it exalt us in manly spirit, in public virtue, above countries trodden under foot by despotism ? Tell me not of the extent of our country. I care not how large it is, if it multiply degenerate men. Speak not of our *prosperity*. Better be one of a poor people, plain in manners, reverencing God, and respecting themselves, than belong to a rich country, which knows no higher good than riches. Earnestly do I desire for this country that, instead of copying Europe with an undiscerning servility, it may have a character of its own, corresponding to the freedom and equality of our institutions. One Europe is enough. One Paris is enough. How much to be desired is it, that, separated, as we are, from the Eastern continent by an ocean, we should be still

more widely separated by simplicity of manners, by domestic purity, by inward piety, by reverence for human nature, by moral independence, by withstanding the subjection to fashion, and that debilitating sensuality, which characterize the most civilized portions of the Old World ! Of this country, I may say, with peculiar emphasis, that its happiness is bound up in its virtue !

4. BREVITY IN AN ORATOR DESIRABLE.

The mayor of a town in Burgundy, hearing that the prince was to pass that way, and thinking himself to be a great orator, determined to display his abilities on this occasion. When the prince approached, the burghers were put under arms ; whilst the mayor, at the head of the corporation, pulling out a long piece of parchment, began to harangue, as follows : “ Of all the towns that have the honor of being within the compass of your most serene highness’s government, the very least would be overjoyed to make you sensible that none has so great a zeal for your service, or affection for your person, as ours. We very well know that the certain way of pleasing the greatest warrior of the present age is to receive him with the thunderings of numerous artillery ; but for us, alas ! it is impossible to fire one cannon, for eighteen reasons. The first is, that there never was any such thing as a cannon in this place since it was built. The second —— ” “ Hold, hold,” said the prince, “ I am so well satisfied with your first reason, that I shall excuse all the rest.”

5. WITTY RETORT.

Judge Rice, who presided in a county court, was fond of indulging himself occasionally in a joke at the expense of Counsellor Brooks, a practising attorney in the same court, with whom he was very intimate, and for whom he had a high regard. On a certain occasion, when pleading a cause at the bar, Mr. Brooks observed that he would conclude his remarks on the following day, unless the court would consent to *set* late enough for him to finish them that evening. "Sit, sir," said the judge, "not *set* : hens set." "I stand corrected, sir," said the counsellor, bowing. Not long after, while giving an opinion, the judge remarked that, under such circumstances, an action would not *lay*. "*Lie*, may it please your honor," said the counsellor, "not *lay* : hens lay."

6. JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

"I was," says Curran, "a little ragged apprentice to every kind of idleness and mischief—all day studying whatever was eccentric in those older, and half the night practising it, for the amusement of those who were younger than myself. Heaven only knows where it would have ended. -But, as my mother said, I was born to be a great man.

"One morning I was playing at marbles in the village ball-alley, with a light heart and a lighter pocket ; when suddenly appeared a stranger of a very venerable and very cheerful aspect. His intrusion was not the least restraint upon our merry little assemblage ; on

the contrary, he seemed pleased, and even delighted ; he was a benevolent creature, and the days of infancy—after all, the happiest we shall ever see—perhaps rose upon his memory. God bless him ! I see his fine form at the distance of half a century, just as he stood before me in the little ball-alley, in the days of my childhood ! His name was Boyce ; he was the rector of Newmarket. To me he took a particular fancy. I was winning, and was full of waggers, thinking every thing that was eccentric, and by no means a miser of my eccentricities ; every one was welcome to share them, and I had plenty to spare, after having freighted the company. Some sweetmeats easily bribed me home with him. I learned from poor Boyce my alphabet and my grammar, and the rudiments of the classics ; he taught me all he could, and then he sent me to the school at Middleton : in short, he made a man of me. I recollect, it was about five and thirty years afterwards, when I had risen to some eminence at the bar, and when I had a seat in Parliament, and a good house in Ely Place, on my return one day from court, I found an old gentleman seated alone in the drawing-room, his feet familiarly placed on each side of the Italian marble chimney-piece, and his whole air bespeaking the consciousness of one quite at home. He turned round—it was my friend of the ball-alley ! I rushed instinctively into his arms. I could not help bursting into tears. Words cannot describe the scene which followed. ‘ You are right, sir ; you are right ; the chimney-piece is yours, the pictures are yours, the house is yours : you gave me all I have, my friend—my father ! ’ He dined with me ; and, in

the evening, I caught the tear glistening in his fine blue eye, when he saw his poor Jocky, the creature of his bounty, rising in the House of Commons to reply to a right honorable. Poor Boyce ! he is now gone ! and no suitor had a larger deposit of practical benevolence in the court above."

7. ALFRED AND THE BEGGAR.

Alfred the Great, who died in the year 900, was of a most amiable disposition, and, we would hope, of genuine piety. During his retreat at Athelney, in Somersetshire, after his defeat by the Danes, a beggar came to his little castle, and requested alms. His queen informed Alfred that they had but one small loaf remaining, which was insufficient for themselves and their friends, who were gone in search of food, though with little hope of success. The king replied : " Give the poor Christian one half of the loaf. He that could feed five thousand men with five loaves and two fishes, can certainly make the half loaf suffice for more than our necessity." The poor man was accordingly relieved, and Alfred's people shortly after returned with a store of fresh provisions !

8. CONVICTIONS OF NAPOLEON.

" I know men," said Napoleon at St. Helena, to Count de Montholon, " I know men, and I tell you that Jesus is not a man ! The religion of Christ is a mystery, which subsists by its own force, and proceeds from a mind which is not a human mind. We find in it a marked individuality, which originated a train of words

and actions unknown before. Jesus is not a philosopher, for his proofs are miracles, and, from the first, his disciples adored him.

“Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself, founded empires : but on what did we rest the creations of our genius ? Upon force. Jesus Christ founded an empire upon love ; and, at this hour, millions of men would die for him !

“I die before my time, and my body will be given back to the earth, to become food for worms. Such is the fate of him who has been called the great Napoleon. What an abyss between my deep mystery and the eternal kingdom of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, and adored, and is extending over the whole earth !” *

LESSON XXXII.

1. THE FIRST HOSPITAL.

The first hospital for the reception of the diseased and the infirm was founded at Edessa, in Syria, by the sagacious and provident humanity of a Christian father. The history of this memorable foundation is given by Sozomen, in his account of Ephrem Cyrus.

A grievous famine, with all its inseparable evils, having befallen the city of Edessa, its venerable deacon, at the call of suffering humanity, came forth from the

* Let the whole lesson be examined in regard to pause, inflection, and emphasis.

studious retirement of his cell, whither he had long withdrawn, that he might devote his latter days to meditation on the deep things of God. Filled with emotion at the sight of the misery which surrounded him, with the warmth of Christian charity, he reproved the rich men of Edessa, who suffered their fellow-citizens to perish from want and sickness ; and who preferred their wealth, at once, to the lives of others, and to the safety of their own souls. Stung by his reproaches, and awed by his revered character, the citizens replied that they cared not for their wealth ; but that, in an age of selfishness and corruption, they knew not whom to intrust with its distribution. "What," exclaimed the holy man, "is your opinion of me?" The answer was instant and unanimous. Ephrem was every thing that was holy, and good, and just. "Then," he resumed, "I will be your almoner. For your sakes, I will undertake this burden." And receiving their now willing contributions, he caused about three hundred beds to be placed in the public porticoes of the city, for the reception of fever patients ; he relieved, also, the famishing multitudes who flocked into Edessa from the adjoining country ; and rested not from his labor of love until the famine was arrested, "and the plague was stayed."

Christianity, therefore, has the honor of erecting the first hospital ; and, wherever true Christianity has prevailed, her efforts to relieve the wretched, and add to the amount of human happiness, have accomplished more in one generation than paganism and infidelity in a hundred.

2. COPERNICUS. *B. 1473, d. 1543.—Edward Everett.*

Copernicus, after harboring in his bosom for long, long years that pernicious heresy,—the solar system,—died on the day of the appearance of his book from the press. The closing scene of his life would furnish a noble subject for an artist. For thirty-five years he has revolved and matured his system of the heavens. A natural mildness of disposition, bordering on timidity, a reluctance to encounter controversy, and a dread of persecution, have led him to withhold his work from the press, and to make known his system but to a few confidential friends and disciples. At length he draws near his end ; he is seventy-three years of age, and he yields his work on the “revolutions of the heavenly orbs” to his friends for publication. The day at last has come on which it is to be ushered into the world. It is the 24th of May, 1543. On that day,—the effect, no doubt, of the intense excitement of his mind operating upon an exhausted frame,—an effusion of blood brings him to the gates of the grave. His last hour is come ; he lies stretched upon the couch from which he will never rise, in his apartment at Frauenberg, in East Prussia. The beams of the setting sun glance through the Gothic windows of his chamber ; near his bedside is the armillary sphere, which he has contrived to represent his theory of the heavens ; his picture, painted by himself, the amusement of his earlier years, hangs before him : beneath it, his astrolabe, and other imperfect astronomical instruments ; and around him are gathered his sorrowing disciples. The door of the apartment

opens ; the eye of the departing sage is turned to see who enters ; it is a friend, who brings him the first printed copy of his immortal treatise. He knows that in that book he contradicts all that had ever been distinctly taught by former philosophers ; he knows that he has rebelled against the sway of Ptolemy, which the scientific world had acknowledged for a thousand years ; he knows that the popular mind will be shocked by his innovations ; he knows that the attempt will be made to press even religion into the service against him ; but he knows that his book is true. He is dying, but he leaves a glorious truth, as his dying bequest, to the world. He bids the friend who has brought it place himself between the window and his bedside, that the sun's rays may fall upon the precious volume, and he may behold it once before his eyes grow dim. He looks upon it, takes it in his hands, presses it to his breast, and expires. But no, he is not wholly gone ! A smile lights up his dying countenance ; a beam of returning intelligence kindles in his eye ; his lips move ; and the friend who leans over him can hear him faintly murmur the beautiful sentiments, which the Christian lyricist of a later age has so finely expressed in verse :

"Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell, with all your feeble light ;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon, pale empress of the night ;
And thou, refulgent orb of day, in brightest flames arrayed,
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere, no more demands thy aid.
Ye stars are but the shining dust of my divine abode.
The pavement of those heavenly courts, where I shall reign with God."

So died the great Columbus of the heavens.

3. WILLIAM COBBETT'S RETURN. *B.* 1762; *d.* 1835.

"When I returned to England," says William Cobbett, "after an absence of sixteen years in America, the trees, the hedges, even the parks and woods, seemed so small ! It made me laugh to hear little gutters, that I could jump over, called rivers. The Thames was but 'a creek.' But when, about a month after my arrival in London, I went to Farnham, the place of my birth, what was my surprise ! Every thing was become so pitifully small ! I had to cross in my post chaise the long, dreary heath of Bagshot ; then, at the end of it, to mount a hill called Hungry Hill ; and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of Farnham. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see all the scenes of my childhood ; for I had learned, before, the death of my father and mother. There is a hill not far from the town, called Crocksbury Hill, which rises up out of a flat in the form of a cone, and is planted with Scotch fir trees. Here I used to take the eggs and young ones of crows and magpies. This hill was a famous object in the neighborhood. It served as the superlative degree of height. 'As high as Crocksbury Hill' meant with us the utmost degree of height. Therefore, the first object my eyes sought, was this hill. I could not believe my eyes ! Literally speaking, I for a moment thought the famous hill removed, and a little heap put in its stead ; for I had seen in New Brunswick, a single rock, or hill of solid rock, ten times as big, and four or five times as high ! The postboy, going down hill, and not a bad

road, whisked me in a few minutes to the Bush Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious sand hill where I began my gardening works. What a nothing ! But now came rushing into my mind, all at once, my pretty little garden, my little blue smock-frock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons that I used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words and tones of my gentle, and tender-hearted and affectionate mother. I hastened back into the room. If I had looked a moment longer, I should have dropped ! When I came to reflect, what a change ! What scenes I had gone through ! How altered my state ! I had dined the day before at a secretary of state's, in company with Mr. Pitt, and had been waited upon by men in gaudy liveries ! I had had nobody to assist me in the world ; no teachers of any sort ; nobody to shelter me from the consequence of bad, and nobody to counsel me to good behavior. I felt proud. The distinctions of rank, birth, and wealth all became nothing in my eyes ; and from that moment I resolved never to bend to them.

4. MR. BUSHNEL'S SONG.

Mr. Bushnel, of Utica, having business in a neighboring town, was obliged, in consequence, to see the landlord of the village inn ; so he stopped at his house. When he entered the bar-room, he saw about twenty men in it, most of whom were in a state of intoxication. After a while, one of the company said something to Mr. Bushnel, who replied in a courteous manner, and spoke of the subject of temperance. The attention of the assembly was arrested, and the cause was denounced as the work of priests and politicians.

Mr. Bushnel, finding it impossible to stem the current of abuse by an appeal to their reason, proposed singing a temperance song, and accordingly commenced the "Staunch Teetotaller." On glancing around the room after he had concluded, he observed the tear trickling down the cheek of almost every man. The sentiment of the song, and the melodious, touching manner in which it was sung, had awakened their purest sensibilities ; had carried their thoughts back to their families and firesides, surrounded as they once were with plenty, happiness, and affection ; and then the contrast of a drunkard's home, its dark wretchedness and misery, were wisely presented to their minds, and those hardened men could not resist the appeal, but acknowledged its truth by tears.

Soon after, the landlord came in, and he was requested to repeat it for his special benefit. After the song was concluded, he grasped Mr. Bushnel by the hand, and exclaimed, "I will never sell another glass of liquor as long as I live."

5. WASHINGTON'S APOLOGY. B. 1732, d. 1799.

Washington, when stationed in early life at Alexandria, with a regiment under his command, grew warm at an election, and said something offensive to a Mr. Payne, who, with one blow of his cane, brought him to the ground. On hearing of the insult, the regiment, burning for revenge, started for the city ; but Washington met them, and begged them, by their regard for him, to return peaceably to their barracks. Finding himself in the wrong, he nobly resolved to make an honorable rep-

aration, and next morning sent a polite note, requesting Payne to meet him at the tavern. Payne took it for a challenge, and went in expectation of a duel ; but what was his surprise to find, instead of pistols, a decanter of wine on the table. Washington rose to meet him, and said with a smile, " Mr. Payne, to err is human ; but to correct our errors is always honorable. I believe I was wrong yesterday ; you have had, I think, some satisfaction ; and if you deem that sufficient, here is my hand—let us be friends." Such an act few could resist ; and Payne became from that moment, through life, an enthusiastic friend and admirer of Washington.

Many years after, when he had returned to his family at Mount Vernon, at the close of the war, Mr. Payne called on him ; and he is said to have introduced him to Mrs. Washington with a degree of pleasantry quite unusual to his character ; " I have the pleasure, my dear, to introduce to you my old friend, Mr. Payne, who once had the bravery to knock me down, big as I am."

LESSON XXXIII.

1. THE WORLD.—*Anonymous.*

How beautiful the world is ! The green earth covered with flowers, the trees laden with rich blossoms, the blue sky, and the bright water and the golden sunshine. The world is indeed beautiful, and He who made it must be beautiful.

It is a happy world. Hark ! how the merry birds sing, and the young lambs—see ! how they gambol on the hillside. Even the trees wave, and the brooks ripple in gladness. Yon eagle ! Ah ! how joyfully he soars up to the glorious heavens—the bird of liberty, the bird of America.

“His throne is on the mountain-top,
His fields the boundless air,
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop
The skies—his dwellings are.

He rises like a thing of light,
Amid the noontide blaze :
The midday sun is clear and bright—
It cannot dim his gaze.”

It is happy. I see it and hear it all about me ; nay, I feel it—here in the glow, the eloquent glow of my own heart. He who made it must be happy.

It is a great world. Look off to the mighty ocean when the storm is upon it ; to the huge mountain, when the thunder and the lightnings play over it ; to the vast forest, the interminable waste ; the sun, the moon, and the myriads of fair stars, countless as the sands upon the seashore. It is a great, a magnificent world, and He who made it,—Oh ! He is the perfection of all loveliness, all goodness, all greatness, all gloriousness !

2. NATIONAL BANNER.—*E. Everett.*

All hail to our glorious ensign ! courage to the heart and strength to the hand, to which, in all time, it shall be intrusted ! May it ever wave in honor, in unsullied glory, and patriotic hope, on the dome of the capitol, on

the country's stronghold, on the entented plain, on the wave-rocked topmast. Wherever, on the earth's surface, the eye of the American shall behold it, may he have reason to bless it! On whatsoever spot it is planted, there may freedom have a foothold, humanity a brave champion, and religion an altar. Though stained with blood in a righteous cause, may it never, in any cause, be stained with shame. Alike, when its gorgeous folds shall wanton in lazy holiday triumphs on the summer breeze, and its tattered fragments be dimly seen through the clouds of war, may it be the joy and pride of the American heart. First raised in the cause of right and liberty, in that cause alone may it for ever spread out its streaming blazonry to the battle and the storm. Having been borne victoriously across the continent and on every sea, may virtue, and freedom, and peace for ever follow where it leads the way!

3. TURNING THE GRINDSTONE.

To illustrate the common cunning of men in turning their fellows to account, Dr. Franklin relates this amusing anecdote: "When I was a little boy, I remember one cold winter's morning I was accosted by a smiling man, with an axe on his shoulder; 'My pretty boy,' said he, 'has your father a grindstone?' 'Yes, Sir,' said I. 'You are a fine little fellow,' said he, 'will you let me grind my axe on it?' Pleased with his compliment of 'fine little fellow,' 'O yes, Sir,' I answered, 'it is down in the shop.' 'And will you, my man,' said he, patting me on the head, 'get a little hot water?' How could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettle-

ful. 'How old are you, and what's your name?' continued he, without waiting for a reply; 'I am sure you are one of the finest fellows that ever I have seen; will you just turn a few minutes for me?' Tickled with the flattery, like a fool, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school-bell rang, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, and it was not half ground. At length, however, the axe was sharpened, and the man turned to me with 'Now, you little rascal, you've played the truant; scud for school, or you'll rue it.' Alas! thought I, it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day, but now to be called a little rascal was too much. It sank deep into my mind, and often have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant over polite to his customers, begging them to take a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter, thinks I, that man has an axe to grind. When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant, methinks, look out, good people, that fellow would set you turning grindstones. When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit, without a single qualification to render him respectable or useful, alas! methinks, deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a booby."

4. LIVE FOR SOMETHING.—*Dr. Chalmers. B. 1780, d. 1847.*

Thousands of men breathe, move, and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not partake of good in the world, and none

were blessed by them ; none could point to them as the means of their redemption ; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished ; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal ? Live for something ! Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of thousands with whom you come in contact, year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.

5. THE GRAVE.—*Washington Irving.*

Oh, the grave ! the grave ! It buries every error ; covers every defect ; extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regret and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that ever he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him ? But the grave of those he loved, what a place for meditation ! Then it is we call up, in long review, the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us, almost unheeded, in the daily intercourse of intimacy ; then it is, we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn and awful tenderness of the parting scene ; the bed of death, with all the stifled grief ; its noiseless attendants, its mute, watchful assiduities ; the

last testimonies of expiring love ; the feeble, fluttering, thrilling—Oh ! how thrilling the pressure of the hand ; the last, fond look of the glazed eye, turning upon us, even from the threshold of existence ; the faint, faltering accents struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection ! Aye, go to the grave of buried love and meditate ! There settle the account with thy conscience, for every past endearment, unregarded, of that departed being, who never, never, never can return, to be soothed by contrition ! If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent ; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth ; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee ; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to the true heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet ; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul ; then be sure thou wilt be down, sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear, more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

6. DANIEL WEBSTER'S CELEBRITY.

"In 1835," says a Bostonian, "I was attending the circuit court in Portland, and boarded at the same hotel with Judge Story, and some of the bar. One day after

dinner, as we sat listening to his rich conversation, some one spoke of the Dartmouth College question, when the judge described to us the first appearance of the power of Mr. Webster, as evinced in that celebrated case. He spoke of him as a stranger, but little known at that time. 'The trial came on in 1818. The court room was crowded. Many distinguished spectators were present. The case was of no common kind ; it touched the happiness, the preservation, the glory of our common country ; for every college and seminary of learning in the Union was interested in the result. Mr. Webster felt the magnitude of his cause, and the great responsibility resting upon his shoulders. He rose up to address the court. Every eye was fixed upon him, every ear was open. He began slowly, and in a low voice. His nerves were slightly tremulous, and the papers shook in his hand. His face looked troubled ; the deep anxiety portrayed in his features excited the sympathy of the kindest feelings of the court for one who stood before them as a modest, unassuming man, a stranger, and with an overwhelming brow, and look of no common care. But he went on, step by step, with arguments, with authorities, with appeals to the supreme tribunal before him ; each step his voice rose into energy and power ; his face brightened up, his eye kindled, and, ere long, the attention became so profound, and the interest of the whole assembly so great, from the magnitude of the question, and the manner in which he presented it, that not merely a breathless silence prevailed, but even tears started in many an eye, and some were seen to fall from members of the bench. He won his cause. It was his *début* ;

and from that moment Daniel Webster stood invincible, and took a stand in eloquence which has seldom been surpassed.'

"Such is a feeble and impotent sketch of a most impressive anecdote, to which I listened with interest as it fell from the lips of a man who was himself a model of elegance, and a guide to eloquence in his judicial life."

LESSON XXXIV.

1. WEBSTER AND DAVID CROCKETT.

It is related of David Crockett, that on his arrival at Washington, he heard Mr. Webster; and afterwards meeting him somewhere in the capitol, accosted him thus: "Is this Mr. Webster?" "Yes, Sir." "The great Mr. Webster of Massachusetts?" "I am Mr. Webster, of Massachusetts." "Well, Sir," continued Mr. Crockett, "I had heard that you were a great man, but I don't think so. I heard your speech, and understood every word you said." There never was any difficulty in understanding Mr. Webster. Neither is there any difficulty in understanding Dr. Wayland. Mr. Webster addressed his auditors almost colloquially: thinking clearly, his words came forth the most perfect exponents of his thoughts; and when he rose to the regions of impressive grandeur, that grandeur was but the simple, unpretending expression of the grandeur which was in him.

2. SHERIDAN'S GREAT SPEECH.—*R. B. Sheridan. B. 1751, d. 1816.*

Mr. Burke, in speaking of Mr. Sheridan's celebrated speech on the Begum charge, on the trial of Warren Hastings, said :—

“ He has this day surprised the thousands who hung with rapture on his accents, by such an array of talents, such an exhibition of capacity, such a display of powers, as are unparalleled in the annals of oratory ; a display that reflected the highest honor on himself, lustre upon letters, renown upon parliament, glory upon the country. Of all species of rhetoric, of every kind of eloquence that has been witnessed or recorded either in ancient or modern times—whatever the dignity of the senate, the acuteness of the bar, the solidity of the judgment-seat, and the sacred morality of the pulpit have hitherto furnished—nothing has surpassed, nothing has equalled what we have heard this day in Westminster Hall. No holy seer of religion, no orator, no man of any literary description whatever, has come up in the one instance, to the pure sentiments of morality ; or in the other, to that variety of knowledge, force of imagination, propriety and vivacity of allusion, beauty and elegance of diction, strength and copiousness of style, pathos and sublimity of conception, to which we have this day listened with ardor and admiration. From poetry up to eloquence, there is not a species of composition of which a complete and perfect specimen might not from that single speech be culled and collated.”

3. BURKE, AND THE TRIAL OF HASTINGS.—*Edmund Burke. B. 1780, d. 1797.*

When the trial of Mr. Hastings commenced, in Westminster Hall, the first two days were taken up in reading the articles of impeachment against him ; and four more were occupied by Mr. Burke in opening the case, and stating the grounds of the accusation. Never were the powers of that great man displayed to such advantage as on this occasion. The contrast which he drew between the ancient and the modern state of Hindostan was sketched with the hand of a master, and wrought up in a manner that could not fail to fix the attention, and to command admiration. When, at length, he came to speak of Mr. Hastings, no terms can describe the more than mortal vehemence with which he uttered his manifold accusations against him. He seemed, for the moment, as if armed to destroy with all the lightning of the passions. The whole annals of judicial oratory contain nothing finer than his conclusion :—

“I impeach Warren Hastings in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, in Parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has abused.

“I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonoured.

“I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted ; whose properties he has destroyed ; whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

“I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has so cruelly outraged, injured and oppressed. And I impeach him in the name and by the virtue of those eternal laws of justice, which ought equally to prevail in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life.”

The agitation produced by this speech was such that the whole audience appeared to have felt one convulsive emotion ; and when it was over, it was some time before Mr. Fox could obtain a hearing. Amidst the assemblage of concurring praises which his speech excited, none was more remarkable than the tribute of Mr. Hastings himself. “For half an hour,” said that gentleman, “I looked up at the orator, in a reverie of wonder ; and during that space, I actually felt myself the most culpable man on earth. But I recurred to my own bosom, and there found a consciousness which consoled me under all I heard, and all I suffered.”

4. MARIA ANTOINETTE, 1790.*—*E. Burke.*

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the Dauphiness of Versailles ; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy. Oh ! what a revolution ! and what a heart must I have, to contemplate, without emotion, that elevation and that fall ! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love,

that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom ; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her, in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers ! I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards, to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.

But the age of chivalry is gone ; that of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded ; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom ! The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone ! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

5. TWO NEIGHBORS AND THE HENS.

In a conversation I had with a man in New Jersey, he told me this anecdote. "I once owned a large flock of hens. I generally kept them shut up ; but one spring I concluded to let them run in my yard, after I had clipped their wings so that they could not fly. One day, when I came home to dinner, I learned that one of my neighbors had been there, full of wrath, to let me know my hens had been in his gar-

den, and that he had killed several of them, and thrown them over into my yard. I was greatly enraged, because he had killed my beautiful hens, that I valued so much. I determined at once to be revenged,—to sue him, or in some way get redress. I sat down and eat my dinner as calmly as I could. By the time I had finished my meal, I became more cool, and thought that perhaps it was not best to fight with my neighbor about hens, and thereby make him my bitter, lasting enemy. I concluded to try another way, being sure it would do better.

After dinner, I went to my neighbor's. He was in his garden. I went out and found him in pursuit of one of my hens with a club, trying to kill it. I accosted him. He turned upon me, his face inflamed with wrath, and he broke out in a great fury :

“ ‘You have abused me. I will kill all your hens, if I can get at them ; I never was so abused. My garden is ruined.’

“ ‘I am very sorry for it,’ said I, ‘I did not wish to injure you, and now see that I have made a great mistake in letting out my hens. I ask your forgiveness, and am willing to pay you six times the damage.’

“The man seemed confounded. He did not know what to make of it. He looked up to the sky,—then down to the earth,—then at his neighbor,—then at his club, and then at the hen he had been pursuing, and said nothing.

“ ‘Tell me, now,’ said I, ‘what is the damage, and I will pay you six-fold ; and my hens shall trouble you no more. I will leave it entirely to you to say what I shall do. I cannot afford to lose the love and good will

of my neighbors, and quarrel with them, for hens, or any thing else.'

" 'I am a great fool,' said the neighbor. 'The damage is not worth talking about ; and I have more need to compensate you, than you me, and to ask your forgiveness, than you mine.' "

6. INCREASE OF PRINTERS.

When Dr. Franklin's mother-in-law first discovered that the young man had a hankering for her daughter, the good old lady said she did not know so well about giving her daughter to a printer ; there were already two printing offices in the United States, and she was not certain the country would support them. It was plain young Franklin would depend for the support of his family on the profits of the third, and this was rather a doubtful chance.

If such an objection was urged to a would-be-son-in-law when there were but two printing offices in the United States, how can a printer get a wife now, when the census of 1850 shows the number to be over two thousand ?

7. ORIGIN OF WHIG.

In the sixteenth century, there arose in England a party opposed to the king, and in favor of a republican form of government, in which the people could have a voice. This party adopted as their motto, " We hope in God." The initials, or first letter of each word combined, read *Whig*, and were used to name or designate the party. Thus the word *Whig* originally meant op-

position to kings and monarchies, and friendship for the very form of government under which we exist. It originated in England a century and a half before our revolution.

8. POETRY AND ORATORY.—*Monthly Anthology.*

Poeta nascitur, Orator fit.

Poetry is the frolic of invention, the dance of words, and the harmony of sounds. Oratory consists in a judicious disposition of arguments, a happy selection, and a pleasing elocution. The object of poetry is to delight, that of oratory to persuade. Poetry is truth, but it is truth in her gayest and loveliest robes, and wit, flattery, hyperbole, and fable, are marshalled in her train. Oratory has a grave and more majestic port, and gains by slow advances and perseverance, what the poet takes by suddenness of inspiration, and by surprise. Poetry requires genius ; eloquence is within the reach of talent. Seriousness becomes one, sprightliness the other. The wittiest poets have been the shortest writers ; but he is often the best orator who has the strongest lungs, and firmest legs. The poet sings for the approbation of the wise, and the pleasure of the ingenious ; the orator addresses the multitude, and the larger the number of ears, the better for his purpose ; and he who can get the most votes, most thoroughly understands his art. Bad verses are always abominable ; but he is a good speaker who gains his cause. Bards are generally remarkable for generosity of nature ; orators are as often notorious for their ambition. These enjoy most influence while alive ; those live longest after death. Poets are not neces-

sarily poor, for Theocritus and Anacreon, Horace and Lucian, Racine and Boileau, Pope and Addison, rolled in their carriages, and slept in palaces: yet it must be confessed, that most of the poetical tribe have rather feared the tap of the sheriff, than the judgments of critics. The poverty of a poet takes nothing from the richness and sweetness of his lines; while an orator's success is not unfrequently promoted by his wealth. Nevertheless, were I poor, I would study eloquence, that I might be rich; had I riches, I would study poetry, that I might give a portion of immortality to both. Could I write no better than Blackstone, I would sometimes versify; but were I privileged to soar upon the daring wing of Dryden's muse, I would not keep my pinions continually spread.

LESSON XXXV.

1. POWER OF A GOOD MAN'S LIFE.—*Chalmers.*

1. The beauty of a holy life constitutes the most eloquent and effective persuasive to religion, which one human being can address to another. We have many ways of doing good to our fellow-creatures, but none so efficacious as leading a virtuous, upright, and well-ordered life. There is an energy of moral suasion in a good man's life, passing the highest efforts of the orator's genius. The seen but silent beauty of holiness, speaks more eloquently of God and duty, than the tongues of men and angels. Let parents remember this.

The best inheritance a parent can bequeathe to a child, is a virtuous example, a legacy of hallowed remembrances and associations. The beauty of holiness, beaming through the life of a loved relative or friend, is more effectual to strengthen such as do stand in virtue's ways, and raise up those that are bowed down, than precept, command, entreaty, or warning. Christianity itself, I believe, owes by far the greater part of its moral power, not to the precepts or parables of Christ, but to his own character. The beauty of that holiness which is enshrined in the four brief biographies of the man of Nazareth, has done more to regenerate the world, and bring it an everlasting righteousness, than all the other agencies put together. It has done more to spread His religion in the world, than all that has ever been written on the evidences of Christianity.

2. SINCERITY.—*W. Irving.*

Setting aside the moral obligation of sincerity and truth, they should be followed on the principle of expediency.

The single-minded man, whatever may be the mutations and calamities of this life, is happier than the double-dealer in the midst of prosperity. He has no detections to dread, no exposures to fear; and he sleeps more calmly on a matted couch, than the hypocrite on his downy pillow. Strange perverseness in man, to prefer the devious path of deception to the arrowy straightness of truth!

Herein the savage surpasses social man: the former cannot be taught to utter falsehood; it forms part of

the latter's education. Deception walks in every street, and enters every dwelling. The heart of friendship is hollow, and the tongue of love is untrue. How much happier would the world be, were each man to follow the excellent advice of the excellent Langhorne !

“ Kneel only at the shrine of Truth ;
Count freedom wealth, and virtue fame.”

In the business of life, as well as in the social circle, sincerity is the best policy ; it may save a shaken house from the involution of ruin with one which is falling ; it may break the links of that chain of disaster, which sometimes clanks over the commercial world, to its astonishment and dismay : and if, at times, it leads to the loss of fortune, it ensures the preservation of character.

He who preserves this, can begin the world anew, with hope and confidence : he who has lost it, may bid farewell to hope. He is on the shore of life, motionless and abject, whilst others are on its billows. From the planks far scattered over the rocks “ he can never build a little bark of hope to bear him again on the stream.”

8. DR. FRANKLIN'S COLLOQUIAL POWERS.—*Wm. Wirt. B. 1772, d. 1835.*

Never have I known such a fireside companion as Dr. Franklin.—Great as he was, both as a statesman and a philosopher, he never shone in a light more winning than when he was seen in a domestic circle. It was once my good fortune to pass two or three weeks with him, at the house of a private gentleman, in the back part of Pennsylvania ; and we were confined to

the house during the whole of that time, by the unintermitting constancy and depth of the snow. But confinement could never be felt where Franklin was an inmate. His cheerfulness and his colloquial powers spread around him a perpetual spring. There was no ambition of eloquence, no effort to shine in any thing that came from him. There was nothing which made any demand either upon your allegiance or your admiration.

His manner was as unaffected as infancy. It was nature's self. He talked like an old patriarch ; and his plainness and simplicity put you, at once, at your ease, and gave you the full and free possession and use of all your faculties.

His thoughts were of a character to shine by their own light, without any adventitious aid. They required only a medium of vision like his pure and simple style, to exhibit to the highest advantage their native radiance and beauty. His cheerfulness was unremitting. It seemed to be as much the effect of the systematic and salutary exercise of the mind, as of its superior organization. His wit was of the first order. It did not show itself merely in occasional coruscations ; but, without any effort or force on his part, it shed a constant stream of the purest light over the whole of his discourse.

Whether in the company of commons or nobles, he was always the same plain man ; always most perfectly at his ease, his faculties in full play, and the full orbit of his genius for ever clear and unclouded. And then the stores of his mind were inexhaustible. He had commenced life with an attention so vigilant, that nothing had escaped his observation, and a judgment so solid,

that every incident was turned to advantage. His youth had not been wasted in idleness, nor overcast by intemperance. He had been all his life a close and deep reader, as well as thinker ; and by the force of his own powers, had wrought up the raw materials, which he had gathered from books, with such exquisite skill and felicity, that he had added a hundred-fold to their original value, and justly made them his own.

WASHINGTON. *Fisher Ames*—B. 1753, d. 1808.

Washington was uniformly great, pursuing right conduct from right maxims. His talents were such as assist a sound judgment, and ripen with it. His prudence was consummate, and seemed to take the direction of his powers and passions ; for as a soldier, he was more solicitous to avoid mistakes that might be fatal, than to perform exploits that are brilliant ; and, as a statesman, to adhere to just principles, however old, than to pursue novelties ; and therefore, in both characters, his qualities were singularly adapted to the interest, and were tried in the greatest perils of the country. * * *

However his military fame may excite the wonder of mankind, it is chiefly by his civil magistracy that his example will instruct them. Great generals have arisen in all ages of the world, and perhaps most in those of despotism and darkness. In times of violence and convulsion, they rise, by the force of the whirlwind, high enough to ride in it, and direct the storm. Like meteors, they glare on the black clouds with splendor, that, while it dazzles and terrifies, makes nothing visible but the darkness. The fame of heroes is indeed grow-

ing vulgar ; they multiply in every long war ; they stand in history, and thicken in their ranks, almost as undistinguished as their own soldiers.

But such a chief magistrate as Washington, appears like the pole star in a clear sky, to direct the skilful statesman. His presidency will form an epoch, and be distinguished as the age of Washington. Already it assumes its high place in the political region. Like the milky way, it whitens along its allotted portion of the hemisphere. The latest generations of men will survey, through the telescope of history, the space where so many virtues blend their rays, and delight to separate them into groups and distinct virtues. As the best illustration of them, the living monument to which the first of patriots would have chosen to consign his fame, it is my earnest prayer to Heaven that our country may subsist, even to that late day, in the plenitude of its liberty and happiness, and mingle its mild glory with Washington's.

5. SWIFT AND THE LADY'S DINNER.

A lady invited Dean Swift to a most sumptuous dinner. She said, "Dear Dean, this fish is not as good as I could wish, though I sent for it half across the kingdom, and it cost me so much," naming an incredible price. "And this thing is not such as I ought to have for such a guest, though it came from such a place, and cost such a sum." Thus she went on, decrying and underrating every article of her expensive and ostentatious dinner, and teasing her distinguished guest with apologies, only to find a chance to display her vanity in bringing her trouble and expense into view, until she

exhausted his patience. He is reported to have risen in a passion, and to have said, "True, madam, it is a miserable dinner; and I will not eat it, but go home and dine upon sixpence worth of herring."

6. A SENSIBLE HOST.

Lord Carteret went one day unattended to Dr. Delany, and told him he was come to dine with him. He thanked his excellency for the honor conferred on him. The dinner was soon in readiness. It was a simple meal, such as was suitable for Dr. Delany and his mother. The old lady did the honors of the table. The host made no apology for the entertainment, but said to Lord Carteret :

To stomachs cloyed with costly fare
"Simplicity alone is rare."

His Lordship was much pleased; for though a courtier, he hated ceremony when he sought pleasure. At the close of the meal, he told the Doctor that he had always thought him a well-bred man, but had never had so good a proof before. "Others," said he, "on whom I have tried the same experiment, have met me with as much confusion, as if I had come to arrest them for high treason; nay, deprived me of their conversation, by undue attention to the dinner, and then spoiled my meal by fulsome apologies or needless profusion."

7. MILTON'S INTELLECTUAL QUALITIES.—*Channing*. B. 1780, d. 1842.

In speaking of the intellectual qualities of Milton, we may begin by observing that the very splendor of his

den, and that he had killed several of them, and thrown them over into my yard. I was greatly enraged, because he had killed my beautiful hens, that I valued so much. I determined at once to be revenged,—to sue him, or in some way get redress. I sat down and eat my dinner as calmly as I could. By the time I had finished my meal, I became more cool, and thought that perhaps it was not best to fight with my neighbor about hens, and thereby make him my bitter, lasting enemy. I concluded to try another way, being sure it would do better.

After dinner, I went to my neighbor's. He was in his garden. I went out and found him in pursuit of one of my hens with a club, trying to kill it. I accosted him. He turned upon me, his face inflamed with wrath, and he broke out in a great fury :

“‘You have abused me. I will kill all your hens, if I can get at them ; I never was so abused. My garden is ruined.’

“‘I am very sorry for it,’ said I, ‘I did not wish to injure you, and now see that I have made a great mistake in letting out my hens. I ask your forgiveness, and am willing to pay you six times the damage.’

“The man seemed confounded. He did not know what to make of it. He looked up to the sky,—then down to the earth,—then at his neighbor,—then at his club, and then at the hen he had been pursuing, and said nothing.

“‘Tell me, now,’ said I, ‘what is the damage, and I will pay you six-fold ; and my hens shall trouble you no more. I will leave it entirely to you to say what I shall do. I cannot afford to lose the love and good will

of my neighbors, and quarrel with them, for hens, or any thing else.'

" 'I am a great fool,' said the neighbor. 'The damage is not worth talking about ; and I have more need to compensate you, than you me, and to ask your forgiveness, than you mine.' "

6. INCREASE OF PRINTERS.

When Dr. Franklin's mother-in-law first discovered that the young man had a hankering for her daughter, the good old lady said she did not know so well about giving her daughter to a printer ; there were already two printing offices in the United States, and she was not certain the country would support them. It was plain young Franklin would depend for the support of his family on the profits of the third, and this was rather a doubtful chance.

If such an objection was urged to a would-be-son-in-law when there were but two printing offices in the United States, how can a printer get a wife now, when the census of 1850 shows the number to be over two thousand ?

7. ORIGIN OF WHIG.

In the sixteenth century, there arose in England a party opposed to the king, and in favor of a republican form of government, in which the people could have a voice. This party adopted as their motto, "We hope in God." The initials, or first letter of each word combined, read *Whig*, and were used to name or designate the party. Thus the word *Whig* originally meant op-

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resign his rough sway over the wide realm of nature, she would retire again into her southern bower. Yet, though her visits were but short, her very look seemed to exercise a magic influence. The birds began slowly to expand their close winter folds ; the dark and melancholy woods to assume an almost imperceptible purple tint ; and here and there a little chirping blue-bird hopped about the orchard of Elsingburgh. Strips of fresh green appeared along the brooks, now released from their icy fetters ; and nests of little variegated flowers, nameless, yet richly deserving a name, spring up in the sheltered recesses of the leafless woods. By and by, the shad, the harbinger at once of spring and plenty, came up the river before the mild southern breeze ; the ruddy blossoms of the peach-tree exhibited their gorgeous pageantry ; the little lambs appeared frisking and gambolling about the sedate mother ; young, innocent calves began their first bleatings ; the cackling hen announced her daily feat in the barn-yard with clamorous astonishment ; every day added to the appearance of that active vegetable and animal life, which nature presents in the progress of the genial spring ; and, finally, the flowers, the zephyrs, and the warblers, and the maiden's rosy cheeks, announced to the eye, the ear, the senses, the fancy, and the heart, the return and the stay of the vernal year.

4. PATRICK HENRY'S ELOQUENCE AND HUMOR.—*Wirt*.

Hook was a Scotchman, and a man of wealth, and suspected of being unfriendly to the American cause. During the distresses of the American army, consequent on the joint invasion of Cornwallis and Philips in 1781, a commissary of the army had taken two of Hook's steers

for the use of the troops. The act had not been strictly legal ; and, on the establishment of peace, Hook, on the advice of Mr. Cowan, a gentleman of some distinction in the law, thought proper to bring an action of trespass against the commissary, in the district court of New London. Mr. Henry appeared for the defendant, and is said to have disported himself in this cause to the infinite enjoyment of his hearers, the unfortunate Hook always excepted. After Mr. Henry became animated in the cause, says a correspondent, he appeared to have complete control over the passions of his audience ; at one time he excited their indignation against Hook ; vengeance was visible in every countenance ; again, when he chose to relax and ridicule him, the whole audience was in a roar of laughter. He painted the distresses of the American army, exposed, almost naked, to the rigors of a winter's sky, and marking the frozen ground over which they trod with the blood of their unshod feet. Where was the man, he said, who had an American heart in his bosom, who would not have thrown open his fields, his barns, his cellars, the doors of his house, the portals of his breast, to receive with open arms the meanest soldier in that little band of famished patriots ? Where is the man ? *There* he stands,—but whether the heart of an American beats in his bosom, you, gentlemen, are to judge. He then carried the jury by the powers of his imagination to the plains around York, the surrender of which had followed shortly after the act complained of ; he depicted the surrender in the most glowing and noble colors of his eloquence—the audience saw before their eyes the humiliation and dejection of

the British, as they marched out of their trenches ; they saw the triumph which lighted up every patriot face, heard the shouts of victory, and the cry of " Washington and Liberty," as it rung and echoed through the American ranks, and was reverberated from the hills and shores of the neighboring river,—“ but, hark ! what notes of discord are these, which disturb the general joy, and silence the acclamation of victory ; they are the notes of John Hook, hoarsely bawling through the American camp, ‘ Beef ! beef ! beef ! ’ ”

5. EFFECTS OF HENRY'S SPEECH.—*Wirt.*

The whole audience were convulsed : a particular incident will give a better idea of the effect than any general description. The clerk of the court, unable to command himself, and unwilling to commit any breach of decorum in his place, rushed out of the court-house, and threw himself on the grass in the most violent paroxysms of laughter, where he was rolling, when Hook, with very different feelings, came out for relief into the yard also. “ Jimmy Steptoe,” said he to the clerk, “ what the devil ails ye, mon ? ” Mr. Steptoe was only able to say that he could not help it. “ Never mind ye,” said Hook, “ wait till Billy Cowan gets up ; he'll show him la' ! ” Mr. Cowan, however, was so completely overwhelmed by the torrent which bore upon his client, that, when he rose to reply to Mr. Henry, he was scarcely able to make an intelligible or audible remark. The cause was decided almost by acclamation. The jury retired for form's sake, and instantly returned with a verdict for the defendant. Nor did the effect of Mr. Henry's speech

stop here. The people were so highly excited by the tory audacity of such a suit, that Hook began to hear around him a cry more terrible than that of *beef* ; it was the cry of *tar and feathers* ; from the application of which, it is said, that nothing saved him but a precipitate flight, and the speed of his horse.

6. WASHINGTON'S FOREIGN POLICY, 1794.—*Charles James Fox.*
B. 1748, d. 1806.

How infinitely superior must appear the spirit and principles of General Washington, in his late address to Congress, compared with the policy of modern European Courts ! Illustrious man !—deriving honor less from the splendor of his situation than from the dignity of his mind ! Grateful to France for the assistance received from her, in that great contest which secured the independence of America, he yet did not choose to give up the system of neutrality in her favor. Having once laid down the line of conduct most proper to be pursued, not all the insults and provocations of the French minister, Genet, could at all put him out of his way, or bend him from his purpose. It must, indeed, create astonishment, that, placed in circumstances so critical, and filling a station so conspicuous, the character of Washington should never once have been called in question ;—that he should, in no one instance, have been accused either of improper insolence, or of mean submission, in his transactions with foreign nations. It has been reserved for him to run the race of glory without experiencing the smallest interruption to the brilliancy of his career. The breath of censure has not dared to

impeach the purity of his conduct, nor the eye of envy to raise its malignant glance to the elevation of his virtues. Such has been the transcendent merit and the unparalleled fate of this illustrious man !

How did he act when he was insulted by Genet ? Did he consider it as necessary to avenge himself for the misconduct or madness of an individual, by involving a whole continent in the horrors of war ? No ; he contented himself with procuring satisfaction for the insult, by causing Genet to be recalled ; and thus at once consulted his own dignity and the interest of his country. Happy Americans ! while the whirlwind flies over one quarter of the globe, and spreads every where desolation, you remain protected from its baneful effects by your own virtues, and the wisdom of your Government. Separated from Europe by an immense ocean, you feel not the effect of those prejudices and passions which convert the boasted seats of civilization into scenes of horror and bloodshed. You profit by the folly and madness of the contending nations, and afford, in your more congenial clime, an asylum to those blessings and virtues which they wantonly condemn, or wickedly exclude from their bosom ! Cultivating the arts of peace under the influence of freedom, you advance, by rapid strides, to opulence and distinction ; and if, by any accident, you should be compelled to take part in the present unhappy contest,—if you should find it necessary to avenge insult, or repel injury,—the world will bear witness to the equity of your sentiments and the moderation of your views ; and the success of your arms will, no doubt, be proportioned to the justice of your cause !

LESSON XXXVII.

1. AMERICAN VESSELS, 1850.—*Richard Cobden, in the British Parliament.*

I sometimes quote the United States of America ; and, I think, in this matter of national reference, they set us a very good example. Does any body dare to attack that nation ? There is not a more formidable power, in every sense of the word,—although you talk of France and Russia,—than the United States of America ; and there is not a statesman with a head on his shoulders who does not know it ; and yet the policy of the United States has been to keep a very small amount of armed force in existence. At the present moment, they have not a line of battle ship afloat, notwithstanding the vast extension of their commercial marine. Last year she recalled the last ship of war from the Pacific ; and I shall be very much astonished if you see another. The people are well employed, and her taxation is light, which countries cannot have, if they burden themselves with the expense of these enormous armaments.

Now, many persons appeal to the English nation under the impression that they are a very pugnacious people. I am not quite sure that we are not. I am not quite sure that my opponents do not sometimes have the advantage over me in appealing to the ready-primed pugnacity of our fellow-countrymen. I believe I am pugnacious myself ; but what I want is, to persuade my countrymen to preserve their pugnaciousness until somebody comes to attack them. Be assured, if you want

to be prepared for future war, you will be better prepared in the way that the United States is prepared,—by the enormous number of merchant ships of large tonnage constantly building ; in the vast number of steamers turning out of the building-yards at New York,—those enormous steamers, finer than any to be found in the royal navies of any country on the continent of Europe, commonly extending from fifteen hundred to sixteen hundred tons. If the spirit of America were once aroused, and her resentment excited, her mercantile marine alone,—the growth of commerce, the result of a low taxation, and a prosperous people,—her mercantile marine would be more than a match for any war navy that exists on the continent of Europe.

2. THE SABBATH.—*N. P. Willis*

It was a pleasant morning, in the time
When the leaves fall—and the bright sun shone out
As when the morning stars first sang together—
So quietly and calmly fell his light
Upon a world at rest. There was no leaf
In motion, and the loud winds slept, and all
Was still. The laboring herd was grazing
Upon the hill-side quietly—uncalled
By the harsh voice of man, and distant sound,
Save from the murmuring waterfall, came not
As usual on the ear. One hour stole on,
And then another of the morning, calm
And still as Eden ere the birth of man,
And then broke in the Sabbath chime of bells—
And the old man, and his descendants, went

Together to the house of God. I joined
 The well apparelled crowd. The holy man
 Rose solemnly and breathed the prayer of faith—
 And the gray saint, just on the wing of heaven—
 And the fair maid, and the bright-haired young man—
 And child of curling locks, just taught to close
 The lash of its blue eye the while ;—all knelt
 In attitude of prayer—and then the hymn,
 Sincere in its low melody, went up
 To worship God.

The white-haired pastor rose
 And looked upon his flock—and with an eye
 That told his interest, and voice that spoke
 In tremulous accents, eloquent like Paul's,
 He lent Isaiah's fire to the truths
 Of revelation, and persuasion came
 Like gushing waters from his lips, till hearts
 Unused to bend were softened, and the eye
 Unwont to weep sent forth the willing tear.
 I went my way—but as I went, I thought
 How holy was the Sabbath-day of God.

3. LORD BROUGHAM'S ORATORY.—*Newark Advertiser*, 1848.

Lord Brougham's first sentences, like those of most great orators, are exceedingly ordinary, and delivered in a style that any school boy might equal. He turns to the bundle of small slips of paper beside him, takes up one of them, and, after holding it close to his eyes for a moment, throws it behind him, and goes forward. The storm is rising. His manner is becoming every moment more animated ; his voice, never pleasing, is growing

more loud and shrill ; his arms swing back and forth in uncouth, but most efficient gestures ; the House is perfectly stilled, and by the time he arrives at the second head of his argument, it is apparent that he has gained a complete command of his auditors. The second note adds fuel to the flame ; and on he goes, like a fire on the prairies, burning, blazing, scorching, and consuming all before him. His opponent quakes with terror as he beholds the strong cords of his logic snapped asunder, like tow in the flame, and shrivelled into thin air ; and at last, blistered with sarcasm and galled with vindictive irony, he falls down discomfited, beneath the fiery tempest that overwhelms him. The orator's voice and manner grow more feeble, and he sits down, perfectly overcome with the gigantic effort ; while his victim lies before him " flayed alive," and quivering at every nerve. The audience, caring to hear no more, take their hats and disperse ; and our American friend walks away with the firm conviction that if Daniel Webster is not the greatest man in the world, that man is Lord Brougham.

4. THIS LIFE.—*Henry King, d. 1669.*

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew ;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood ;
Or bubbles which on water stood ;
Even such is man, whose borrowed light,
Is straight called in, and paid to-night.

The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The spring entombed in ocean lies,
The dew dries up, the star is shot,
The flight is past, and man forgot.

5. STUART, THE PAINTER.—*B. 1757 d. 1828.*

Of Stuart, the painter, this amusing anecdote is related. He had put up at an inn, and his companions were desirous, by putting roundabout questions, to find out his calling or profession. Stuart answered, with a grave face and serious tone, that he sometimes dressed gentlemen's and ladies' hair. At that time, high-cropped pomatumed hair was all the fashion. "You are a hair-dresser, then?" "What," said he, "do I look like a barber?"—"I beg your pardon, sir, but I inferred it from what you said. If I mistook you, may I take the liberty to ask what you are then?"—"Why, I sometimes brush a gentleman's coat or hat, and sometimes adjust a cravat."—"O, you are a valet, then, to some nobleman?"—"A valet! Indeed, sir, I am not. I am not a servant. To be sure I make coats and waistcoats for gentlemen."—"O, you are a tailor?" "A tailor! do I look like a tailor? I assure you, I never handled a goose, other than a roasted one." By this time they were all in a roar. "What are you, then?" said one. "I'll tell you," said Stuart. "Be assured, all I have said is literally true. I dress hair, brush hats and coats, adjust a cravat and make coats, waistcoats, and breeches, and likewise boots and shoes, at your service." "Oh, ho! a boot and shoemaker, after all!" "Guess again, gentlemen. I never handled boot or shoe, but for my own feet and

legs ; yet all I have told you is true." "We may as well give up guessing." "Well, then, I will tell you, upon my honor as a gentleman, my *bona fide* profession. I get my bread by making faces."

He then screwed his countenance, and twisted the lineaments of his visage, in a manner such as Samuel Foot or Charles Mathews might have envied. His companions, after loud peals of laughter, each took credit to himself for having suspected that the gentleman belonged to the theatre, and they all knew he must be a comedian by profession. When, to their utter astonishment, he assured them that he was never on the stage, and very rarely saw the inside of a playhouse, or any similar place of amusement. They all now looked at each other in utter amazement. Before parting, Stuart said to his companions.—"Gentlemen, you will find that all I have said of my various employments is comprised in these few words: *I am a portrait painter*. If you will call at John Palmer's, York Buildings, London, I shall be ready and willing to brush you a coat or hat, dress your hair *à la mode*, supply you, if in need, with a wig of any fashion or dimensions, accommodate you with boots or shoes, give you ruffles or cravat, and make faces for you."

6. FOREIGN ENTANGLEMENTS, 1796.—George Washington.

Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence (I conjure you to believe me, fellow-citizens) the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake ; since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of Republican government.

But that jealousy, to be useful, must be impartial ; else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defence against it. Excessive partiality of one nation, and excessive dislike for another, cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil, and even second the arts of influence on the other. Real patriots, who may resist the intrigues of the favorite, are liable to become suspected and odious ; while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people, to surrender their interests. The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence, she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the cause of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise for us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities. Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance ; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected ; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making ac-

quisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation ; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel. Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation ? Why quit our own, to stand on foreign ground ? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor or caprice ?

7. THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

I am all alone in my chamber now,
And the midnight hour is near ;
And the fagot's crack, and the clock's dull click
Are the only sounds I hear.
And over my soul in its solitude,
Sweet feelings of sadness glide,
And my heart and my eyes are full, when I think
Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house—
Went home to the loved ones all ;
And softly I opened the garden gate,
And softly the door of the hall.
My mother came out to meet her son ;
She kissed me, and then she sighed ;
Her head fell on my neck, and she wept
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come
In the garden where he played ;
I shall miss him more by the fire-side,
When the flowers are all decayed.

I shall see his toys, and his empty chair,
 And the horse he used to ride ;
 And they will speak with a silent speech
 Of the little boy that died.

We shall all go home to our Father's house—
 To our Father's house in the skies,
 Where the hope of our souls shall have no blight,
 Our love, no broken ties.
 We shall roam on the banks of the river of peace,
 And bathe in its blissful tide ;
 And one of the joys of our heaven will be
 The little boy that died.

8. A SKETCH.—*Washington Irving.*

The depopulating pestilence that walketh at noon-day, the carnage of cruel and devastating war, can scarcely exhibit their victims in a more terrible array, than exterminating drunkenness. I have seen a promising family spring from a parent trunk, and stretch abroad its populous limbs like a flowing tree covered with a green and healthy foliage.—I have seen the unnatural decay beginning upon the yet tender leaves, and gnawing like a worm in an unopened bud, while they dropped off, one by one, and the scathed and ruined shaft stood alone, until the winds and rains of many a sorrow laid that, too, in the dust.—On one of those holy days, when the patriarch, rich in virtue as in years, gathered about him the great and the little ones of the flock—his sons with their sons, and his daughters with their daughters—I, too, sat at the festive board. I, too, pledged them

in the social wine cup, and rejoiced with them around the hospitable hearth, and expatiated with delight upon the eventful future ; while the good old man, warmed in the genial glow of youthful enthusiasm, wiped the tear of joy from his glistening eye.—He was happy.—I met with them again when the rolling year brought the festive season round. But they were not all there. The kind old man sighed when his suffused eye dwelt upon the then unoccupied seat. But joy yet came to his relief, and he was happy.—A parent's love knows no diminution—time, distance, poverty, shame, but give intensity and strength to that passion before which all others dissolve and melt away. Another elapsed.—The board was spread, but the guests came not. The old man cried, “where are my children?” and echo answered—where? His heart broke—for they were not. Could not Heaven have spared his gray hairs this affliction? Alas! the demon of drunkenness had been there. They had fallen victims of his spell. And one short month sufficed to cast the veil of oblivion over the old man's sorrow, and the young ones' shame.—They are all dead.

LESSON XXXVIII.

1. THE TRUE TO-DAY.—*H. Withington. B. 1818; d. 1848.*

All that there is in what we call to-day is in the life of thought : thought is the spirit's breath. To think is to live ; for he who thinks not has no sense of life. Wouldst thou make the most of life,—wouldst

thou have the joy of the present,—let Thought's invisible shuttle weave full in the loom of Time the moment's passing threads. To think is to live ; but with how many are these passing hours as so many loose filaments, never woven together, nor gathered, but scattered, ravelling, so many flying ends, confused and worthless ! Time and life, unfilled with thought, are useless, unenjoyed, bringing no pleasure for the present, storing no good for future need. To-day is the golden chance, wherewith to snatch Thought's blessed fruition,—the joy of the Present, the hope of the Future. Thought makes the time that is, and Thought is the eternity to come.

2. DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.—*James Shirley. B. 1594; d. 1666.*

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armor against Fate ;
Death lays his icy hand on kings !
Sceptre, and Crown, must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,—
They tame but one another still.
Early or late, they stoop to fate,
And must give up their conquering breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to Death.

The garlands wither on your brow !—
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds :
 Upon Death's purple altar now
 See where the victor-victim bleeds !
 All heads must come to the cold tomb :
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

3. ESSAY ON MAN.—*Pope.*

Awake ! my ST. JOHN ; ¹ leave all meaner things
 To low ambition and the pride of kings.
 Let us, (since life can little more supply
 Than just to look about us and to die,)
 Expatiate frèe o'er all this scene of man ;
 A mighty maze ! but not without a plan ;
 A wild where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot,
 Or garden tempting with forbidden fruit ;
 Together let us beat this ample field,
 Try what the open, what the covert yield ;
 The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore !
 Of all who blindly creep or sightly soar !
 Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
 And catch the manners living as they rise ;
 Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
 But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

Say first, of God above, or Man below,
 What can we reason, but from what we know ?
 Of Man, what see we but his station here,
 From which to reason, or to which refer ?
 Through worlds unnumbered, though the God be known,
 'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.

He who through vast immensity can pierce,
 See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
 Observe how system into system runs,
 What other planets circle other suns,
 What varied being peoples every star,
 May tell why Heaven made all things as they are.

4. INCENTIVES TO TRUST.—*Pope's Essay.*

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
 All but the page prescribed, their present state,
 From brutes, what mén, from men, what spirits know,
 Or who could suffer being here ' below ?
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
 Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
 And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
 Oh, blindness to the future ! kindly given
 That each may fill the circle marked by heaven ;
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
 Atoms, or systems into ruin hurled,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world !

Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions soar ;
 Wait the great teacher, death, and God adore !
 What future bliss he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast ;
 Man never is, but always to be blest :
 The soul uneasy and confined at home,
 Rests, and expatiates, in a life to come.

5. PRIDE.—*Pope's Essay.*

Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine?
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "'tis for mine :
For me kind nature wakes her genial power,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower ;
Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew ;
For me the mine a thousand treasures brings ;
For me health gushes from a thousand springs ;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise ;
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."

6. DEATH OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.—*J. E. Holmes.*

Mr. Speaker : The mingled tones of sorrow, like the voice of many waters, have come to us from a sister state—Massachusetts, weeping for her honored son. The state I have the honor in part to represent, once endured, with yours, a common suffering, battled for a common cause, and rejoiced in a common triumph. Surely, then, it is meet, that in this the day of your affliction, we should mingle our griefs.

When a great man falls, the nation mourns ; when a patriot is removed, the people weep. Ours, my associates, is no common bereavement. The chain which linked our hearts with the gifted spirits of former times has been suddenly snapped. The lips from which flowed those living and glorious truths that our fathers uttered, are closed in death. Yes, my friends, Death has been among us ! He has not entered the humble cottage of some unknown, ignoble peasant ; he has knocked audi-

bly at the palace of a nation ! His footstep has been heard in the halls of state ! He has cloven down his victim in the midst of the councils of a people. He has borne in triumph from among you the gravest, wisest, most reverend head. Ah ! he has taken him as a trophy who was once chief over many statesmen, adorned with virtue, and learning, and truth ; he has borne at his chariot wheels, a renowned one of the earth.

How often we have crowded into that aisle, and clustered around that now vacant desk, to listen to the counsels of wisdom as they fell from the lips of the venerable sage, we can all remember, for it was but of yesterday. But what a change ! How wondrous ! how sudden ! 'Tis like a vision of the night. That form which we beheld but a few days since, is now cold in death.

But the last Sabbath, and in this hall he worshipped with others. Now his spirit mingles with the noble army of martyrs and the just made perfect, in the eternal adoration of the living God. With him "this is the end of earth." He sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. He is gone—and for ever ! The sun that ushers in the morn of that next holy day, while it gilds the lofty dome of the capitol, shall rest with soft and mellow light upon the consecrated spot beneath whose turf for ever lies the PATRIOT FATHER and the PATRIOT SAGE.

7. PEACEABLE SECESSION IMPOSSIBLE.—*D. Webster.*

Sir, he who sees these States now revolving in harmony around a common centre, and expects to see them quit their places and fly off without convulsions, may look the next hour to see the heavenly bodies rush from

their spheres, and jostle against each other in the realms of space, without causing the crash of the universe. There can be no such thing as a peaceable secession. Peaceable secession is an utter impossibility. Is the great constitution under which we live, covering this whole country, is it to be thawed and melted away by secession, as the snows on the mountain melt under the influence of a vernal sun ? disappear almost unobserved, and run off ? No, sir ! No, sir ! I will not state what might produce the disruption of the Union ; but, Sir, I see as plainly as I see the sun in heaven, what that disruption itself must produce ; I see that it must produce war, and such a war as I will not describe, *in its two-fold character*.

Peaceable secession !—peaceable secession ! The concurrent agreement of all the members of this great Republic to separate ! * * * * Sir, we could not sit down here to-day, and draw a line of separation that would satisfy any five men in the country. There are natural causes that would keep and tie us together : and there are social and domestic relations which we could not break if we would, and which we should not, if we could.

8. CATO'S SOLILOQUY ON IMMORTALITY.—*Addison*. B. 1672, d. 1719.

It must be so,—Plato, thou reasonest well !
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality ?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror
Of falling into naught ? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us,

'Tis Heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity !—thou pleasing, dreadful thought !
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass !
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me ;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,—
And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works,—He must delight in virtue ;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when ? or where ? This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures,—this must end them.
Thus am I doubly armed. My life and death,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to my end ;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years ;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.

LESSON XXXIX.

1. DEATH OF ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.—*John Sergeant.*

Time, in its course, has produced a striking epoch in the history of our favored country ; and, as if to mark with peculiar emphasis this interesting stage of our national existence, it comes to us accompanied with incidents calculated to make a powerful and lasting impression. The dawn of the fiftieth anniversary of independence beamed upon two venerable and illustrious citizens, to whom, under Providence, a nation acknowledged itself greatly indebted for the event which the day was set apart to commemorate. The one was the author, the other was “the ablest advocate” of that solemn assertion of right, that heroic defiance of unjust power, which, in the midst of difficulty and danger, proclaimed the determination to assume a separate and equal station among the powers of the earth, and declared to the world the causes which impelled to this decision. Both had stood by their country with unabated ardor and unwavering fortitude, through every vicissitude of her fortune, until the “glorious day” of her final triumph crowned their labors and sacrifices with complete success. With equal solicitude, and with equal warmth of patriotic affection, they devoted their great faculties, which had been employed in vindicating the rights of their country, to construct for her, upon deep and strong foundations, the solid edifice of social order, and of civil and religious freedom. They had both held the highest public em-

ployment, and were distinguished by the highest honors the nation could confer. Arrived at an age when nature seems to demand repose, each had retired to the spot from which the public exigencies had first called him,—his public labors ended, his work accomplished, his country prosperous and happy,—there to indulge in the blessed retrospect of a well-spent life, and await that period which comes to all ; but not to await it in idleness or indifference. * * *

The Jubilee came,—the great national commemoration of a nation's birth—the fiftieth year of deliverance from a foreign rule, wrought out by exertions, and sufferings, and sacrifices of the patriots of the revolution. It found these illustrious and venerable men, full of honors, and full of years, animated with the proud recollection of the times in which they had borne so distinguished a part, and cheered by the beneficent and expanding influence of their patriotic labors. The eyes of a nation were turned towards them with affection and reverence. They heard the first song of triumph on that memorable day. As the voice of millions of freemen rose in gratitude and joy, they both sunk gently to rest, and their spirits departed in the midst of the swelling chorus of national enthusiasm. * *

2. THE COMMON LOT.—*James Montgomery.*

Once, in the flight of ages past ¹

There lived a man :—and who was he ?

Mortal ! howe'er thy lot be cast

That man resembled thee.

Unknòwn | the region of his bírth,
The land in which he díed | unknown :
His name has perished from the earth ;
This truth survives alone :—

That joy and grief, and hope and féar,
Alternate triumphed in his breast ;
His bliss and woe,—a smile, a téar !—
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits rise | and fáll ;
We know | that these were felt by him,
For these àre felt, by all.

He suffered,—but his pangs are o'er ;
Enjoyed,—but his delights are fled ;
Had friends,—his friends are now no móre ;
And fòes,—his foes are dead.

He lòved, but whóm he loved, the grave |
Hath lost in its unconscious womb ;
O, she was fair !—but naught could save |
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw | whatever thòu | hast seen ;
Encountered all that troubles thee :
He wás—whatever thòu hast been ;
He is—what thou shàlt | be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon and stars, the earth and máin,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To hím | exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams o'er his eye !
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky !
No vestige ! where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins since the world began,
Of him ! afford no other trace,
Than this—there lived ! a man !

3. HENRY CLAY ON THE COMPROMISE, 1850.

Sir, what vicissitudes do we not pass through in this short mortal career of ours ? Eight years, or nearly eight years ago, I took my leave finally, and, as I supposed, for ever from this body. At that time I did not conceive of the possibility of ever again returning to it. And if my private wishes and particular inclinations, and the desire during the short remnant of my days to remain in repose and quiet, could have prevailed, you would never have seen me occupying the seat which I now occupy upon this floor. The Legislature of the State to which I belong, unsolicited by me, chose to designate me for this station, and I have come here, sir, in obedience to a sense of stern duty, with no personal objects, no private views, now or hereafter, to gratify. I know, sir, the jealousies, the fears, the apprehensions which are engendered by the existence of that party spirit to which I have referred ; but if there be in my hearing now, in or out of this Capitol, any one who hopes, in his race for honors and elevation, for higher honors and higher elevation than that which he may

occupy, I beg him to believe that I, at least, will never jostle him in the pursuit of those honors or that elevation. I beg him to be perfectly persuaded that, if my wishes prevail, my name shall never be used in competition with his. I beg to assure him that, when my service is terminated in this body, my mission, so far as respects the public affairs of this world and upon this earth, is closed, and closed, if my wishes prevail, for ever. But, sir, it is impossible for us to be blind to the facts which are daily transpiring before us. It is impossible for us not to perceive that party spirit and future elevation mix more or less in all our affairs, in all our deliberations. At a moment when the White House itself is in danger of conflagration, instead of all hands uniting to extinguish the flames, we are contending about who shall be its next occupant. When a dreadful *crevasse* has occurred, which threatens inundation and destruction to all around it, we are contesting and disputing about the profits of an estate which is threatened with total submersion.

Mr. President, it is passion, passion—party, party, and intemperance—that is all I dread in the adjustment of the great questions which unhappily at this time divide our distracted country. Sir, at this moment we have in the legislative bodies of this Capitol and in the States, twenty-odd furnaces in full blast, emitting heat and passion, and intemperance, and diffusing them throughout the whole extent of this broad land. Two months ago all was calm in comparison to the present moment. All now is uproar, confusion, and menace to the existence of the Union, and to the happiness and

safety of this people. Sir, I implore Senators, I entreat them, by all that they expect hereafter, and by all that is dear to them here below, to repress the ardor of these passions, to look to their country, to its interests, to listen to the voice of reason—not as it shall be attempted to be uttered by me, for I am not so presumptuous as to indulge the hope that any thing I may say will avert the effects which I have described, but to listen to their own reason, their own judgment, their own good sense, in determining upon what is best to be done for our country in the actual posture in which we find her. Sir, to this great object have my efforts been directed during this whole session. I have cut myself off from all the usual enjoyments of social life, I have confined myself almost entirely, with very few exceptions, to my own chamber, and from the beginning of the session to the present time my thoughts have been anxiously directed to the object of finding some plan, of proposing some mode of accommodation, which should once more restore the blessings of concord, harmony, and peace to this great country. I am not vain enough to suppose that I have been successful in the accomplishment of this object, but I have presented a scheme; and allow me to say to honorable Senators that, if they find in that plan any thing that is defective, if they find in it any thing that is worthy of acceptance but is susceptible of improvement by amendment, it seems to me that the true and patriotic course is not to denounce it, but to improve it—not to reject without examination any project of accommodation having for its object the restoration of harmony in this country, but to look at it to see if it be susceptible of elaboration or improvement, so as

to accomplish the object which I indulge the hope is common to all and every one of us, to restore peace and quiet, and harmony and happiness to this country. * * *

Mr. President, I have said—what I solemnly believe—that the dissolution of the Union and war are identical and inseparable ; that they are convertible terms.

Such a war, too, as that would be, following the dissolution of the Union ! Sir, we may search the pages of history, and none so furious, so bloody, so implacable, so exterminating, from the wars of Greece down, including those of the Commonwealth of England, and the revolution of France—none, none of them raged with such violence, or was ever conducted with such bloodshed and enormities, as will that war which shall follow that disastrous event—if that event ever happen—the dissolution of the Union.

And what would be its termination ? Standing armies and navies, to an extent draining the revenues of each portion of the dissevered empire, would be created ; exterminating war would follow—not a war of two or three years, but of interminable duration—an exterminating war would follow—until some Philip or Alexander, some Cæsar or Napoleon, would rise to cut the Gordian knot, and solve the problem of the capacity of man for self-government, and crush the liberties of both the dissevered portions of this Union. Can you doubt it ? Look at history—consult the pages of all history, ancient or modern : look at human nature—look at the character of the contest in which you would be engaged in the supposition of a war following the dissolution of the Union, such as I have suggested—and I ask you if it is possible for you to doubt that the final

but perhaps distant termination of the whole will be some despot treading down the liberties of the people?—that the final result will be the extinction of this last and glorious light, which is leading all mankind, who are gazing upon it, to cherish hope and anxious expectation that the liberty which prevails here will sooner or later be advanced throughout the civilized world? Can you, Mr. President, lightly contemplate the consequences? Can you yield yourself to a torrent of passion, amidst dangers which I have depicted in colors far short of what would be the reality, if the event should ever happen? I implore gentlemen—I adjure them from the South or the North, by all they hold dear in this world—by all their love of liberty—by all their veneration for their ancestors—by all their regard for posterity—by all their gratitude to Him who has bestowed upon them such unnumbered blessings—by all the duties which they owe to mankind, and all the duties they owe to themselves—by all these considerations, I implore upon them to pause—solemnly to pause—at the edge of the precipice before the fearful and disastrous leap is taken in the yawning abyss below, from which none who take it will ever return in safety.

And, finally, Mr. President, I implore, as the best blessing which Heaven can bestow upon me upon earth, that if the direful and sad event of the dissolution of the Union shall happen, I may not survive to behold the sad and heart-rending spectacle.

6. NATIONAL CHARACTER FROM NATIONAL RECOLLECTIONS.—*E. Everett.*

How is the spirit of a free people to be formed, and animated, and cheered, but out of the storehouse of its

historic recollections? Are we to be eternally ringing the changes upon Marathon and Thermopylæ; and going back to read in obscure texts of Greek and Latin, of the exemplars of patriotic virtue? I thank God that we can find them nearer home, in our own country, on our own soil;—that strains of the noblest sentiment that ever swelled in the breast of man, are breathing to us out of every page of our country's history, in the native eloquence of our mother tongue;—that the colonial and provincial councils of America exhibit to us models of the spirit and character which gave Greece and Rome their name and their praise among the nations. Here we ought to go for our instruction—the lesson is plain, it is clear, it is applicable. * * * How many prudent counsels, conceived in perplexed times; how many heart-stirring words, uttered when liberty was treason; how many brave and heroic deeds, performed when the halter, not the laurel, was the promised meed of patriotic daring,—are already lost and forgotten in the graves of their authors! How little do we,—although we have been permitted to hold converse with the venerable remnants of that day,—how little do we know of their dark and anxious hours; of their secret meditations; of the hurried and perilous events of the momentous struggles! And while they are dropping around us like the leaves of autumn, while scarce a week passes that does not call away some member of the veteran ranks, already so sadly thinned, shall we make no effort to hand down the traditions of their day to our children; to pass the torch of liberty,—which we received in all the splendor of its first enkindling,—bright and flaming to those who stand

next us on the line ; so that, when we shall come to be gathered to the dust where our fathers are laid, we may say to our sons and our grandsons, " if we did not amass, we have not squandered your inheritance of glory."

LESSON XL.

1. INDUSTRY INDISPENSABLE TO ELOQUENCE.—Ware.

The history of the world is full of testimony to prove how much depends upon industry : not an eminent orator has lived but is an example of it. Yet, in contradiction to all this, the almost universal feeling appears to be, that industry can affect nothing, that eminence is the result of accident, and that every one must be content to remain just what he may happen to be. Thus multitudes, who came forward as teachers and guides, suffer themselves to be satisfied with the most indifferent attainments, and a miserable mediocrity, without so much as inquiring how they may rise higher, much less making any attempt to rise. For any other art they would have served an apprenticeship, and would be ashamed to practise it in public before they had learned it. If any one would sing, he attends a master, and is drilled in the very elementary principles ; and only after the most laborious process, dares to exercise his voice in public. This he does, though he has scarce any thing to learn but the mechanical execution of what lies in sensible forms before the eye. But the extempore speaker, who is to invent as well as to utter, to carry

on an operation of the mind as well as to produce sound, enters upon the work without preparatory discipline, and then wonders that he fails ! If he were learning to play on the flute for public exhibition, what hours and days would he spend in giving facility to his fingers, and attaining the power of the sweetest and most expressive execution ! If he were devoting himself to the organ, what months and years would he labor, that he might know its compass, and be master of its keys, and be able to draw out, at will, all its various combinations of harmonious sounds, and its full richness and delicacy of expression ! And yet he will fancy the grandest, and the most various and most expressive of all instruments, which the infinite Creator has fashioned by the union of an intellectual soul with the powers of speech, may be played upon without study or practice ; he comes to it a mere uninstructed tyro, and thinks to manage all its stops, and command the whole compass of its varied and comprehensive power ! He finds himself a bungler in the attempt, is mortified at his failure, and settles it in his mind for ever, that the attempt is vain.

2. LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.—*Thomas Campbell. B. 1777 ; d. 1844.*

A chieftain, to the highlands bound,
Cries, " Boatman, dò ' not tárry !
And I'll give thee a silver pound !
To row us o'er the ferry."

" Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark ' and stormy water ? "

" O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And thís ' Lord Ullin's daughter :—

“ And fast before her father's men !
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

“ His horsemen hard behind us ride ;
Should they our steps discover,
Then whô ! will cheer my bonny bride !
When they have slain her lover ? ”

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
“ I'll gò, my chief, I'm ready :—
It is not for your silver ! bright ;
But for your winsome lady :

“ And, by my word, the bonny bird !
In danger shall not tarry ;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry.”—

By this, the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind !
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.—

“ O, haste thee, haste ! ” the lady cries,
“ Though tempest round us gather ;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But nót ! an angry father.”—

The boat has left the stormy land,
 A stormy sea before her—
 When, oh ! tòò ' strong for human hand,
 The tempest gathered o'er her.—

And still they rowed amidst the roar
 Of waters fast prevailing :
 Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
 His wrath was changed to wailing.—

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
 His child he did discover :
 One ' lovely hand ' she stretched for aid,
 And one | was round her lover.

“ Come back ! come back ! ” he cried in grief,
 “ Across this stormy ' water :
 And I'll forgive ' your Highland chief ;
 My daughter !—Oh ' my daughter ! ”

'Twas vain : the loud waves lashed the shore,
 Return or aid preventing :—
 The waters wild went o'er his child,
 And he was left ' lamenting.

3. AMUSING ANECDOTE.—*Ik kan niet verstaan.*

A young Parisian, going to Amsterdam, was attracted by the remarkable beauty of a house situated near the canal. He addressed a Dutchman in French, who stood near him in the vessel, with, “ Pray, sir, may I ask who that house belongs to ? ” The Hollander answered him in his own language, “ *Ik kan niet*

verstaan " (I do not understand you). The Parisian, not doubting but that he understood, took the Dutchman's answer for the name of the proprietor. "O, O," said he, "it belongs to Mr. Kaniferstane. Well, I am sure he must be very agreeably situated; the house is most charming, and the garden appears delicious. I don't know that ever I saw a better. A friend of mine has one much like it, near the river at Chaise; but I certainly give this the preference." He added many other observations of the same kind, to which the Dutchman, not understanding them, made no reply.

When he arrived at Amsterdam, he saw a most beautiful woman on the quays, walking arm in arm with a gentleman. He asked a person that passed him who that charming lady was; but the man, not understanding French, replied, "*Ik kan niet verstaan*." "What, sir," replied our traveller, "is that Mr. Kaniferstane's wife, whose house is near the canal? Indeed, this gentleman's lot is enviable; to possess such a noble house, and so lovely a companion."

The next day, when he was walking out, he saw some trumpeters playing at a gentleman's door, who had got the largest prize in the Dutch lottery. Our Parisian, wishing to be informed of the gentleman's name, he was still answered, "*Ik kan niet verstaan*." "O," said he, "this is too great an accession of good fortune! Mr. Kaniferstane, proprietor of such a fine house, husband of such a beautiful woman, and to get the largest prize in the lottery! It must be allowed that there are some fortunate men in the world."

About a week after this, our traveller, walking about,

saw a very superb burying. He asked whose it was. "*Ik kan niet verstaan*," replied the person of whom he asked the question. "O; my God!" exclaimed he; "poor Mr. Kaniferstane, who had such a noble house, such an angelic wife, and the largest prize in the lottery. He must have quitted this world with great regret; but I thought his happiness was too complete to be of long duration." He then went home, reflecting all the way on the instability of human affairs.

4. THE SHIP OF STATE.—*Rev. Wm. P. Lunt.*

Break up the union of these States, because there are acknowledged evils in our system? Is it so easy a matter, then, to make every thing in the actual world conform exactly to the ideal pattern we have conceived in our minds, of absolute right? Suppose the fatal blow were struck, and the bonds which fasten together these States were severed; would the evils and mischiefs that would be experienced by those who are actually members of this vast Republican Community be all that would ensue? Certainly not. We are connected with the several Nations and Races of the world as no other People has ever been connected. We have opened our doors, and invited emigration to our soil from all lands. Our invitation has been accepted. Thousands have come at our bidding. Thousands more are on the way. Other thousands still are standing a-tiptoe on the shores of the Old World, eager to find a passage to the land where bread may be had for labor, and where man is treated as man. In our political family, almost all nations are represented. The several varieties of race

are here subjected to a social fusion, out of which Providence designs to form a "new man."

We are in this way teaching the world a great lesson,—namely, that men of different languages, habits, manners, and creeds, can live together, and vote together, and, if not pray and worship together, yet in near vicinity, and do all in peace, and be, for certain purposes at least, one people. And is not this lesson of some value to the world, especially if we can teach it not by theory merely, but through a successful example? Has not this lesson, thus conveyed, some connection with the world's progress towards that far-off period to which the human mind looks for the fulfilment of its vision of a perfect social state? It may be safely asserted that this Union could not be dissolved without disarranging and convulsing every part of the globe. Not in the indulgence of a vain confidence did our fathers build the Ship of State, and launch it upon the waters. We will exclaim, in the words of one of our poets :—

" ——— sail on, O Ship of State !
Sail on, O Union, strong and great !
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate ! "

5. TO A WATERFOWL.—*W. C. Bryant.*

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye

Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink

Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side ?

There is a Power, whose care

Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned

At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;

Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven

Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,

Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

LESSON XLI.

1. THE AMERICAN FLAG.—*J. R. Drake. B. 1795; d. 1820.*

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of light
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light ;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.
Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trummings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of Heaven,—
Child of the Sun ! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free ;
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke ;
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the clouds of war,
The harbingers of victory !

* * * * *

Flag of the free heart's hope and home !
By angel hands to valor given !

Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
For ever float that standard sheet !
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us ?

2. DEATH OF JEREMIAH MASON, 1849.—*Webster.*

Sir, political eminence and professional fame fade and die with all things earthly. Nothing of character is really permanent, but virtue and personal worth. They remain. Whatever of excellence is wrought into the soul itself, belongs to both worlds. Real goodness does not attach itself merely to this life, it points to another world. Political or professional fame cannot last for ever, but a conscience void of offence before God and man, is an inheritance for eternity. *Religion*, therefore, is a necessary, an indispensable element in any great human character. There is no living without it. Religion is the tie that connects man with his Creator and holds him to his throne. If that tie be all sundered, all broken, he floats away, a worthless atom in the universe, its proper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future, nothing but darkness, desolation and death. A man with no sense of religious duty is he whom the Scriptures describe—in so terse but terrific a manner—as “living without God in the world.” Such a man is out of his proper being, out of the circle of all his duties, out of the circle of all his happiness, and away, far, far away from the purposes of his creation.

A mind like Mr. Mason's, active, thoughtful, pene-

trating, sedate, could not but meditate deeply on the condition of man below and feel its responsibilities. He could not look on this wondrous frame—

‘This universal frame, thus wondrous fair,’

without feeling that it was created and upheld by an Intelligence to which all other intelligence must be responsible. I am bound to say, that in the course of my life I never met with an individual, in any profession or condition of life, who always spoke and always thought with such awful reverence of the power and presence of God. No irreverence, no lightness, even no too familiar allusion to God and his attributes ever escaped his lips. The very notion of a Supreme Being was with him made up of awe and solemnity. It filled the whole of his great mind with the strongest emotions. A man, like him, with all his proper sentiments and sensibilities alive in him, must in this state of existence, have something to believe and something to hope for ; or else as life is advancing to its close and parting, all is heart-sinking and oppression. Depend upon it—whatever else may be the mind of an old man—old age is only really happy, when, on feeling the enjoyments of this world pass away, it begins to lay a stronger hold on those of another.

Mr. Mason’s religious sentiments and feelings were the crowning glories of his character.

He died in old age : but not by a violent stroke from the hand of death, not by the sudden rupture of the ties of nature, but by the gradual wearing out of life. He enjoyed through life, indeed, remarkable health.

He took competent exercise, loved the open air, and avoided all extreme theories and practice ; he controlled his conduct and practice of life by the rules of prudence and moderation. His death was, therefore, not unlike that described by the Angel, admonishing Adam :

“ I yield it just, said Adam, and submit ;
But is there yet no other way, besides
These painful passages, how we may come
To death, and mix with our connatural dust ? ”

“ There is, said Michael, if thou well observe
The rule of—‘ not too much ’—by temperance taught,
In what thou eat’st and drink’st ; seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight ;
Till many years over thy head return :
So may’st thou live ; till, like ripe fruit, thou drop
Into thy mother’s lap ; or be with ease
Gather’d, not harshly pluck’d, for death mature :
This is old age.”

3. AGAINST REPUDIATION, 1843.—(*Webster at Rochester*).

What *can* be the debt of a State like Pennsylvania, that she should not be able to pay it—that she cannot pay it, if she will but take from her pocket the money that she has in it ?—England’s debt is engrafted upon her very soil ; she is bound down to the very earth by it ; and it will affect England and Englishmen, to the fiftieth generation. But the debt of Pennsylvania—the debt of Illinois—the debt of any State in the Union, amounts not to a sixpence in comparison. Let us be AMERICANS—but let us avoid, as we despise, the character of an acknowledged insolvent community.

What importance is it what other nations say of us,

or what they think of us—if they can nevertheless say, “you don’t pay your debts?” Now, gentlemen, I belong to Massachusetts—but if I belonged to a deeply indebted State, I’d work these ten fingers to their stumps, I’d hold plough, I’d drive plough, I’d do both, before it should be said of the State to which I belonged, that she did not pay her debts. That’s the true principle—let us act upon it, let us “go it” to its full extent! If it costs us our comforts, let us sacrifice our comforts; if it costs us our farms, let us mortgage our farms.—But don’t let it be said by the proud capitalists of England, “you don’t pay your debts.” “You, Republican Governments, don’t pay your debts.” Let us say to them “WE WILL pay them,” “we will pay them to the uttermost farthing.” That’s my firm conviction of what we ought to do. That’s my opinion; and water can’t drown—fire can’t burn it out of me. If America owes a debt, let her pay it—let her PAY IT. What I have is ready for the sacrifice. What you have I know would be ready for the sacrifice. At any rate and at any sacrifice, don’t let it be said on the exchanges of London or Paris, don’t let it be said in any one of the proud monarchies of Europe—“America owes, and can’t, or won’t pay.”—God forbid!—Let us pay—let us PAY! * * *

4. OUR COUNTRY'S HONOR OUR OWN.—(*Webster at Marshfield*).

Gentlemen, I came here to confer with you as friends and countrymen, to speak my own mind, but if we all should speak, and occupy as much time as I have we should make a late meeting. I shall detain you no longer. I have been long in public life—far longer—far

longer than I shall remain there. I have had some participation for more than thirty years in the councils of the country ; I profess to feel a strong attachment to the liberty of the United States—to the constitution and free institutions of the United States—to the honor, and I may say the glory, of this great Government and great Country. I feel every injury inflicted upon this country, almost as a personal injury. I blush for every fault which I think I see committed in its public councils, as if they were faults or mistakes of my own. I know that, at this moment, there is no object upon earth so attracting the gaze of the intelligent and civilized nations of the earth as this great Republic. All men look at us, all men examine our course, all good men are anxious for a favorable result to this great experiment of Republican liberty. We are on a hill, and cannot be hid. We cannot withdraw ourselves either from the commendation or the reproaches of the civilized world. They see us as that star of empire which half a century ago was predicted as making its way westward. I wish they may see it as a mild, placid, though brilliant orb, making its way, athwart the whole heavens, to the enlightening and cheering of mankind : and not a meteor of fire and blood, terrifying the nations.

5. THE TRUE SOURCE OF REFORM.—*Rev. E. H. Chapin.*

The great element of reform is not born of human wisdom : it does not draw its life from human organizations. I find it only in CHRISTIANITY. "Thy kingdom come !" There is a sublime and pregnant burden

in this prayer. It is the aspiration of every soul that goes forth in the spirit of Reform. For what is the significance of this prayer? It is a petition that all holy influences would penetrate, and subdue, and dwell in the heart of man, until he shall think, and speak, and do good, from the very necessity of his being. So would the institutions of error and wrong crumble and pass away. So would sin die out from the earth; and the human soul living in harmony with the Divine Will, this earth would become like Heaven. It is too late for the Reformers to sneer at Christianity,—it is foolishness for them to reject it. In it are enshrined our faith in human progress,—our confidence in Reform. It is indissolubly connected with all that is hopeful, spiritual, capable, in man. That men have misunderstood it, and perverted it, is true. But it is also true, that the noblest efforts for human melioration have come out of it,—have been based upon it. Is it not so? Come, ye remembered ones, who sleep the sleep of the just,—who took your conduct from the line of Christian Philosophy,—come from your tombs, and answer!

Come, Howard, from the gloom of the prison and the taint of the lazar-house, and show us what Philanthropy can do when imbued with the spirit of Jesus. Come, Eliot, from the thick forest where the red man listens to the Word of Life;—come, Penn, from thy sweet counsel and weaponless victory,—and show us what Christian Zeal and Christian Love can accomplish with the rudest barbarians or the fiercest hearts. Come, Raikes, from thy labors with the ignorant and the poor,

and show us with what an eye this Faith regards the lowest and the least of our race ; and how diligently it labors, not for the body, not for the rank, but for the plastic soul that is to course the ages of immortality. And ye, who are a great number,—ye nameless ones,—who have done good in your narrow spheres, content to forego renown on earth, and seeking your reward in the Record on High,—come and tell us how kindly a spirit, how lofty a purpose, or how strong a courage, the Religion ye professed can breathe into the poor, the humble, and the weak. Go forth, then, Spirit of Christianity, to thy great work of REFORM ! The Past bears witness to thee in the blood of thy martyrs, and the ashes of thy saints and heroes : the Present is hopeful because of thee ; the Future shall acknowledge thy omnipotence.

LESSON XLII.

1. ENTERPRISE OF AMERICAN COLONISTS.—*Edmund Burke, 1775.*

For some time past, Mr. Speaker, has the Old World been fed from the New. The scarcity which you have felt would have been a desolating famine, if this child of your old age,—if America,—with a true filial piety, with a Roman charity, had not put the full breast of youthful exuberance to the mouth of its exhausted parent. Turning from the agricultural resource of the Colonies, consider the wealth which they have drawn from the sea by their fisheries. The spirit

in which that enterprising employment has been exercised ought to raise your esteem and admiration. Pray, sir, what in the world is equal to it? Pass by the other, and look at the manner in which the People of New England have of late carried on the whale fishery. While we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson Bay, and Davis's Straits, while we are looking for them beneath the Arctic Circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of Polar cold, that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the South. Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting-place in the progress of their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them than the accumulated winter of both the Poles. We know that whilst some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game, along the coast of Brazil. No sea but that is vexed by their fisheries. No climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent People; a People who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood.

When I contemplate these things,—when I know that the Colonies in general owe little or nothing to

any care of ours, and that they are not squeezed into this happy form by the constraints of a watchful and suspicious Government, but that, through a wise and salutary neglect, a generous nature has been suffered to take her own way to perfection,—when I reflect upon these efforts, when I see how profitable they have been to us, I feel all the pride of power sink, and all presumption in the wisdom of human contrivances melt, and die away within me. My rigor relents. I pardon something to the spirit of liberty.

2. FROM LORD CHATHAM'S SPEECH, *January 20th, 1775.*

“I attended,” says Josiah Quincy, Jun. “the debates in the House of Lords. Good fortune gave me one of the best places for hearing, and taking minutes. Lord Chatham rose like Marcellus. His language, voice and gesture, were more pathetic than I ever saw or heard before, at the Bar or the Senate. He seemed like an old Roman Senator, rising with the dignity of age, yet speaking with the fire of youth.” Dr. Franklin, who was also present at the debate, said of it, “I had seen, in the course of my life, sometimes eloquence without wisdom, and often wisdom without eloquence; in the present instance, I have seen both united, and both as I think, in the highest degree possible.”

“America, my Lords, cannot be reconciled to this country—they ought not to be reconciled—till the troops of Britain are withdrawn. How can America trust you, with the bayonet at her breast? How can she suppose that you mean less than bondage or death? I therefore move that an address be presented to his

Majesty, advising that immediate orders be despatched to General Gage, for removing his Majesty's forces from the town of Boston. The way must be immediately opened for reconciliation. It will soon be too late. An hour now lost in allaying ferments in America may produce years of calamity. Never will I desert, for a moment, the conduct of this weighty business. Unless nailed to my bed by the extremity of sickness, I will pursue it to the end. I will knock at the door of this sleeping and confounded Ministry, and will, if it be possible, rouse them to a sense of their danger.

"I contend not for indulgence, but for justice, to America. What is our right to persist in such cruel and vindictive acts against a loyal, respectable people? They say you have no right to tax them without their consent. They say truly."

3. THE SAME—*continued.*

"Representation and taxation must go together; they are inseparable. I therefore urge and conjure your Lordships to adopt the conciliating measure. If illegal violence has been, as it is said, committed in America, prepare the way—open the door of possibility—for acknowledgment and satisfaction; but proceed not to such coercion—such proscription: cease your indiscriminate inflictions; amerce not thirty thousand; oppress not three millions; irritate them not to unappeasable rancor, for the fault of forty or fifty. Such severity of injustice must for ever render incurable the wounds you have inflicted. What though you march from town to town, from province to province? What

though you enforce a temporary and local submission ;—how shall you secure the obedience of the country you leave behind you in your progress ?—How grasp the dominion of eighteen hundred miles of continent, populous in numbers, strong in valor, liberty, and the means of resistance ?

“ The spirit which now resists your taxation, in America, is the same which formerly opposed loans, benevolences and ship-money, in England ;—the same spirit which called all England on its legs, and, by the Bill of Rights, vindicated the English Constitution ;—the same spirit which established the great fundamental essential maxim of your liberties, *that no subject of England shall be taxed but by his own consent*. This glorious Whig spirit animates three millions in America, who prefer poverty, with liberty, to gilded chains and sordid affluence ; and who will die in defence of their rights as men, as freemen. What shall oppose this spirit, aided by the congenial flame glowing in the breast of every Whig in England ? ‘ ’Tis liberty to liberty engaged,’ that they will defend themselves, their families, and their country. In this great cause they are immovably allied : it is the alliance of God and nature,—immutable, eternal,—fixed as the firmament of Heaven.”

4. THE VILLAGE PREACHER.—*Oliver Goldsmith. B. 1731 ; d. 1774.*

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild—
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place :
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched, than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain :
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast :
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed :
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away :
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe :
Careless, their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave, ere charity began.

5. THE VILLAGE PREACHER—*continued.*

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings ' leaned to virtue's side ;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
E'en children followed ' with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed :
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

6. THE DESERTED VILLAGE.—*Goldsmith.*

Sweet Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn, confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amid thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share,—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amid these humble bowers to lay me down ;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose ;
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amid the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;
And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement ! friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine ;
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease ;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !
For him, no wretches, born to work and weep,—
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep ;
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from his gate ;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend :
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way ;
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

LESSON XLIII.

1. SPEECH OF CAIUS MARIUS.—*Sallust. D. 85 B. C.*

It is but too common, my countrymen, to observe a material difference between the behavior of those who stand candidates for places of power and trust, before, and after, their obtaining them. They solicit them in one manner, and execute them in another. They set out with a great appearance of activity, humility, and moderation ; and they quickly fall into sloth, pride, and avarice. It is undoubtedly no easy matter to discharge, to the general satisfaction, the duty of a supreme commander in troublesome times. I am, I hope, duly sensible of the importance of the office I propose to take upon me, for the service of my country. To carry on, with effect, an expensive war, and yet be frugal of the public money ; to oblige those to serve, whom it may be delicate to offend ; to conduct, at the same time, a complicated variety of operations ; to concert measures at home answerable to the state of things abroad ; and to gain every valuable end, in spite of opposition from the envious, the factious, and the disaffected ; to do all this, my countrymen, is more difficult than is generally thought. And, besides the disadvantages common to me with all others in eminent stations, my case is, in this respect, peculiarly hard ; that, whereas, a commander of Patrician rank, if he is guilty of a neglect, or breach of duty, has his great connexions, the antiquity of his family, the important services of

his ancestors, and the multitudes he has by power engaged in his interest, to screen him from condign punishment ; my whole safety depends upon myself : which renders it the more indispensably necessary for me to take care that my conduct be clear and unexceptionable.

I am well aware, my countrymen, that the eyes of the public are upon me ; and, though all who prefer the real advantage of the commonwealth to every other consideration, favor my pretensions, the Patricians desire nothing so much as an occasion against me. It is, therefore, my fixed resolution to use my best endeavors, that you be not disappointed in me, and that their indirect designs against me may be defeated. I have, from my youth, been familiar with toils and with dangers. I was faithful to your interests, my countrymen, when I served you for no reward but that of honor. It is not my design to betray you, now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit. You have committed to my conduct the war against Jugurtha. The Patricians are offended at this. But where would be the wisdom of giving such a command to one of their honorable body,—a person of illustrious birth, of ancient family, of innumerable statues, but—of no experience ? What good would his long line of ancestors, or his multitude of statues, do his country in the day of battle ? What could such a general do, but, in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourse to some inferior commander for direction in difficulties, to which he was not himself equal ? Thus, your Patrician general would, in fact, have a general over him ; so that the acting

commander would still be a Plebeian. So true is this, my countrymen, that I have myself known those who, having been chosen consuls, began then to read the history of their own country, of which, till that time, they were totally ignorant ; that is, they first obtained the employment, and then bethought themselves of the qualifications necessary for the proper discharge of it.

2. THE SAME—*continued.*

I submit to your judgment, Romans, on which side the advantage lies, when a comparison is made between Patrician haughtiness and Plebeian experience. The very actions which they have only read, I have partly seen, and partly myself achieved. What they know by reading, I know by action. They are pleased to slight my mean birth ; I despise their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is the objection against me : want of personal worth against them. But are not all men of the same species ? What can make a difference between one man and another, but the endowments of the mind ? For my part, I shall always look upon the bravest man as the noblest man. Suppose it were inquired of the fathers of such Patricians as Albinus and Bestia, whether, if they had their choice, they would desire sons of their character, or of mine ; what would be their answer : but that they would wish the worthiest to be their sons ? If the Patricians have reason to despise me, let them likewise despise their ancestors, whose nobility was the fruit of their virtue. Do they envy the honors bestowed upon me ? Let them envy likewise my labors, my abstinence, and the dangers

I have undergone for my country, by which I have acquired them. But those worthless men lead such a life of inactivity, as if they despised any honors you can bestow ; whilst they aspire to honors, as if they had deserved them by the most industrious virtue. They claim to themselves the rewards of activity for having enjoyed the pleasures of luxury. Yet none can be more lavish than they are in praise of their ancestors ; and they imagine they honor themselves by celebrating their forefathers : whereas they do the very contrary. For, as much as their ancestors were distinguished for their virtues, so much are they disgraced by their vices. The glory of ancestors casts a light, indeed, upon their posterity : but it only serves to show what the descendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth. I own I cannot boast of the deeds done by my forefathers : but I hope I may answer the cavils of the Patricians by standing up in defence of what I have myself done. Observe now, my countrymen, the injustice of the Patricians. They arrogate to themselves honors on account of the exploits done by their forefathers, whilst they will not allow me due praise for performing the very same sort of actions in my own person. He has no statues, they cry, of his family. He can trace no venerable line of ancestors. What then ! Is it matter of more praise to disgrace one's illustrious ancestors than to become illustrious by his own good behavior ? What if I can show no statues of my family ? I can show the standards, the armor, and the trappings, which I have myself taken from the vanquished ; I can show the scars of those wounds which

I have received by facing the enemies of my country. These are my statues. These are the honors I boast of ; not left me by inheritance as theirs, but earned by toil, by abstinence, by valor, amidst clouds of dust and seas of blood : scenes of action, where those effeminate Patricians, who endeavor, by indirect means, to depreciate me in your esteem, have never dared to show their faces.

8. MARCO BOZZARIS, died 1823.—*Fitz-Greene Halleck.*

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power :
In dreams through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror ;
In dreams his song of triumph heard ;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring,
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king ;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

An hour passed on,—the Turk awoke ;
That bright dream was his last ;
He woke to hear his sentries shriek,—
"To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek !"
He woke, to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud ;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band :—

“Strike ! till the last-armed foe expires ;
Strike ! for your altars and your fires !
Strike ! for the green graves of your sires !
God, and your native land !”

They fought, like brave men, long and well ;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain :
They conquered ; but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang the proud hurrah,
And the red field was won ;
Then saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death,
Come to the mother, when she feels
For the first time, her first-born's breath ;
Come, when the blessed seals
Which close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail the stroke ;
Come, in Consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm ;
Come, when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet song, and dance, and wine,—
And thou art terrible : the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,

Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be,
Bozzaris ! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee : there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh ;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,-
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die !

5. BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE, 1809.—*Rev. Charles Wolfe. B. in Dublin,*
1791 ; *d.* 1823.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeams misty light,
And a lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him :
But he lay, like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him !

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock tolled the hour for retiring ;
And we heard by the distant random gun,
That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory !
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

LESSON XLIV.

1. IN THE TRIAL OF WILLIAMS—FOR PUBLISHING “PAINE’S AGE OF REASON.”—*Thomas Erskine*. B. 1750 ; d. 1823.

In running the mind along the long list of sincere and devout Christians, I cannot help lamenting that Newton had not lived to this day, to have had his shallowness filled up with this new flood of light, poured upon the world by Mr. Thomas Paine. But the subject is too awful for irony. I will speak plainly and directly. Newton was a Christian ! Newton, whose

mind burst forth from the fetters cast by nature upon our finite conceptions ;—Newton, whose science was truth, and the foundations of whose knowledge of it was philosophy ; not those visionary and arrogant presumptions which too often usurp its name, but philosophy resting upon the basis of mathematics, which, like figures, cannot lie ;—Newton, who carried the line and rule to the uttermost barrier of creation, and explored the principles by which, no doubt, all created matter is held together and exists. * * * *

Gentlemen, in the place we now sit to administer the justice of this great country, above a century ago, the never-to-be-forgotten Sir Matthew Hale presided, whose faith in Christianity is an exalted commentary upon its truth and reason, and whose life was a glorious example of its fruits in man, administering human justice with wisdom and purity, drawn from the pure fountain of the Christian dispensation, which has been, and will be, in all ages, a subject of the highest reverence and admiration. But it is said by the author that the Christian fable is but the tale of the more ancient superstitions of the world, and may be easily detected by a proper understanding of the mythologies of the heathens. Did Milton understand those mythologies? Was he less versed than Mr. Paine in the superstitions of the world? No ; they were the subject of his immortal song ; and though shut out from all recurrence to them, he poured them from the stores of a memory rich with all that man ever knew, and laid them in their order, as the illustration of real and exalted faith,—the unquestionable source of that fervid

genius which cast a sort of shade upon all the other works of man. But it was the light of the BODY only that was extinguished ;—" the celestial light shone inward, and enabled him to justify the ways of God to man."

Thus you find all that is great, or wise, or splendid, or illustrious, among created beings,—all the minds gifted beyond ordinary nature, if not inspired by its universal Author for the advancement and dignity of the world,—though divided by distant ages, and by clashing opinions, distinguishing them from one another, yet joining, as it were, in one sublime chorus to celebrate the truths of Christianity, and laying upon its holy altars the never-failing offerings of their immortal wisdom.

2. THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.—*James Montgomery. B. 1771; d. 1855.*

"Ye have done it unto me."—*Matt. xxv., 40.*

A poor wayfaring man of grief
 Hath often crossed me on my way,
 Who sued so humbly for relief,
 That I could never answer "Nay :"
 I had not power to ask his name,
 Whither he went, or whence he came,
 Yet there was something in his eye
 That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
 He entered ;—not a word he spake ;—
 Just perishing for want of bread ;
 I gave him all ; he blessed it, brake,

And ate,—but gave me part again ;
Mine was an Angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste
That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him, where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock : his strength was gone :
The heedless water mocked his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on :
I ran to raise the sufferer up :
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er ;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night ; the floods were out ; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof :
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof :
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest ;
Then made the hearth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stript, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side :
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirits and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment ; he was healed :
I had myself a wound concealed ;
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And Peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn ;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed
And honored him midst shame and scorn :
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die :
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill ;
But the free spirit cried, " I will."

Then in a moment to my view,
The stranger darted from disguise ;
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before my eyes :
He spake ; and my poor name he named ;
" Of me thou hast not been ashamed ;
These deeds shall thy memorial be ;
Fear not, thou didst them unto Me."

3. EXTRACTS FROM MR. HAYNE'S SPEECH, 1830.

The honorable gentleman from Massachusetts, after deliberating a whole night upon his course, comes into this chamber to vindicate New England ; and, instead of making up his issue with the gentleman from Missouri, on the charges which *he had preferred*, chooses to consider me as the author of those charges ; and, losing sight entirely of that gentleman, selects me as his adversary, and pours out all the vials of his mighty wrath upon my devoted head. Nor is he willing to stop there. He goes on to assail the institutions and policy of the South, and calls in question the principles and conduct of the State which I have the honor to represent. * * * *

If there be one State in the Union, Mr. President (and I say it not in a boastful spirit), that may challenge comparisons with any other, for a uniform, zealous, ardent, and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that State is South Carolina. Sir, from the very commencement of the Revolution, up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made,—no service she has ever hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you in your prosperity; but in your adversity she has clung to you with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs,—though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded with difficulties,—the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound; every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the Sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country.

What, sir, was the conduct of the South during the Revolution? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that noble struggle. But, great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least equal honor is due to the South. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren, with a generous zeal, which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interest in the dispute. Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create a commercial rivalry, they might have found in their situation a guarantee that their trade would be for ever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But, tramp-

ling on all considerations either of interest or of safety, they rushed into the conflict, and, fighting for principle, periled all, in the sacred cause of freedom. Never was there exhibited, in the history of the world, higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance, than by the Whigs of Carolina, during the Revolution. The whole State, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The "Plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens. Black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children! Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived; and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumpters and her Marions, proved, by her conduct, that though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

4. EXTRACTS FROM MR. WEBSTER'S REPLY TO HAYNE, 1830.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts;—she needs none. There she is,—behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history,—the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill,—and there they will remain for ever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia,

—and there they will lie for ever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it,—if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it,—if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraints shall succeed to separate it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure,—it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked ; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it ; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its glory, and on the very spot of its origin !

5. LIBERTY AND UNION.—(*From the Same.*)

I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues, in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and

its blessings ; and though our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread further and further, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, personal happiness. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recesses behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below ; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this Government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise ! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind ! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time, the sun in Heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union ; on States severed, discordant, belligerent ; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood ! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous Ensign of the Republic,

now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured,—bearing, for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as—*What is all this worth?*—nor those other words of delusion and folly—*Liberty first and Union afterwards*,—but every where, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea, and over the land, and in every wind under the whole Heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—*Liberty and Union*, now and for ever, one and inseparable !

6. LOVE OF COUNTRY.—*Walter Scott.*

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
“ This is my own, my native land ? ”
Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand ?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well :
For him no minstrel raptures swell !
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

LESSON XLV.

1. RIGHTS OF THE PLEBEIANS.—*Canuleius.*

What | an insult upon us is this? If we are nót
 | so rich as the Patricians, are we not citizens of
 Rome | as well as they? inhabitants of the same |
 cóntry? members of the same | community? The
 nations bordering upon Rome, and even strangers mòre
 | remote, are admitted, not only to marriages | with
 us, but to what is of much greater | importance, the
 freedom of the city. Are we, because we are com-
 moners, to be worse treated than strangers? And
 when we demand that the people may be free | to
 bestow their offices and dignities on whom they please,
 do we ask any thing unreasonable | or nów? Do we
 claim more than their original, inherent right? What
 | occasion, then, for all this uproar, as if the universe |
 were falling to ruin? They were just going to lay
 violent hands | upon me in the senate house.

What! must this empire, then, be unavoidably
 overtúrnéd? must Rome of necessity sink at once, if a
 Plébeian, worthy of the office, should be raised to the
 consulship? The Patricians, I am persuaded, if they
 could, would deprive you of the common light. It cer-
 tainly offends them that you bréathe, that you spèak,
 that you have the shàpes of men. Nay, but to make a
 còmmoner | a consul, would be, say they, a most endr-
 mous | thing. Numa Pompílius, however, without being
 so much as a Roman citizen, was made kìng | of Rome.
 The elder Tàrquin, by birth not even an Itàlian, was,

nevertheless, placed upon the thrône. Servius Tullius, the son of a captive wòman, obtained the kingdom as the reward of his wisdom and virtue. In those days, nò man in whom virtue shone conspicuous, was rejected or despised on account of his race and descént.

2. SALATHIEL TO TITUS.—*Croly.*

Son of Vespasian, I am at this hour a poor man, as I may in the next be an exile or a slave: I have ties to life as strong as ever were bound round the heart of a man: I stand here a suppliant for the life of one whose loss would embitter mine! Yet not for wealth unlimited, for the safety of my family, for the life of the noble victim that is now standing at the place of torture, dare I abandon, dare I think the impious thought of abandoning the cause of the City of Holiness.

Titus! in the name of that Being, to whom the wisdom of the earth is folly, I adjure you to beware. Jerusalem is sacred. Her crimes have often wrought her misery—often has she been trampled by the arms of the stranger. But she is still the City of the Omnipotent; and never was blow inflicted on her by man, that was not terribly repaid.

The Assyrian came, the mightiest power of the world: he plundered her temple, and led her people into captivity. How long was it before his empire was a dream, his dynasty extinguished in blood, and an enemy on his throne?—The Persian came: from her protector, he turned into her oppressor; and his em-

pire was swept away like the dust of the desert!—The Syrian smote her : the smiter died in agonies of remorse ; and where is his kingdom now ?—The Egyptian smote her : and who now sits on the throne of the Ptolemies ?

Pompey came : the invincible, the conqueror of a thousand cities, the light of Rome : the lord of Asia, riding on the very wings of victory. But he profaned her temple ; and from that hour he went down—down, like a mill-stone plunged into the ocean ! Blind counsel, rash ambition, womanish fears, were upon the great statesman and warrior of Rome. Where does he sleep ? What sands were colored with his blood ? The universal conqueror died a slave, by the hand of a slave ! Crassus came at the head of the legions : he plundered the sacred vessels of the sanctuary. Vengeance followed him, and he was cursed by the curse of God. Where are the bones of the robber and his host ? Go, tear them from the jaws of the lion and the wolf of Parthia,—their fitting tomb !

You, too, son of Vespasian, may be commissioned for the punishment of a stiff-necked and rebellious people. You may scourge our naked vice by force of arms : and then you may return to your own land, exulting in the conquest of the fiercest enemy of Rome. But shall you escape the common fate of the instrument of evil ? Shall you see a peaceful old age ? Shall a son of yours ever sit upon the throne ? Shall not rather some monster of your blood efface the memory of your virtues, and make Rome, in bitterness of soul, curse the Flavian name ?

3. HAMLET'S INSTRUCTION TO THE PLAYERS.—*Shakespeare.*

• Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced to you, trippingly on the tongue ; but, if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus : but use all gently ; for, in the very torrent, *tempest*, and, as I may say, WHIRLWIND of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O ! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow, tear a passion to tatters,—to very *rags*,—to split the ears of the GROUNDINGS ; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant ; it out-Herods Herod. Pray you avoid it.

Be not too *tame*, neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor ; suit the action to the word, the word to the action ; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature ; for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing,—whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature ; to show virtue her own feature ; scorn, her own image ; and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve ; the censure of which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O ! there be players that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither

having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's *journeymen* had made men, and not made men *well*, they imitated humanity so abominably !

4. MARMION TAKING LEAVE OF DOUGLAS.—*Walter Scott.*

The train from out the castle drew ;
 But Marmion stopped to bid adieu :—
 “ Though some I might complain,” he said,
 “ Of cold respect to stranger guest,
 Sent hither by your king's behest,
 While in Tantallon's towers I strayed,—
 Part we in friendship from your land,
 And, noble Earl, receive my hand.”
 But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
 Folded his arms, and thus he spoke :—
 “ My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
 Be open, at my sovereign's will,
 To each one whom he lists, howe'er
 Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
 My castles are my king's alone,
 From turret to foundation-stone ;—
 The *hand* of Douglas is his own ;
 And never shall, in friendly grasp,
 The hand of such as Marmion clasp ! ”
 Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
 And shook his very frame for ire,
 And—“ This to me ! ” he said :
 “ An' 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
 Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
 To cleave the Douglas' head !

And first I tell thee, haughty Peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate !
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your Lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword !)
I tell thee, thou'rt defied !
And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied !"
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age ;
Fierce he broke forth :—" And dar'st thou, then,
To beard the lion in his den,—
The Douglas in his hall ?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go ?
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no !
Up drawbridge, grooms !—what, warder, ho !
Let the portcullis fall."

Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need,—
And dashed the rowels in his steed ;
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous gate behind him rung :
To pass, there was such scanty room,
The bars descending raised his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise :

Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim :
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clench-ed hand,
A shout of loud defiance pours,
And shakes his gauntlet at the towers !

5. THE DEATH OF MARMION.—*Scott.*

And soon straight up the hill there rode,
Two horsemen, drenched with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load,
A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strained the broken brand ;
His arms were smeared with blood and sand ;
Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield and helmet beat,
The falcon crest and plumage gone,—
Can that be haughty Marmion ?
Young Blount his armor did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghastly face,
Said,—“ By Saint George, he's gone !
The spear-wound has our master sped :
And see the deep cut on his head !
Good night to Marmion ! ”
“ Unnurtured Blount ! thy brawling cease ;
He opes his eyes,” said Eustace ; “ peace ! ”
When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare ;
“ Where's Harry Blount ? Fitz Eustace, where ?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare ?
Redeem my pennon !—charge again !

Cry, 'Marmion to the rescue !'—Vain !
Last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again !
Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets ! fly !
Leave Marmion here alone—to die."
With fruitless labor, Clara bound,
And strove to staunch the gushing wound.
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now, trebly thundering, swelled the gale,
And "Stanley !" was the cry ;
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye ;
With dying hand, above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted, "Victory !"
"Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley, on !"
Were the last words of Marmion.

LESSON XLVI.

1. THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1851.—*From Webster's Speech (on laying the corner-stone of the new wing of the Capitol).*

This is the day of the year which announced to mankind the great fact of American Independence ! This fresh and brilliant morning blesses our vision with another beholding of the birthday of our nation ; and we see that nation, of recent origin, now among the most considerable and powerful, and spreading over the continent from sea to sea.

“ Westward the course of empire takes its way,
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day,—
Time’s noblest offspring is the last.”

On the day of the Declaration of Independence, our illustrious fathers performed the first scene in the last great act of this drama ; one, in real importance, infinitely exceeding that for which the great English poet invoked

“ a muse of fire,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene.”

The muse inspiring our fathers was the Genius of Liberty, all on fire with a sense of oppression, and a resolution to throw it off ; the whole world was the stage, and higher characters than princes trod it, and, instead of monarchs,—countries, and nations, and the age, beheld the swelling scene. How well the characters were cast, and how well each acted his part, and what emotions the whole performance excited, let history, now and hereafter, tell.

On the Fourth of July, 1776, the representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, declared that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States. This declaration, made by most patriotic and resolute men, trusting in the justice of their cause, and the protection of Heaven,—and yet made not without deep solicitude and anxiety,—has now stood for seventy-five years, and still stands. It was sealed in blood. It has met dangers, and overcome them ; it has had enemies, and conquered

them ; it has had detractors, and abashed them all ; it has had doubting friends, but it has cleared all doubts away ; and now, to-day, raising its august form higher than the clouds, twenty millions of people contemplate it with hallowed love, and the world beholds it, and the consequences which have followed from it, with profound admiration.

This anniversary animates, and gladdens, and unites, all American hearts. On other days of the year we may be party men, indulging in controversies more or less important to the public good ; we may have likes and dislikes, and we may maintain our political differences, often with warm, and sometimes with angry feelings. But to-day we are Americans all ; and all nothing but Americans. As the great luminary over our heads, dissipating mists and fogs, now cheers the whole hemisphere ; so do the associations connected with this day disperse all cloudy and sullen weather in the minds and feelings of true Americans. Every man's heart swells within him, every man's port and bearing becomes somewhat more proud and lofty, and he remembers that seventy-five years have rolled away, and that the great inheritance of liberty is still his ; his, undiminished and unimpaired ; his, in all its original glory ; his to enjoy, his to protect, and his to transmit to future generations.

2. ALLUSION TO WASHINGTON.—(*From the Same.*)

FELLOW CITIZENS : what contemplations are awakened in our minds, as we assemble here to reenact a scene like that performed by Washington ! Methinks I see his venerable form now before me, as presented in the

glorious statue by Houdon, now in the Capitol of Virginia. He is dignified and grave ; but concern and anxiety seem to soften the lineaments of his countenance. The government over which he presides is yet in the crisis of experiment. Not free from troubles at home, he sees the world in commotion and arms all around him. He sees that imposing foreign powers are half disposed to try the strength of the recently established American government. Mighty thoughts, mingled with fears as well as with hopes, are struggling within him. He heads a short procession over these then naked fields ; he crosses yonder stream on a fallen tree ; he ascends to the top of this eminence, whose original oaks of the forest stand as thick around him as if the spot had been devoted to Druidical worship, and here he performs the appointed duty of the day.

And now, fellow-citizens, if this vision were a reality, —if Washington actually were now amongst us,—and if he could draw around him the shades of the great public men of his own days, patriots and warriors, orators and statesmen, and were to address us in their presence, would he not say to us : “Ye men of this generation, I rejoice and thank God for being able to see that our labors, and toils, and sacrifices, were not in vain. You are prosperous, you are happy, you are grateful. The fire of liberty burns brightly and steadily in your hearts, while duty and the law restrain it from bursting forth in wild and destructive conflagration. Cherish liberty, as you love it ; cherish its securities, as you wish to preserve it. Maintain the constitution, which we labored so painfully to establish, and which

has been to you such a source of inestimable blessings. Preserve the Union of the States, cemented as it was by our prayers, our tears, and our blood. Be true to God, to your country, and to your duty. So shall the whole eastern world follow the morning sun, to contemplate you as a nation ; so shall all generations honor you, as they honor us ; and so shall that Almighty Power, which so graciously protected us, and which now protects you, shower its everlasting blessings upon you and your posterity."

Great father of your country ! we heed your words ; we feel their force, as if you now uttered them with lips of flesh and blood. Your example teaches us, your affectionate addresses teach us, your public life teaches us your sense of the value of the blessings of the Union. Those blessings our fathers have tasted, and we have tasted, and still taste. Nor do we intend that those who come after us shall be denied the same high fruition. Our honor, as well as our happiness, is concerned. We cannot, we dare not, we will not, betray our sacred trust. We will not filch from posterity the treasure placed in our hands, to be transmitted to other generations. The bow that gilds the clouds in the heavens, the pillars that uphold the firmament, may disappear and fall away in the hour appointed by the will of God ; but, until that day comes, or so long as our lives may last, no ruthless hand shall undermine that bright Arch of Union and Liberty which spans the continent from Washington to California.

8. CARDINAL WOLSEY CAST OFF BY HENRY VIII., 1529.—*Shakespeare.*

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow, blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him :
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
And when he thinks,—good, easy man,—full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory ;
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye !
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors !
There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes and his ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have.
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again !

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard—say, then, I taught thee,—

Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though his master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruined me !
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition !
By that sin fell the angels : how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ?
Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee,—
Corruption wins not more than honesty ;
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's : then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr ! Serve the king ;
And,—Prithee, lead me in :
There, take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny ; 'tis the King's ; my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own : O, Cromwell, Cromwell !
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not, in mine age,
Have left me naked to mine enemies !

4. MARCELLUS TO THE ROMAN POPULACE.—*Shakspeare.*

Wherefore rejoice that Cæsar comes in triumph ?
What conquest brings he home ?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels ?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things !
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome !

Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome ;
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made a universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath his banks
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in his concave shores?
And do you now [!] put on your best attire?
And do you now [!] cull out a holiday?
And do you now [!] strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Begone! Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague,
That needs must light on this ingratitude!

5. THE SAILOR-BOY'S DREAM.—*Dimond.*

In slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind ;
But, watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.
He dreamt of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn ;
While memory stood sidewise, half covered with flowers,
Restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.
The jessamine clambers in flower o'er the thatch,
The swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall ;
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,—
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear ;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the kiss of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,
Joy quickens his pulse—all hardships seem o'er ;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest,—
“ O God ! thou hast blessed me,—I ask for no more.”

Ah ! whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye ?
Ah ! what is that sound that now 'larms his ear ?
'Tis the lightning's red glare painting hell on the sky !
'Tis the crashing of thunder, the groan of the sphere !

He springs from his hammock,—he flies to the deck ;
Amazement confronts him with images dire ;—
Wild winds and waves drive the vessel a-wreck,
The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire !

Like mountains the billows tumultuously swell ;
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save ;—
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his dark wings o'er the wave.

O, sailor-boy ! woe to thy dream of delight !
In darkness dissolves the gay frostwork of bliss ;—
Where now is the picture that Fancy touched bright,
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss ?

O, sailor-boy ! sailor-boy ! never again
Shall love, home, or kindred, thy wishes repay ;
Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main
Full many a score fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance of thee,
Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge ;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,
And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge.

On beds of green sea-flower thy limbs shall be laid,
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow ;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,
And still the vast waters shall over thee roll ;
Earth loses thy pattern for ever and aye—
O, sailor-boy ! sailor-boy ! peace to thy soul !

LESSON XLVII.

•1. *OPPOSITION TO MISGOVERNMENT, 1814.—Daniel Webster.*

All the evils which afflict the country are imputed to opposition. It is said to be owing to opposition that the war became necessary ; and, owing to opposition also, that it has been prosecuted with no better success. This, sir, is no new strain. It has been sung a thousand times. It is the constant tune of every weak and wicked administration. What minister ever yet acknowledged that the evils which fell on his country were the necessary consequences of his own incapacity, his own folly, or his own corruption ? What possessor of political power ever yet failed to charge the mischiefs resulting from his own measures upon those who had uniformly

opposed those measures? The people of the United States may well remember the administration of Lord North. He lost America to his country, yet he could find pretences for throwing the odium upon his opponents. He could throw it upon those who had forewarned him of the consequences, and who had opposed him, at every stage of his disastrous policy, with all the force of truth, reason, and talent. It was not his own weakness, his own love of arbitrary power, that disaffected the colonies. It was not the Tea Act, the Stamp Act, the Boston Port Bill, that severed the empire of Britain. O, no! It was owing to no fault of Administration. It was the work of opposition. It was the impertinent boldness of Chatham, the idle declamation of Fox, the unseasonable sarcasm of Barre. These men, and men like them, would not join the minister in his American war. They would not give the name and character of wisdom to what they believed to be the extreme of folly. They would not pronounce those measures just and honorable which their principles led them to condemn. They declared the minister's war to be wanton. They foretold its end, and pointed it out plainly, both to the minister and to the country. He declared their opposition to be selfish and factious. He persisted in his course; and the result is in history.

Important as I deem it, sir, to discuss, on all proper occasions, the policy of the measures at present pursued, it is still more important to maintain the right of such discussion in its full and just extent. Sentiments lately sprung up, and now growing popular, render it necessary to be explicit on this point. It is

the ancient and constitutional right of this people to canvass public measures, and the merits of public men. It is a homebred right, a fireside privilege. It has ever been enjoyed in every house, cottage, and cabin in the nation. It is not to be drawn into controversy. It is as undoubted as breathing the air and walking on the earth. Belonging to private life as a right, it belongs to public life as a duty ; and it is the last duty which those whose representative I am shall find me to abandon. This high constitutional privilege, I shall defend and exercise within this House, and in all places ; in this time of war, in time of peace, and at all times. Living, I will assert it ; dying, I will assert it ; and, should I leave no other legacy to my children, by the blessing of God I will leave them the inheritance of free principles, and the example of a manly, independent, and constitutional defence of them !

2. SUMMER MORNING IN THE COUNTRY.—“*The Seasons*,” Thomson.

Music awakes

The native voice of undissembled joy ;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells,
And from the crowded fold, in order drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake,
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due, and sacred song ?
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise ?

To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life ;
Total extinction of the enlightened soul !
Or else to feverish vanity alive,
Wildered, and tossing through distempered dreams ?
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than Nature craves ; when every muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly-devious morning walk ?

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo ! now, apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colored air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad ;
And sheds the shining day, that burnished plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
High-gleaming from afar.

3. SUN-SETTING.—“*The Seasons*,” Thomson.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds,
Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
In all their pomp, attend his setting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean, smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitrite, and her tending nymphs,
(So Grecian fable sung), he dips his orb :
Now half-immersed ; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

4. THE AMERICAN FOREST-GIRL.—*Mrs. Hemans. D. 1835.*

Wildly and mournfully the Indian drum
On the deep hush of moonlight forests broke—
“Sing us a death-song, for thine hour is come”—
So the red warriors to their captive spoke.
Still, and amidst those dusky forms alone,
A youth, a fair-haired youth of England stood,
Like a king’s son : though from his cheek had flown,
The mantling crimson of the Island blood,
And his pressed lips looked marble. Fiercely bright
And high around him blazed the fires of night,
Rocking beneath the cedars to and fro,
As the wind passed, and with a fitful glow
Lighting the victim’s face : but who could tell
Of what within his secret heart befell,
Known but to Heaven that hour ! Thick cypress boughs
Full of strange sound, waved o’er him, darkly red
In the broad stormy firelight ;—savage brows,
With tall plumes crested and wild hues o’erspread,
Girt him like feverish phantoms ; and pale stars
Looked through the branches as through dungeon bars,
Shedding no hope.—He knew, he felt his doom—
Oh ! what a tale to shadow with its gloom
That happy hall in England !—Idle fear !
Would the winds tell it ?—Who might dream or hear
The secret of the forests ?—To the stake
They bound him ; and that proud young soldier strove
His father’s spirit in his breast to wake,
Trusting to die in silence ! He, the love
Of many hearts !—the fondly reared—the fair,

Gladdening all eyes to see !—And fettered there
He stood beside his death-pyre, and the brand
Flamed up to light it in the chieftain's hand.—
He thought upon his God.—Hush ! hark ! a cry
Breaks on the stern and dread solemnity,—
A step hath pierced the ring !—Who dares intrude
On the dark hunters in their vengeful mood ?—
A girl—a young slight girl—a fawn-like child
Of green savannas and the leafy wild,
Springing unmarked till then, as some lone flower,
Happy because the sunshine is its dower ;
Yet one who knew how early tears are shed,—
For hers had mourned a playmate brother dead.—
She had sat gazing on the victim long,
Until the pity of her soul grew strong ;
And by its passion's deepening fervor swayed,
Even to the stake she rushed, and gently laid
His bright head on her bosom, and around
His form her slender arms to shield it wound
Like close Liannes ; then raised her glittering eye,
And clear-toned voice, that said, “ He shall not die ! ”
“ He shall not die ! ”—the gloomy forest thrilled
To that sweet sound. A sudden wonder fell
On the fierce throng ; and heart and hand were stilled,
Struck dumb as by the magic of a spell.
They gazed—their dark souls bowed before the maid,
She of the dancing step in wood and glade !
And, as her cheek flushed through its olive hue,
As her black tresses to the night wind flew,
Something o'ermastered them from that young mien—
Something of heaven, in silence felt and seen ;

And seeming to their childish faith a token
That the Great Spirit by her voice had spoken.
They loosed the bonds that held the captive's breath ;
From his pale lips they took the cup of death ;
They quenched the brand beneath the cypress tree ;
“ Away,” they cried, “ young stranger, thou art free ! ”

5. TOBY TOSSPOT.—*Colman.*

Alas ! what pity 'tis that regularity,
Like Isaac Shove's, is such a rarity,
But there are swilling wights in London town
Termed—jolly dogs—choice spirits—alias swine,
Who pour in midnight revel, bumpers down,
Making their throats a thoroughfare for wine.
These spendthrifts, who life's pleasures thus run on,
Dozing with headaches till the afternoon,
Lose half men's regular estate of sun,
By borrowing too largely of the moon.

One of this kidney,—Toby Tossopot hight—
Was coming from the Bedford late at night :
And being Bacchi plenus,—full of wine,
Although he had a tolerable notion,
Of aiming at progressive motion,
'Twasn't direct—'twas serpentine.
He worked with sinuosities along,
Like Monsieur Corkscrew, worming through a cork
Not straight, like Corkscrew's proxy, stiff Don Prong
—a fork.

At length, with near four bottles in his pate,
He saw the moon shining on Shove's brass plate,

When reading, "Please to ring the bell,"
And being civil beyond measure,
"Ring it!" says Toby—"Very well;
I'll ring it with a deal of pleasure."
Toby, the kindest soul in all the town,
Gave it a jerk that almost jerked it down.

He waited full two minutes—no one came;
He waited full two minutes more;—and then,
Says Toby, "If he's deaf, I'm not to blame;
I'll pull it for the gentleman again."
But the first peal woke Isaac in a fright,
Who, quick as lightning, popping out his head,
Sat on his head's antipodes, in bed,
Pale as a parsnip,—bolt upright.

At length, he wisely to himself doth say,—calming his
fears,

"Tush! 'tis some fool has rung, and run away;"
When peal the second rattled in his ears!
Shove jumped into the middle of the floor;
And, trembling at each breath of air that stirred,
He groped down stairs, and opened the street door,
While Toby was performing peal the third.

Isaac eyed Toby fearfully askance,—
And saw he was a strapper stout and tall,
Then put this question: "Pray, Sir, what d'ye want?"
Says Toby: "I want nothing, sir, at all!"

"Want nothing!—Sir, you've pulled my bell, I vow,
As if you'd jerk it off the wire."

Quoth Toby,—gravely making him a bow,—

“I pull it, sir, at your desire.”

“At mine !”—“Yes, yours ; I hope I’ve done it well ;

High time for bed, sir : I was hastening to it ;

But if you write up—‘Please to ring the bell,’

Common politeness makes me stop and do it.”

6. ANDREW JONES.—*Wordsworth.*

“I hate that Andrew Jones ; he’ll breed

His children up to waste and pillage ;

I wish the press-gang or the drum,

With its tantara sounds would come,

And sweep him from the village !”

I said not this, because he loves

Through the long day to swear and tippie,

But for the poor dear sake of one

To whom a foul deed he had done,

A friendless man—a travelling cripple !

For this poor, crawling, helpless wretch,

Some horseman who was passing by,

A penny on the ground had thrown ;

But the poor cripple was alone

And could not stoop—no help was nigh.

Inch thick the dust lay on the ground,

For it had long been drouthy weather,

So with his staff the cripple wrought

Among the dust, till he had brought

The half-pennies together.

It chanced that Andrew passed that way,
Just at the time ; and there he found
The cripple at the mid-day heat,
Standing alone, and at his feet
He saw the penny on the ground.

He stooped, and took the penny up,
And when the cripple nearer drew,
Quoth Andrew, " under half a crown
What a man finds is all his own,
And so, good friend, good day to you."

And hence I said that Andrew's boys
Will all be trained to waste and pillage ;
And wished the press-gang or the drum,
With its tantara sounds would come,
And sweep him from the village.

LESSON XLVIII.

WEBSTER'S SPEECH IN FANEUIL HALL, 1852.

1. Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen of the City Council of the City of Boston : I tender you my hearty thanks—my deep-felt gratitude—for this unexpected expression of your regard towards me as one of your fellow-citizens ; and I thank you, Mr. Mayor, an old and constant friend of mine, for the kind manner in which you have been pleased to express your sentiments towards me on this occasion. And now, fellow-citizens of Boston, by the good Providence of God, I am here

once more before you and glad to see every face that illumines and is illumined in this assembly.

Fellow-citizens, this occasion is equally agreeable and unexpected. I left the place of my appropriate duties at the approach of Summer for my home, and to see something after those personal affairs that must necessarily occupy a certain portion of my time and attention. I came with no purpose or expectation of addressing any popular assembly, or meeting any great mass of my fellow-citizens ; but I have been arrested by the vote of the City Council of Boston, inviting me, with a unanimity which affects my feelings, to meet them and my fellow-citizens of Boston here—not as a public man, but as a private man—not one who shares in the exercise of public authority, but as one of themselves, who has passed the greater part of his life in that association, in that acquaintance, and in the cultivation of the regard of this generation, and in some respects of the regard of their predecessors. Gentlemen, I have said, and say now, that I come here to-day to discuss no political question, to enter upon the consideration of no controverted point of our Government, or any thing growing out of the present state of opinion in the community, about which men may honestly differ.

2. Fellow-Citizens, I abstain from all that which pertains to a political character, because this is not a fit occasion for such a discussion. This is a friendly, social, neighborhood meeting ; and allow me to say, gentlemen, in the next place, that if it were a fit occasion for me to express political opinions, I humbly submit that I have no new opinions to express—no new political character to assume. What I think of the present emergencies

of public policy has been so often spoken of by me, and written by me, with a full heart and an honest purpose, that nothing, as it appears to me, remains to be said. I say to you, to-day, I have nothing to add—I have nothing to retract ; I have neither explanation nor qualification to offer. I propose to you and to my fellow-citizens throughout all the country, to-day, no platform but the platform of my life and character. I have no promises with which to delude my country ; I have no assurances to give but the assurances of my reputation. I am known. What I have been, and what I am, is known ; and upon that knowledge I stand to-day, with my country and before my countrymen ; and the rest is theirs.

Nevertheless, gentlemen, although it be not an occasion for public discussion of controverted questions, it is an occasion on which, considering where we are and the time in which we live, we should take into consideration the position which we occupy. This is Faneuil Hall—open. These images which surround Faneuil Hall, are the pictures of the great, and glorious, and immortal defenders of our liberty. No man of propriety and sentiment can stand here without revering them. No man with a proper regard for the past, with proper feelings for the present, or with proper inspiration for the future, can stand here in Faneuil Hall, surrounded by these images of our ancestors—these pictures of revolutionary characters—without considering that they are consecrated by early shedding of blood, ennobled by early efforts for liberty, and transmitted to posterity by all the sacred ties that can transmit important events to the

future. Gentlemen, here we are in what we justly call the "Cradle of American Liberty"—here we are, on the spot which gave interest to the events, military and civil, with which the revolution of our country commenced ; and, in all time past, in the present time, and until the love of liberty is extinct in future generations, this place, and the events which consecrated it, will be held in the most grateful remembrance. Fellow-citizens—I hope it may not be irreverent for me to say, that as the Jews in the days of their captivity in Babylon, offered prayers to God daily, turning their faces always towards Jerusalem, so the patriotic and ingenuous youth of this and succeeding generations, who wish to ascertain and prove the early origin of the independence of their country, its early liberty, and wish to imbibe into their own hearts the fulness of its spirit, will turn their attention daily and hourly to this spot, where the early events of the revolution took place, and which, from that time to this, has been the theatre of commendation and enthusiastic reverence by all the lovers of liberty throughout the world.

3. Gentlemen and Fellow-Citizens, not to pursue even these general political remarks too far, I may say that the path of politics is a thorny path ; it is agreeable sometimes to turn aside from it, and to walk along by the pleasant verdure of a beautiful vale, adorned with flowers, and enriched with the fruits of friendship and social regard. It is from one of these walks that we are assembled here to-day. Gentlemen, I propose to you to leave the briery region of controverted politics, and to walk with me along that vale where we may bow with

gratitude to Providence for the blessings of the past, and speak to friends of the future as they shall arise. Gentlemen, we cannot shut our eyes—and the intelligent part of mankind does not shut its eyes—to the extraordinary degree of prosperity to which this country has risen under its present popular form of government. And that is the secret of it all. The country is universally prosperous. There may be some things which we might wish were better—there are many things which might happen for the worse ; but, upon the whole, during the course of the sun, from its rising to its setting, where does it throw its beams upon a more prosperous, more enlightened, and more happy country—more growing in the fruits of peace and in renown—than on these States, thus united together.

Now, gentlemen, whence do these blessings flow ? Whence comes all this prosperity which we enjoy ? How is it that on this whole continent—from the frozen zone to Cape Horn—there is no happiness like the happiness of the people of the United States ; there is no growth like the growth of the United States ; there is no government or people that stand up before the world like the government and people of the United States—stand up boldly and fearlessly before the whole world, like our own free and educated people ? How is it ? In my opinion, gentlemen, all this, or the greater part of it, is to be referred to our early acquaintance with the principles of public liberty, and to our early adoption of those principles in the establishment of a republican form of government.

4. The tory writers of England, gentlemen, as you

well know, whose labor it has always been to maintain the supremacy of the upper classes, and who have been connected with the control of the government, and have maintained their share of rule, have labored to explain to mankind that those above can govern better than those below. That is not our principle. We hold that there is nothing above and nothing below—each man participating in the public prosperity, and each man sharing in the formation and in the administration of the government. Dr. Johnson, one of the writers of that school, says :—

“ How small of all that human hearts endure,
The part which kings or laws can cause or cure ! ”

Why, gentlemen, kings and laws can cause or cure most of the evils which belong to social or individual life. Kings or laws can establish despotism. They can restrain political opinions. They can prevent men from the exercise of free thoughts, and from the expression of those thoughts. Kings and laws can lay intolerable taxes. Kings and laws can take away from the masses all participation in the Government. And kings and laws can bring about a state of things in which popular freedom and the popular will are repressed and trodden down under the feet of power. And is not that much ? Who is there in society that does not feel that these political institutions are for him ? They are for good or for evil, and the very elements of his personal freedom. It is true—it is very true—that a man's personal condition may depend very much upon his personal circumstances—his health, the state of his family, his means of living,

his means of educating his children, his fortune, good or evil. But all these things are influenced deeply—mainly—essentially influenced, by the laws and constitution of the country in which he lives. And that, I take it, is the great solution—the great solution of the question now no longer doubted, but heretofore existing all over Europe—of the true nature of the prosperity and the happiness of the people of the United States. I therefore say, at once, you, gentlemen, know all my sentiments. But I say to my whole country, you know them also. And I say more especially to all the crowned heads, and all the aristocratic powers of all the feudal systems of Europe, that it is to self-government—it is to the principle of public representation and administration—it is to a system that lets in all to partake in the councils which are to affect the good or evil of all—that we owe what we are, under the sanction of Divine Providence, and all we hope to be. Why, gentlemen, who does not see this? Who is there among us that supposes that any thing but the independence of the country could have made us what we are? Suppose that mother England had treated us with the utmost indulgence—suppose that the counsels most favorable to the colonies had prevailed—suppose we had been treated even as a spoiled child—I say, as I have said to my friend on my left, that it is not possible for any government, or any country at a distance, to raise a nation by any line of policy to the height to which this has attained. It is independence—it is self-government—it is the liberty of the people to make laws for themselves, that has raised us above the subdued feeling of colonial subjugation.

tion, and placed us where we are. It is independence ! Hail, independence ! Hail ! thou next best gift of life and immortal spirit !

5. Gentlemen, I have said that our blessings and our prosperity flow essentially from our form of government, from the satisfaction of the people with that form, and from their desire to forward the general progress of the country. There are but few Americans in the country but what rejoice in the general prosperity of the country. Who does not take delight, day and night, in learning that the progress of the country in general is onward—that the people are happy, and that we grow more and more successful and renowned every day ? Now, this is of itself a source of particular happiness to every honest American heart. The truth is, that whatever a man's personal condition may be—however prosperous or unprosperous—however fortunate or unfortunate—in whatever circumstances of elevation or depression he may find himself—he still participates in the general prosperity of the country. He has, in short, a dividend—if I may be allowed to use a commercial expression—he has a dividend, payable, not quarterly, but daily ; not in gold or silver, but in the general happiness and prosperity that he enjoys. And now let me ask, on what portion of the globe—in how many regions that are called civilized—does the same thing occur ? There are some instances—there are some nations, among the people of whom a great respect and ardent attachment for the honor of their government and the diffusion of its principles exist ; but take the whole of them—look over the continent of Europe—and among the millions

and millions who constitute the subjects of the despotic governments of Europe, how many are there that care any thing for their country, its prosperity, its honor, or its renown ; but whose only hope it is that the government of their country will cease to be so oppressive upon their industry—will cease to be so burdensome by their taxation—and instead of considering the means by which one government may be the rival of another government, and by which their government may maintain its position and power among other governments—which is done by means of constant taxation—that it would consider somewhat the thoughts of those who are governed, and their strenuous exertions to maintain themselves while they are obliged to sustain the gorgeous appendages of military power, in order to support their monarchical institutions ? Compare our position with that. Why, there are more men in the United States—I had almost said—attached to their government, loving their government, feeling keenly every thing that tends to the disparagement of their government, alive to every thing that conduces to the interest of their government, and rejoicing that they live under this government, than you can find in the thousand millions of acres among nations called civilized in the Old World, but living under their despotic governments.

6. Now, gentlemen, we are all Bostonians—we live here on this little peninsula—little in territory, not little in intelligence—circumscribed in acres, not circumscribed by any known boundary in the respect of the civilized world—but we, as Bostonians, live here on this peninsula of ours, and we partake of the general prosperity of our

country. We are not exclusive. We desire that every enjoyment that we possess should be participated in by others ; and we enjoy the reputation of our whole country—its renown, and its honor. We may consider ourselves, commercially, as a nation, constantly increasing ; as a sovereign power, growing daily more powerful. We may consider that the national spirit and enterprise are gathering strength with its growth ; and, further than that, we may consider that in those mental and intellectual efforts which mark the age, we have made respectable progress. Thirty years ago, it was asked, "Who reads an American book?" It may now be asked, What intelligent man in all Europe does not read an American book? Who is there? Sam Rogers reads them, Henry Hallam reads them, McCulloch reads them, Lord Mahon reads them, and sometimes finds himself answered when he comments on them. And there is not an intelligent man in all Europe who does not read our American authors, and especially our legal and historical works. And in France, Thiers and Guizot read them ; and throughout the vast population of France there is no doubt that there is a greater devotion paid to the study of our popular institutions—to the principles which have raised us to the point at which we now stand—than there is paid to the monarchical institutions and principles of government of every other part of Europe. America is no longer undistinguished for letters—for literature. I will not mention those authors of our own day, now living, who have so much attracted the attention of the world by their literary productions.

Gentlemen, a circumstance occurred in the city of

Madrid, which I ought not to forget. There it was that an event took place which raised me to eminence in the literary world, of my position in which I was not previously aware. Under the eye of the ministry, an article appeared in the *Madrid Gazette* which was intended to be rather complimentary to the Secretary of State of the United States, and which said that he was the most distinguished man of letters in his country; that he was the immortal author of the celebrated dictionary of the English language. I the author of an English dictionary! Shade of Noah Webster! what do you think of such an intrusion upon your rights and your property? Is it said that the Secretary of State was the author of Noah Webster's dictionary of the English language? Why, he could not write the "first spelling book" that Noah Webster produced; and that is true. I am no man of letters, in the literary acceptation of that term. But it has sometimes happened in the course of my official duties, that I have been called upon to write a letter, and that duty I fulfil. We—gentlemen, this is a friendly meeting—we are called upon to meet each other socially in a friendly spirit, to interchange personal regards, and to congratulate one another upon the prosperity and fair prospects of the country. Let us indulge in these agreeable feelings:—

"Hence, loathed melancholy;
But come, thou goddess, fair and free,
In Heaven 'yclept Euphrosyne,
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph sweet Liberty—
We'll live with her, we'll live with thee,
In unproved pleasures free."

7. Gentlemen, the growth of this place is somewhat remarkable. It is very remarkable. I came here to take my residence among you in the year 1816. The population of Boston was then 40,000 ; it is now 140,000, and its accumulation of wealth—in commerce, the arts, and manufactures—has kept pace with the increase of the population. And now what is Boston ? What is the character of Boston ? What are the essential elements of its prosperity ? Why, it is unrivalled on the face of the earth, for its important efforts in behalf of, and extensive benefits for its own citizens, and for the improvement of mankind. What will you say—which perhaps you all know—when you are informed that the amount of public taxes in this city, for the purpose of education alone, amounts to one fourth of the whole tax laid by the city authorities ? Where do you find that elsewhere ? Where do you find another Boston ? Where do you find one quarter of the whole tax paid by individuals, flowing from the public, devoted to education ? Nowhere else besides in Boston. And this does not include the amount paid for private schools. The city of Boston pays more than \$200,000 a year for the support of religious instruction. Where do you find that elsewhere ? Tell me the place, the city, the spot, the country, the world over, where so great an amount, in proportion to the population, is paid for religious instruction. That is Boston. This principle which we inherited from our ancestors, we cultivate. We seek to educate the people. We seek to improve men's moral and religious condition. In short, we seek to work upon mind as well as on matter ; and, in working

on mind, it enlarges the human intellect, and the human heart. We know, when we work upon materials immortal and imperishable, that they will bear the impress which we place upon them, through endless days to come. If we work upon marble, it will perish. If we work upon brass, time will efface it. If we rear temples, they will crumble to the dust. But if we work on men's immortal minds—if we imbue them with high principles—with the just fear of God, and of their fellow men—we engrave on those tablets something which no time can efface, and which will brighten and brighten to all eternity. And, my friends, that charity which seeketh not for applause—that charity which endureth all things—beareth all things—hopeth all things—is not more distinguishedly noticed in any part of the globe than among our own people. The personal attendance on the poor—the bounties of all those who have the means to promote the happiness of the poor, and administer to their welfare—have been great. And above all that, let me say—and let it be known to those who wish to know what Boston has been—what Boston is—what Boston will be—what Boston has done, and will do—let me say to you, that Boston has given, within the last twenty-five years, between five and six millions of dollars for educational, religious, and charitable purposes, throughout the United States, and throughout the world.

Gentlemen, my heart warms—my blood glows in my veins, when I consider the munificent gifts, grants and provisions made for the purposes of education, for the morals, enlightenment and religious instruction of

the citizens, and for the relief of the poor by the affluence of Boston, and I never consider the subject without having my attention attracted to a venerable citizen now in my eye, Hon. Thomas H. Perkins. Will he, at my request, rise and show his benevolent countenance to the people? God bless him! He is an honor to his city, an honor to his State, and an honor to his country. His memory will be perfumed with the glory of his good deeds, and go down as sweet odor to our children's children.

8. Gentlemen, the happiness of mankind is not always in their own control, but something accidental, or, rather, to speak more properly, providential in the condition of things which govern it. We live in an age so infinitely beyond the ages that preceded us, that we consider ourselves now, in this day and generation, as emerging from the dark ages—as just getting into the light. We begin to see where we are; we begin to see a new world—a new rush of ideas comes over us. We cannot remember the past, because we cannot have time to investigate fully the present, or to evolve the future. Gentlemen, when the great Humboldt stood on the mountains of equatorial regions, amidst their gorgeous foliage, their unsurpassed flowers, their genial warmth, and under the brilliant constellations of the South, his heart burst out in an effusion of sympathy towards the inhabitants of the other parts of the earth. "How unhappy," said he, "are those members of the human race who are doomed to live in those melancholy regions, we call the temperate zone!" And so this generation, gentlemen, upraised to this temperate zone,

culminating on these happy spots, look back with a sort of interest upon the generations that have passed away. We think them torpid, uninformed, and unenterprising. And well we may think them so, in the midst of the splendid achievements of science, skill, invention, enterprise and knowledge that have been generated in our day.

Gentlemen, Mr. Locke says, that time is measured by the passage of ideas through men's minds. If that be so, we live a great while in a few revolutions of the earth around the sun. If new ideas, new thoughts, new contemplations, new hopes, constitute life, why, then, we have lived much, whether we have lived many or few years, according as they are usually estimated. The age is remarkable. Thoughts press upon us—inventions crowd upon us. We used to say proverbially that a thing was done as quick as thought. But that is a lingering mode of expression now-a-days. A great many think that things are done much quicker than thought. Thought cannot keep up with electricity. While we are talking the thoughts cannot travel as fast as electricity can give them to the world. So, gentlemen, we live much, though our years may be few. For my part, I do not envy any of the patriarchs for their great number of years. They did not, any of them, see half as much as we see. They did not, any of them, enjoy half as much as we enjoy now. And, in truth, I do not think very much of the years of Methuselah on earth. There are many now living who can measure favorably to themselves their lives with his, though they have not been sixty years on earth. We

ought to know where we are. We should conform in all respects to our Christian duties, and enjoy our privileges thankfully and cheerfully, resolving to perform our duty as men, as Christians, and as patriots.

9. Gentlemen, I must say to you, every true American heart feels that it has a country, not only in Boston, not only in Massachusetts, not only in New England, but formed by that great union of these States called the United States of North America. We rejoice in that. Who wishes to cut off, right and left, any part of this great brotherhood? We see here to-day delegate members from one of the greatest Christian denominations in the United States, coming from the North, probably—certainly from the South and West. And who is not glad to see them? They come as friends. And who would wish to see them in any other capacity? And as for myself, gentlemen, I bid you welcome—[the members of the Methodist Conference now rose in a body]—I bid you welcome to Faneuil Hall, the birth-place of American liberty. Welcome to Boston, the seat of commerce, enterprise, and literature. Welcome to Massachusetts, the home of public education. We welcome you for your many Christian virtues, and for the good you have accomplished in this country and abroad. In the course of my life, I have not been an unattentive spectator of your history. I know something of Charles Wesley, dying at a great age, shortly after our independence was secured; these were his last words:—"The workmen die, but the work goes on." The workmen who framed the institutions and the Constitution of our

country, have passed away ; but their work lives after them. Those same institutions, and that same Constitution, have been upheld by us, and I trust will be sustained by our children for ever. I have read, many years since, the biography of John Wesley, an extraordinary person, who died in 1791, at the advanced age of 83 years ; his last words were :—"The best of all is, that God is with us,"—sentiments that have been wonderfully illustrated in the subsequent history of Methodism, of which Southey said so beautifully, "That it is religion in earnest." Now, gentlemen, we must not hold too long a talk here with the citizens of Boston. My friend, Mr. Hilliard, has lately told me of an extract from a poet who may properly serve me as a guide on the present occasion :

Ye solid men of Boston, make no long orations.

I take that to myself. And then he adds a sentiment which will undoubtedly meet with the approbation of the majority of those present :

Ye solid men of Boston, drink no strong potations.

So that we will pay all respect to these two quotations :

Ye solid men of Boston, make no long orations.

Ye solid men of Boston, drink no strong potations.

But now, gentlemen, allow me to speak cautiously and coolly of the future, to these sanguine temperaments. What is before us? What is come of all this? We are here in the midst of a religious, enter-

prising, commercial, manufacturing, rich metropolis, carrying, as you say, all before it. What is to be the result? That will depend upon the character of those who shall come after us, under the superintendence and protection of Divine Providence. What are our hopes then? What anticipations do we entertain? For myself, gentlemen, I must say that it becomes us to-day, in the enjoyment of the privileges we possess here amidst the scenes of early sacrifices for American liberty—amidst the scenes which characterized Massachusetts as a great leader and martyr in the revolutionary contest—it becomes us to say that we entertain high hopes, exalted hopes, humbly and meekly before God, but fearlessly and dauntlessly before men, that this, the prosperity, and this the renown, which we Americans of this generation enjoy, shall accompany our country to her latest posterity, with ten thousand times the brilliancy of yonder setting sun.

10. EXTRACT OF PRESIDENT PIERCE'S INAUGURAL, *March 4th*, 1853.

With the Union my best and dearest earthly hopes are entwined. Without it, what are we, individually or collectively?—what becomes of the noblest field ever opened for the advancement of our race in religion, in government, in the arts, and in all that dignifies and adorns mankind? From that radiant constellation, which both illumines our own way and points out to struggling nations their course, let but a single star be lost, and, if there be not utter darkness, the lustre of the whole is dimmed. Do my countrymen need any assurance that such a catastrophe is not to overtake them

while I possess the power to stay it? It is with me an earnest and vital belief, that as the Union has been the source, under Providence, of our prosperity to this time, so it is the surest pledge of a continuance of the blessings we have enjoyed, and which we are sacredly bound to transmit undiminished to our children. The field of calm and free discussion in our country is open, and will always be so ; but it never has been and never can be traversed for good in a spirit of sectionalism and uncharitableness. The founders of the republic dealt with things as they were presented to them, in a spirit of self-sacrificing patriotism, and, as time has proved, with a comprehensive wisdom which it will always be safe for us to consult. * * *

But let not the foundation of our hope rest upon man's wisdom. It will not be sufficient that sectional prejudices find no place in the public deliberations. It will not be sufficient that the rash counsels of human passion are rejected. It must be felt that there is no national security but in the nation's humble, acknowledged dependence upon God and his overruling providence.

We have been carried in safety through a perilous crisis. Wise counsels, like those which gave us the constitution, prevailed to uphold it. Let the period be remembered as an admonition, and not as an encouragement, in any section of the Union, to make experiments where experiments are fraught with such fearful hazard. Let it be impressed upon all hearts, that, beautiful as our fabric is, no earthly power or wisdom could ever re-unite its broken fragments.

Standing, as I do, almost within view of the green slopes of Monticello, and, as it were, within reach of the tomb of Washington, with all the cherished memories of the past gathering around me, like so many eloquent voices of exhortation from Heaven, I can express no better hope for my country, than that the kind Providence which smiled upon our fathers may enable their children to preserve the blessings they have inherited.

LESSON XLIX.

1. FROM CICERO'S ORATION AGAINST VERRES.

I ask now, Verres, what have you to advance against this charge? Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend that any thing false, that even any thing aggravated is alleged against you? Had any prince, or any state, committed the same outrage against the privilege of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient reason for declaring immediate war against them? What punishment ought then to be inflicted on a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison at Syracuse, whence he

had just made his escape? The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy. It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen, I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and will attest my innocence." The bloodthirsty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging; while the only words he uttered amidst his cruel sufferings were, "I am a Roman citizen!" With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy. But of so little service was this privilege to him, that while he was asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution—for his execution upon the cross!

O liberty! O sound once delightful to every Roman ear! O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! Once sacred, now trampled upon! But what then! is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red hot plates of iron, and at last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of

the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance?

2. REPLY TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.—*Lord Thurlow. B. 1782; d. 1806.*

I am amazed at the attack which the noble Duke has made on me. Yes, my Lords, I am amazed at his Grace's speech. The noble Duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble Peer who owes his seat in this House to his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honorable to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an accident? To all these noble Lords the language of the noble Duke is as applicable, and as insulting as it is to myself. But I do not fear to meet it single and alone.

No one venerates the Peerage more than I do; but, my Lords, I must say that the Peerage solicited *me*,—not I the Peerage. Nay, more,—I can say, and *will* say, that, as a Peer of Parliament, as Speaker of this right honorable House, as keeper of the great seal, as guardian of his Majesty's conscience, as Lord High Chancellor of England,—nay, even in that character alone in which the noble Duke would think it an affront to be considered, but which character none can deny me,—as a man,—I am, at this moment, as respectable,—I beg leave to add, I am as much respected,—as the proudest Peer I now look down upon.

2. THE OLD MAN'S FUNERAL.—*W. C. Bryant.*

I saw an aged man upon his bier,
His hair was thin and white, and on his brow
A record of the cares of many a year ;—
Cares that were ended and forgotten now.
And there was sadness round, and faces bowed,
And woman's tears fell fast, and children wailed aloud.

Then rose another hoary man and said,
In faltering accents, to that weeping train,
“ Why mourn ye that our aged friend is dead ?
Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain,
Nor when their mellow fruit the orchards cast,
Nor when the yellow woods let fall the ripened mast.

“ Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled,
His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,
In the soft evening, when the winds are stilled,
Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie,
And leaves the smile of his departure, spread
O'er the warm-colored heaven and ruddy mountain head.

“ Why weep ye then for him, who, having won
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed ;
While the soft memory of his virtues, yet,
Lingers like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set ?

“ His youth was innocent ; his riper age
Marked with some act of goodness every day ;
And watched by eyes that loved him, calm and sage,
Faded his late declining years away.

Cheerful he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.

"That life was happy ; every day he gave
Thanks for the fair existence that was his ;
For a sick fancy made him not her slave
To mock him with her phantom miseries.
No chronic tortures racked his aged limb,
For luxury and sloth had nourished none for him.

"And I am glad that he has lived thus long,
And glad that he has gone to his reward ;
Nor can I deem that nature did him wrong,
Softly to disengage the vital chord.
When his weak hand grew palsied, and his eye
Dark with the mists of age, it was his time to die."

4. ROBERT OF LINCOLN.—*Wm. C. Bryant.*

(A good example of the Dactylic and Trochaic verses. See p. 94.)

1. Merrily swinging on briar and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name ;
 Bob-o'-link, Bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden ! among the summer flowers,
 Chee, chee, chee !
2. Robert of Lincoln is gaily drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat ;
White are his shoulders, and white his crest—
Hear him call ! in his merry note,

Bob-o'-link, Bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink.
 Look, what a nice new coat ¹ is mine !
 Sure ¹ there was nèver a bird sò fine !
 Chee, chee, chee !

3. Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
 Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
 Passing at home a patient life,
 Broods in the grass ¹ while her husband sings
 Bob-o'-link, Bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink.
 Bròod, kind crèature ; you need not fear
 Thieves and robbers while I ¹ am hère.
 Chee, chee, chee !

4. Modest and shy as a nun is she ;
 One weak chirp is her only note.
 Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
 Pouring boasts from his little throat—
 Bob-o'-link, Bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
 Never was I ¹ afraid of mán ;
 Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
 Chee, chee, chee !

4. Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
 Flecked with purple, a pretty sight !
 There, as the mother sits all day,
 Robert is singing with all his might
 Bob-o'-link, Bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;

Nice gòod wife, that never goes òut,
 Keeping house ' while I frolic about.
 Chee, chee, chee !

7. Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
 Six wide mouths are open for food ;
 Robert of Lincoln bestirs him wèll,
 Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
 Bob-o'-link, Bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
 This ' nêw life ' is likely to be
 Hàrd ' for a gay young fellow like mé.
 Chee, chee, chee !

8. Robert of Lincoln at length is made '
 Sober with work, and silent with care ;
 Off is his holiday garment laid,
 Half forgotten that merry air,
 Bob-o'-link, Bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink.
 Nóbody knows but my mate and I
 Where our nest and our nêstlings lie.
 Chee, chee, chee.

9. Summer wanes ; the children are grown ;
 Fun and frolic no more he knows ;
 Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone ;
 Off he flies, and we sing as he goes
 Bob-o'-link, Bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
 Whên you can pipe that merry old strain,
 Robert of Lincoln, come bàck again,
 16 Chee, chee, chee !

5. ADAM AND EVE'S AFFECTION.—SATAN'S FLATTERY.—*Milton.*

Now morn, her rosy steps in the Eastern clime
Advancing, sowed the earth with Orient pearl,
When Adam waked ; so 'customed, for his sleep
Was airy light from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapors bland, which the only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan
Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song,
Of birds on every bough : so much the more
His wonder was to find unwakened Eve
With tresses discomposed, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest. He, on his side
Leaning half raised, with looks of cordial love,
Hung over her enamored ; and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces ; then, with voice
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whispered thus : " Awake,
My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,
Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight !
Awake ; the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us ; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colors, how the bee
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet."
Such whispering waked her, but with startled eye
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake :
" O sole, in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glory, my perfection ! glad I see
Thy face, and morn returned ; for I this night

(Such night till this, I never passed) have dreamed,
If dreamed, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day past, or morrow's next design,
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irksome night. Methought
Close at mine ear one called me forth to walk
With gentle voice ; I thought it thine ; it said,
Why sleep'st thou, Eve ? now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes sweetest his love-labored song ; now reigns
Full-orbed the moon, and with more pleasing light
Shadowy sets off the face of things ; in vain,
If none regard ; heaven wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, nature's desire ?
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.

LESSON L.

1. ON THE BRITISH TREATY, 1796.—*Fisher Ames.*

If any, against all these proofs, should maintain that the peace with the Indians will be stable without the Western posts, to them I will urge another reply. From arguments calculated to produce conviction, I will appeal directly to the hearts of those who hear me, and ask whether it is not already planted there ? I resort especially to the conviction of the Western gentlemen, whether, supposing no posts and no treaty,

the settlers will remain in security? Can they take it upon them to say, that an Indian peace under these circumstances, will prove firm? No, sir, it will not be peace but a sword. It will be no better than a lure to draw victims within the reach of the tomahawk. On this theme my emotions are unutterable. If I could find words for them, if my powers bore any proportion to my zeal, I would swell my voice to such a note of remonstrance that it should reach every 'log 'house 'beyond the mountains. I would say to the inhabitants, Wake from your false security! your cruel dangers, your more cruel apprehensions, are soon to be renewed. The wounds, yet unhealed, are to be torn open again. In the day-time, your path through the woods will be ambushed. The darkness of midnight will glitter with the blaze of your dwellings. You | are a father,—the blood of your sons shall fatten your cornfields! You | are a mother,—the war-whoop shall wake the sleep of the cradle!

2. THE SAME SPEECH.—*Continued.*

On this subject you need not suspect any deception on your feelings: it is a spectacle of horror, which cannot be overdrawn. If you have nature in your hearts, they will speak a language, compared with which, all I have said, or can say, will be poor and frigid.

Who will accuse me of wandering out of the subject? Who will say that I exaggerate the tendencies of our measures? Will any one answer by a sneer, that all this is idle preaching? Will any one deny that we are bound—and I would hope to good purpose—by

the most solemn sanctions of duty, for the vote we give? * * * * *

By rejecting the posts, we light the savage fires, we bind the victims. This day we undertake to render account to the widows and orphans whom our decision will make ;—to the wretches that will be roasted at the stake ; to our country, and, I do not deem it too serious to say, to conscience and to God. We are answerable ; and if duty be any thing more than a word of imposture, if conscience be not a bugbear, we are preparing to make ourselves as wretched as our country.

There is no mistake in this case. There can be none. Experience has already been the prophet of events, and the cries of our future victims have already reached us. The Western inhabitants are not a silent and uncomplaining sacrifice. The voice of humanity issues from the shade of the wilderness. It exclaims that, while one hand is held up to reject this treaty, the other grasps a tomahawk. It summons our imagination to the scenes that will open. It is no great effort of the imagination to conceive that events so near are already begun. I can fancy that I listen to the yells of savage vengeance and the shrieks of torture ! Already they seem to sigh in the Western wind ! already they mingle with every echo from the mountains !

3. MORAL REFLECTIONS FROM A VIEW OF WINTER.—*Thomson.*

'Tis done ! dread winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies !

How dumb the tuneful ! horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man !
See here thy pictured life ; pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah ! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness ? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness ? those longings after fame ?
Those restless cares ? those busy-bustling days ?
Those gay-spent, festive nights ? those veering thoughts
Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life ?
All now are vanished ! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal, never-failing friend of Man,
His guide to happiness on high.

4. THE SAME—*Continued.*

And see !

'Tis come, the glorious morn ! the second birth
Of heaven and earth : awakening Nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life,
In every heightened form ; from pain and death
For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye refined, clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise ! ye blind presumptuous ! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power
And Wisdom oft arraigned : see now the cause,
Why unassuming worth in secret lived,
And died, neglected : why the good man's share
Of life was gall and bitterness of soul :

Why the lone widow and her orphans pined
 In starving solitude ; while luxury
 In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
 To form unreal wants : why heaven-born truth
 And moderation fair, wore the red marks
 Of superstition's scourge : why licensed pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosomed foe,
 Embittered all our bliss. Ye good distressed !
 Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
 And what your bounded view, which only saw
 A little part, deemed evil, is no more :
 The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

5. MORNING HYMN.—*John Milton.* B. 1608 ; d. 1674.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
 Almighty ! thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair ; thyself how wondrous, then,
 Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these Heavens,
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
 Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels ; for ye behold him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing ; ye in Heaven,
 On earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
 Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,

Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge Him thy greater ; sound His praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the Orient sun, now fly'st
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies ;
And ye five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle multiiform, and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the World's great Author rise ;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolored sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance His praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune His praise ;
Join voices, all ye living souls ; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.

Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.
Hail ! universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good ; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

LESSON LI.

1. MILITARY QUALIFICATIONS DISTINCT FROM CIVIL, 1823.—*John Sergeant.*

It has been maintained that the genius which constitutes a great military man is a very high quality, and may be equally useful in the cabinet and in the field ; that it has a sort of universality equally applicable to all affairs. We have seen, undoubtedly, instances of a rare and wonderful combination of civil and military qualifications, both of the highest order. That the greatest civil qualifications may be found united with the highest military talents, is what no one will deny who thinks of Washington. But that such a combination is rare and extraordinary, the fame of Washington sufficiently attests. If it were common, why was *he* so illustrious ?

I would ask what did Cromwell, with all his military genius do for England ? He overthrew the monarchy, and he established dictatorial power in his own person. And what happened next ? Another soldier overthrew

the dictatorship, and restored the monarchy. The sword effected both. Cromwell made one revolution ; and Monk another. And what did the people of England gain by it ? Nothing. Absolutely nothing ! The rights and liberties of Englishmen, as they now exist, were settled and established at the revolution in 1688. Now, mark the difference ! By whom was that revolution begun and conducted ? Was it by soldiers ? by military genius ? by the sword ? No ! It was the work of statesmen and of eminent lawyers,—men never distinguished for military exploits. The faculty—the dormant faculty—may have existed. That is what no one can affirm or deny. But it would have been thought an absurd and extravagant thing to propose, in reliance upon this possible dormant faculty, that one of those eminent statesmen and lawyers should be sent, instead of the Duke of Marlborough, to command the English forces on the continent.

Who achieved the freedom and the independence of this our own country ? Washington effected much in the field ; but where were the Franklins, the Adamses, the Hancocks, the Jeffersons, and the Lees,—the band of sages and patriots, whose memory we revere ? They were assembled in council. The *heart* of the revolution beat in the Hall of Congress. *There* was the power which, beginning with appeals to the king and the British nation, at length made an irresistible appeal to the world, and consummated the revolution by the Declaration of Independence, which Washington established with their authority, and, bearing their commission, supported by arms. And what has this band of patriots, of

sages, and of statesmen, given to us? Not what Cæsar gave to Rome; not what Cromwell gave to England, or Napoleon to France: they established for us the great principles of civil, political, and religious liberty, upon the strong foundations on which they have hitherto stood. There may have been military capacity in Congress; but can any one deny that it is to the wisdom of sages, Washington being one, we are indebted for the signal blessings we enjoy?

2. CHAMOUNT.—*S. T. Coleridge, B. 1770; d. 1834.*

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his deep course?—so long he seems to pause
On thy bold, awful front, O sovereign Blanc;
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines
How silently! Around thee and above,
Deep is the air, and dark; substantial black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity.
O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,—
Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy,—

Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven !

Awake, my soul ! Not only passive praise
Thou owest ; not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and silent ecstasy. Awake,
Voice of sweet song ! Awake, my heart, awake ;
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou, first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale !
O ! struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink—
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn,
Co-herald, wake ! O wake ! and utter praise !
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth ?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light ?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?

3. CHAMOUNY.—*Continued.*

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad !
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered, and the same for ever ?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam ?
And who commanded,—and the silence came,—
“ Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest ? ”
Ye ice-falls ! ye, that, from the mountain's brow,

Adown enormous ravines slope amain,—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge !
Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !—
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows ? Who with living flowers
Of loveliest blue spread garlands at your feet ?—
“ God ! ” let the torrents, like a shout of Nations,
Answer : and let the ice-plains echo, “ God ! ”
“ God ! ” sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice !
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds !
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And, in their perilous fall, shall thunder “ God ! ”
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm !
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds !
Ye signs and wonders of the elements !
Utter forth “ God ! ” and fill the hills with praise.
Thou, too, hoar mount, with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast—
Thou, too, again, stupendous mountain ! thou,
That—as I raise my head, awhile bowed low,
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears—
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me—rise, O ever rise !
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth !
Thou kingly spirit, throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,

Great hierarch, tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
"Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God."

4. HYMN TO THE SEASONS.—*Thomson.*

These, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER ! these
Are but the varied GOD. The rolling year
Is full of THEE. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, THY tenderness and love,
Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;
Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;
And every sense, and every heart is joy.
Then comes THY glory in the summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then THY sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year :
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks ;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow whispering gales.
THY bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful THOU ! with clouds and storms
Around THEE thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,
Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, THOU bidst the world adore,
And humblest Nature with THY northern blast !

Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt in these appear ! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined,
Shade unperceived, so softening into shade,
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That as they still succeed, they ravish still,

But wandering oft with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not *THEE* ; marks not the mighty hand,
That ever busy wheels the silent spheres ;
Works in the secret deep ; shoots, streaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring :
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

5. HYMN TO THE SEASONS.—*Continued.*

Nature, attend ! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
One general song ! To *HIM*, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft ; whose Spirit in your freshness breathes :
Oh, talk of *HIM* in solitary glooms !
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills,
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound ;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound *HIS* tremendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,

In mingled clouds to HIM, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to HIM :
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams ;
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day ! best image here below
Of thy CREATOR, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round ;
On Nature write with every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls : be hushed a prostrate world :
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills ; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound : the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys raise ; for the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns ;
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.

6. HYMN TO THE SEASONS.—*Concluded.*

Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song
Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn ! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass ;

And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardor rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove ;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of seasons, as they roll !
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east ;
Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles ; 'tis naught to me ;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full ;
And where HE vital breathes, there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
To wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns :
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in HIM, in Light ineffable !
Come, then, expressive Silence, muse HIS praise.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.—*Gray.*

The curfew tolls, the knell of parting day ;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea ;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

Save, that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
Nor children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield ;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await, alike, the inevitable hour ;
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
 Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust ?
 Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death ?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
 Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;
 Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest ;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade ; nor circumscribed alone,
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide ;
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame ;
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride,
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

OPINIONS OF THE WORK.

From Professor CHARLES ANTHON, of Columbia College, New York.

The subscriber has examined a work in MS., by W. SHERWOOD, Esq., on the principles of correct reading and speaking, and has formed a very favorable opinion of it as a text-book for schools. It differs materially from every other work on these subjects, which the undersigned has ever examined, and possesses over all of them the decided advantage of imparting information, not by means of dry, abstract rules, but by reading lessons and dialogues written in a very clear and pleasing style, and fraught with every thing that can expedite the progress of the student in those two very important but much neglected departments of education. The subscriber thinks the work eminently worthy of publication, and intends to use it, when published, in the College Grammar School.

From the Rev. Dr. FRANCIS L. HAWES, of New York.

Having examined with such care as my time allowed, the MS. of Mr. SHERWOOD, I quite concur in the opinion expressed by Professor Anthon as to the merits of the work.

From WILLIAM C. BRYANT, Esq., of New York.

I have examined, somewhat in detail, Mr. SHERWOOD's work on Elocution, and am happy to give testimony to its great merit. Mr. SHERWOOD has been a successful teacher of the art, and his system, which is in a great measure original, is the fruit of many years of experience. It is easily mastered; the directions are plain and practical, and the style of the work is clear and simple. It will prove, I think, of the greatest value to those who wish to teach or to acquire a natural and impressive style of reading

and speaking. For this purpose, I do not hesitate to place it above all other treatises on the subject of Elocution.

From the Rev. Dr. JOEL PARKER, of New York.

I have carefully perused, in manuscript, the greater part of a work on reading and elocution, by WILLIAM SHERWOOD, Esq.; and hesitate not to say, that it is, in my judgment, the best system of instruction that has ever been issued from the press on that important branch of education. It will furnish important assistance to teachers and pupils, and materially benefit those who possess no other means of improvement than their own experience and observation, with such suggestions as are contained in this attractive volume.

From the Rev. T. RALSTON SMITH, of New York.

I cordially concur in the Rev. Dr. Parker's recommendation of Mr. SHERWOOD's Work on Elocution.

From Dr. ISAAC FERRIS, Chancellor of New York University.

I take pleasure in saying, that as far as I have been able to hear Mr. SHERWOOD, I esteem his views just and natural, and his system highly practical, and calculated to give much greater interest to the department of education for which it is intended.

From the Rev. Professor JOHN J. OWEN and Professor BARTON, of the Free Academy of New York.

We have examined Mr. SHERWOOD's MS. on Elocution, and think it one of the best works to make good readers and speakers of any which has ever been published. It is based upon the true principles of nature, original in plan, clear and correct in style, and rendered attractive by many pleasing illustrations, and a freedom from dry rules and tiresome details: just what might be expected from a gentleman who has been one of the best educators of the day; and whose mind has been enriched with the experience of many years of study and instruction. We cordially recommend it to the friends of instruction.

From E. C. BENEDICT, Esq., President of the Board of Education of the city of New York.

Mr. SHERWOOD's manuscript work on Reading and Speaking has been submitted to me, and I have examined it sufficiently to enable me to say

that it cannot fail to be highly useful in the schools, should it be published, as it eminently deserves to be. It seems to me to meet a want in the schools which must have struck every one who is at all familiar with the subject of educational books.

From Dr. JOSEPH McKEEN, Chief Superintendent Common Schools of the city of New York.

I have had the pleasure of examining a work in MS. on the subject of Reading and Elocution, by WILLIAM SHERWOOD, Esq., with which I have been much pleased. Mr. SHERWOOD has had long experience as a teacher in the city, is an accomplished scholar, a natural elocutionist, a clear observer, a profound thinker, and a perfect master of the subject on which he writes. This work, when published, must work its way into use despite of every thing that has hitherto appeared. I take great pleasure in recommending it as pre-eminently deserving general use in our schools and seminaries of learning.

From A. CRITTENDEN, Esq., Principal of the Packer Collegiate Institute for Young Ladies, in the city of Brooklyn.

I have spent several hours in a careful examination of Mr. SHERWOOD'S MS. upon the principles of correct reading and speaking. The long experience of its author has suggested the *desideratum* upon this very important subject of education to both sexes.

I trust that the students of the Packer Collegiate Institute, in common with the other seminaries of the country, will realize the full benefit anticipated from its publication.

From the Rev. WILLIAM BELDEN, Jun., Principal of Ward School No. 20, of the city of New York, and DANIEL SCOTT, Esq., Principal of Ward School No. 40.

The system of reading and elocution prepared by Mr. SHERWOOD is a work of sterling value. It is original in its plan, and simple in its details. Avoiding a multiplicity of rules and minute distinctions which most of those, who are conversant with works on this subject, find embarrassments, rather than aids to progress, it presents the subject in a manner easy and perspicuous, yet abundantly comprehensive; so that while teaching all that is necessary in theory to form a natural and graceful elocution, it is suited to the comprehension of a very moderate capacity.



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A NEW VOLUME FOR THE TEACHER'S LIBRARY.

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Mr. Northend's book will prove interesting to all, and of great benefit to teachers, especially as a chart for those just commencing to engage in the profession. As a *valde mecum*, it will prove a very pleasant companion, for its pages are filled with the results of a large experience presented in a very pleasing form. We are glad to find that the author, in furnishing to teachers so useful a work, has not neglected the *suaviter in modo*, and has here and there thrown in a pleasant anecdote, which will enliven its character, and make it all the more acceptable. We shall have frequent occasion to refer to it hereafter. In closing this short notice, we would assure our readers that a perusal of the work will more than realize to them the truth of all we have attempted to say in its favor. Appended to the volume will be found a catalogue of educational works suitable for the teacher's library."—*Massachusetts Teacher*.

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Mansfield on American Education.

AMERICAN EDUCATION:
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"The author of the work before us does not point out any particular course of studies to be pursued, but confines himself to the consideration of the principles which should govern teachers. His views upon the elements of an American education, and its bearings upon our institutions, are sound, and worthy the attention of those to whom they are particularly addressed. We commend the work to teachers."—*Rochester Daily Advertiser.*

"We have examined it with some care, and are delighted with it. It discusses the whole subject of American education, and presents views at once enlarged and comprehensive; it, in fact, covers the whole ground. It is high-toned in its moral and religious bearing, and points out to the student the way in which to be a MAN. It should be in every public and private library in the country."—*Jackson Patriot.*

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AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS AND THEIR INFLUENCE.

BY ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE.

WITH NOTES, BY HON. JOHN C. SPENCER.—1 vol. 8vo.

This book is the first part of De Tocqueville's larger work, on the Republic of America, and is one of the most valuable treatises on American politics that has ever been issued, and should be in every library in the land. The views of a liberal-minded and enlightened European statesman upon the working of our country's social and political establishments, are worthy of attentive perusal at all times; those of a man like De Tocqueville have a higher intrinsic value, from the fact of his residence among the people he describes, and his after position as a part of the republican government of France. The work is enriched likewise with a preface, and carefully prepared notes, by a well-known American statesman and late Secretary of the Navy. The book is one of great weight and interest, and is admirably adapted for the district and school library as well as that of the private student. It traces the origin of the Anglo-Americans, treats of their social condition, its essential democracy and political consequences, the sovereignty of the people, etc. It also embraces the author's views on the American system of townships, counties, &c.; federal and state powers; the judiciary; the constitution; parties; the press; American society; power of the majority, its tyranny and the causes which mitigate it; trial by jury; religion; the three races; the aristocratic party; causes of American commercial prosperity, etc., etc. The work is as epitome of the entire political and social condition of the United States.

"M. De Tocqueville was the first foreign author who comprehended the genius of our institutions, and who made intelligible to Europeans the complicated machinery wheel within wheel, of the state and federal governments. His 'Democracy in America' is acknowledged to be the most profound and philosophical work upon modern republicanism that has yet appeared. It is characterized by a rare union of discernment, reflection, and candor; and though occasionally tinged with the author's peculiarities of education and faith, it may be accepted as in the main a just and impartial criticism upon the social and political features of the United States. The publishers have now sought to adapt it as a text-book for higher seminaries of learning. For this purpose they have published the first volume as an independent work, thus avoiding the author's speculations upon our social habits and religious condition. This volume, however, is unmutilated—the author is left throughout to speak for himself; but where at any point he had misapprehended our system, the defect is supplied by notes or paragraphs in brackets from the pen of one most thoroughly versed in the history, the legislation, the administration, and the jurisprudence of our country. This work will supply a felt deficiency in the educational apparatus of our higher schools. Every man who pretends to a good, and much more to a liberal education, should master the principles and philosophy of the institutions of his country. In the hands of a judicious teacher, this volume will be an admirable text-book."—*The Independent*.

"Having had the honor of a personal acquaintance with M. De Tocqueville while he was in this country; having discussed with him many of the topics treated of in this book; having entered deeply into the feelings and sentiments which guided and impelled him in his task, and having formed a high admiration of his character and of this production, the editor felt under some obligation to aid in procuring for one whom he ventures to call his friend, a hearing from those who were the objects of his observations. The notes of Mr. Spencer will be found to elucidate occasional misapprehensions of the translator. It is a most judicious text-book, and ought to be read carefully by all who wish to know this country, and to trace its power, position, and ultimate destiny from the true source of philosophic government, Republicanism—the people. De Tocqueville, believing the destinies of civilization to depend on the power of the people and on the principle which so grandly founded an exponent on this continent, analyzes with jealous care and peculiar critical acumen the tendencies of the new Democracy, and candidly gives his approval of the new-born giant, or points out and warns him of dangers which his faithful and independent philosophy foresees. We believe the perusal of his observations will have the effect of enhancing still more to our American readers the structure of their government, by the clear and profound style in which he presents it."—*American Review*.

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"We have been much interested both in the plan and in the execution of the work, and would recommend the study of it to the theologian as a discipline in close and accurate thinking, and in logical method and reasoning. It will be useful, also, to the general scholar and to the practical mechanic. We would specially recommend it to those who would have nothing taught in our Free Academy and other higher institutions but what is directly 'practical': nowhere have we seen a finer illustration of the connection between the abstractly scientific and the practical.

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